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DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

A Monthly Journal,

CONTAINING

TALES, BIOGRAPHY, EPISODES IN IRISH AND AMERICAN HISTORY, POETRY, MISCELLANY, ETC.

A BOOK FOR THE PEOPLE.

VOL. XX.

JULY, 1888, TO JANUARY, 1889.

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1889.

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DONAHOE'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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A Great Catholic History.

In a recent number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE we gave a brief notice of Dr. Richard H. Clarke's Lives of the Deceased Bishops of the Catholic Church in the United States, in three large and handsomely bound octavo volumes, and then promised to give, at another time, a more detailed review of this splendid work. And, first of all, it is worthy of notice that the author has, in this instance, been his own publisher, has had it handsomely printed at the New York Catholic Protectory, of which he has been for many years a leading officer, and, as his own publisher, has given the Catholic public a work which, in typography, binding, and in its entire manufacture, would do credit to any publishing house. The work is issued from the author's office, in building of the Emigrant Industrial Savings Bank, Nos. 49 and 51 Chambers Street, New York.

Dr. Clarke published the first and second volumes of this great standard work in 1872, and had then devoted some four or five years to its preparation; and since then, while the unsparing hand of death was striking down the learned, pious, self-sacrificing, and heroic bishops of the American Church, he has been *pari passu* recording their many noble deeds, their labors, their virtues, their glorious examples, so that he has devoted twenty years to the preparation of what a leading Catholic journalist in New York has fitly called "A Great Catholic History."

It is, in fact, a history of the Catholic Church itself, for, as the first and second volumes contained the lives of the first and successive bishops of the original diocese of Baltimore, which embraced the whole territory of the United States, and of the first and successive bishops of all the other dioceses created prior to 1872, the church herself being composed and formed of the dioceses and parishes, the bishops and priests, these attractive and beautiful volumes give a complete historical account of the American Church. The same may be said of the third volume now published for the first time, in respect of the dioceses organized since 1872, and their illustrious bishops, as well as a continuation of the succession of bishops in the dioceses mentioned in the first two volumes.

The national elements composing and contributing to form this imposing and dignified gallery of historical portraits are many and

various, and are typical of the universality of the church herself, embracing, as she does, with an ample and tender bosom, all the nations of the earth. The most prominent nationalities borne by the bishops, whose lives Dr. Clarke so ably presents, are the Irish, Spanish, French, English, German, Dutch, and Belgian, and the work opens with startling and beautiful dramatic effect with the life of Bishop Eric, a Norse or Scandinavian bishop, who, in the eleventh century accompanied one of those remarkable maritime expeditions of discovery and colonization in which the Northman discovered the northern portions of our country, while the Irish, the only people then able to cope with the Vikings, discovered and colonized the southern portion of our country. However historians may differ in respect to these pre-Columbian discoveries and colonies in America, Dr. Clarke presents their claims, and gives his authorities, showing great antiquarian learning and research, puts the student on the track of further investigation, and leaves the learned world of critics to judge.

Truly Catholic and cosmopolitan as Dr. Clarke's work is, we know of no writer or scholar in our church in America better suited to the task than the author. He is distinguished for the impartiality in which he has dealt in depicting the lives of the illustrious prelates of the various nationalities mentioned, and in proof of this fact may be cited that his works have been quoted and lauded by many writers of different countries for their justice and impartiality. Dr. Clarke is an American, and his stock comes in American history, from one of the Catholic Colonists, who founded Maryland under Lord Baltimore ; his ancestor, the Hon. Robert Clarke, having been a privy councillor and a member of the illustrious assembly which, in an age of persecution, passed the Maryland Act of Religious Liberty in 1639. On his maternal side he belongs to the Boone family, made historical in American annals by the brave career of Daniel Boone of Kentucky. Personally he has in his leisure moments stolen from the active practice of the law in New York, for thirty years devoted himself to Catholic history and biography, to works of Catholic benevolence, such as the great New York Catholic Protectory, and was one of the founders of the Catholic Union of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and other noble works.

The Irish race in America are indebted to Dr. Clarke for giving to the world the first historical accounts of many illustrious Irishmen who have figured nobly in Church and State in America. In this connection we will only mention his learned and splendid biographies of Gov. Dongan of New York, of Commodore John Barry, the founder of the American Navy, and of Dominick Lynch, one of the founders of St. Peters, the old Catholic Church in New York. Of the Irish-American bishops he has given us the most graphic account ever written. In the first volume are Archbishops Carroll and Neale, both of Irish descent, and Bishops Concanen, of New York, Egan of Philadelphia, Connelly of New York, Kelly of Richmond, England of Charleston, Conwell of Philadelphia, and Kenrick of Philadelphia. In his second volume Dr. Clarke has given the Irish race in America a priceless heritage in the lives of such bishops as Clancy of Charleston, the illustrious Hughes of New York, Quarter of Chicago, Byrne of Little Rock, Reynolds of Charleston, Fitzpatrick of Boston, Timon of Buffalo, O'Reilly of Hart-

ford, Gartland of Savannah, Carroll of Covington, Young of Erie, Smyth of Dubuque, Barry of Savannah, and with appendix of this volume is added the life of Bishop Barron, Vicar-Apostolic of Liberia. In the third volume, just issued, we have most interesting lives of the Irish Bishops Lynch of Charleston, McGill of Richmond, Whalen of Richmond and Wheeling, McFarland of Hartford, Galberry of Hartford, Bacon of Portland, Purcell of Cincinnati, Cardinal McCloskey of New York, etc.

The Irish World, of New York, estimates that fully one third of the deceased Catholic bishops whose lives are so graphically portrayed by Dr. Clarke, are of the Irish race. Many details of ancient Irish families are given in the work, and no one can read these graceful and classic pages without acknowledging what Ireland has done, and is still doing, for the Catholic Church in America. But to appreciate this, and to learn the glories of the entire Catholic American hierarchy, our readers must have recourse to these attractive volumes, and read them for themselves. So much importance do we attach to this historical work, so interesting and instructive are they, so well calculated to impress the world with the virtues of the Catholic Church, so truly tending to interest the faithful in their priests and bishops, and so fascinating in personal narrative, and heroic acts, and altogether so replete in historical facts, that we intend in future numbers of our MAGAZINE to give sketches of the lives of those who planted and preserved Catholicity in our land, and especially of those of the Irish race, based on Dr. Clarke's Lives of the Deceased Bishops in the United States.

Is There Salvation Outside the Catholic Church?

WE know by divine revelation that all men have lost the right to heaven by original sin; that the Son of God has assumed human nature to redeem mankind, and that he has instituted but one church on earth, in and by which men are to come to eternal salvation. Hence this church is often compared to the one ark of Noe, saving men from the flood of sin; and hence also the time-honored saying, "Extra Ecclesiam nulla est salus," — "There is no salvation outside the church."

But what is to become, many will naturally ask, of the immense majority of men who have never heard of this church, or who, at least, are not aware that it is the only visible ark of salvation given by God to mankind? What is to become of the many millions of Protestants and other heretics or schismatics that are outside the visible communion of the church? And where is God's justice and mercy in dealing with those countless millions of Jews, Mohammedans, Buddhists, and other heathens or pagans who still "sit in darkness and in the shadow of death"?

Since such questions are nowadays often asked, it may not be amiss to state what we Catholics are to hold as to the salvation of such as are outside the visible communion of God's one true church. The magnitude of the question is seen by the following figures: The pres-

ent population of the globe is estimated at about 1,437,150,000. Of these about 217,000,000 are Catholics; 124,000,000 Protestants; 84,000,000 Schismatics; 7,000,000 Jews; 169,000,000 Mohammedans; 169,000,000 Brahmins; 7,000,000 pure Buddhists; 390,000,000 Confucianists; 36,000,000 Buddhists and Shintoes; and 233,000,000 other heathens or pagans.

I.

In the first place, we know that the Incarnate Son of God has founded but the One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church, of which the Roman Pontiff, the successor of St. Peter, is the visible and infallible head. Moreover, we know that it is the duty of every man to enter the visible communion of this one church. Consequently, such as fully know this and wilfully refuse to do so, act contrary to the will of God and commit thereby a mortal sin, which *ipso facto* excludes them from heaven if they persevere in this state. Hence Christ emphatically declared,* speaking to his apostles: "Go ye into the whole world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be condemned."

After the Eternal Truth has spoken thus it would be unpardonable presumption for any man to declare that it is not necessary for salvation to join the one true church of God, for those who know it to be such and can join it.

Moreover, as the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore observes,† Christ has "never promised salvation to those living outside the church." Now, are we to hold that in consequence of these truths all living and dying outside the visible pale of the Catholic Church are to be eternally lost?

II.

As stated before, but one church has indeed been established by Christ, by which men are to come to salvation; yet thereby the hand of God has not been shortened to save such as, without any fault on their part, may not be professed members of this church. God may give to such the graces necessary for their salvation in various extraordinary ways unknown and imperceptible to man. He may enlighten their intellect and move their wills to detest sin; to love him, the Source of all good, and to desire to fulfil in all things his holy will. For God, as St. Paul expressly teaches,‡ "will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth. For there is one God, and one Mediator of God and men, the man Christ Jesus, who gave himself a redemption for all."

Therefore Catholic theologians teach that God gives also to unbelievers, heathens, or pagans, who never heard of Christ, the graces necessary for their salvation. Thus the theologian, J. Perrone, S. J., — and in this he utters a very common opinion, — says: §

"The graces of which we treat, and which we have shown to be given to unbelievers, are medicinal graces, by the aid of which unbelievers can fulfil the natural law and overcome the difficulties that are in the way of its observance;

* Mark xvi. 15, 16. † Decretum 5. ‡ 1 Timothy ii. 4–6.

§ *Prælectiones Theologicæ*, Ratisbonæ. 1854. Vol. vii. p. 151.

but the works performed by means of these aids remain within the order of moral uprightness. Nevertheless if unbelievers co-operate with these graces greater aids are given them until God, out of his gratuitous mercy, calls them to the supernatural end by a beginning of faith, either by means of men sent to this purpose, or by an angel, or interiorly by himself, or in any other manner, as it may seem good to Him."

Hence, it is a theological saying: "Facienti quod in se est, Deus non denegat gratiam," — "To him that does what he can God will not deny grace."

Hence, too, Pius IX., in his allocution of Dec. 9, 1854, declared:

"God forbid, venerable brethren, that we should dare to set limits to divine mercy, which is infinite; God forbid that we should wish to scrutinize his hidden counsels and judgments, that are a great abyss and cannot be penetrated by human thought. . . . It is to be . . . held as certain that those who labor under ignorance of the true religion, if that ignorance be invincible, are implicated in no sin [*culpa*] for this before the eyes of the Lord. But now who would arrogate to himself that he could designate the limits of this ignorance, according to the nature and diversity of peoples, countries, natural talents, and so many other things? But, when, freed from these bodily bonds, we shall see God as he is, we shall indeed perceive by what intimate and beautiful alliance divine mercy and justice are united."

Hence, also, the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore declared* of such as are outside the Catholic Church:

"If they err invincibly, and it be not their fault that they did not come to a knowledge of the true church, God, indeed, who punishes or condemns no one without his own fault, although they are kept by this inculpable ignorance outside the body of the church, nevertheless, if, with the aid of divine grace, they have obeyed the divine commandments, and those truths of Christian faith which they know, will have mercy on them, so that they will not be eternally lost."

III.

After laying down these general principles and citing these high authorities as to the possibility of salvation for such as are outside the Catholic Church, we may quote the following beautiful words of Cardinal Manning,† which, no doubt, will aid to illustrate these principles:

"It is to me a consolation and joy — I say it again and again, and more strongly as I grow older — to know that in the last three hundred years multitudes of our own countrymen, who have been born out of the unity of the faith, nevertheless believe in good faith, with all their hearts, that God has revealed himself in Jesus Christ, and what they have been taught from their childhood is his revelation, and that he has founded upon earth a church, and that the church, which in their baptismal creed they call the Holy Catholic Church, is the church in which they themselves have been baptized, reared, and instructed. It is my consolation to believe that multitudes of such persons are in good faith, and that God in his mercy will make allowance for them, knowing what are the prejudices of childhood, of an education studiously erroneous, what is the power and influence of parents and of teachers, of public authority, and of public opinion, and of public law: how all these things create in their minds a conviction that they are in the right, that they believe the one faith and are in the one church, in which alone is salvation. We rejoice to commend them to the love of our Heavenly Father, believing that though they may be materially in error, and in many things materially in opposition to his truth and to his will, yet they do not know, and, morally speaking, many cannot know it, and that, therefore, he will not require it at their hands."

* Decretum 5.

† *Sin and its Consequences*, i.

What Cardinal Manning says of Protestants may, *a fortiori*, be applied to the countless millions of Schismatics, who, like the Russians, though separated from the centre of Christian unity, still retain all the holy sacraments, and profess to believe the same doctrines which the church held as articles of faith during the first six or eight centuries. As to Jews and Mohammedans, we know that they worship the one true God, the God of Abraham; and who would dare to decide but that there are countless multitudes of them who are doing so in good faith? Among the Mohammedans, for instance, numerous examples of earnest piety, or striving to come nearer to God by a moral life, by separation from the world, by meditation and prayer, can be daily witnessed.* Why should not their prayers be heard and their alms and other good works be remembered in the sight of the merciful God, as were those of the Roman centurion Cornelius,† though we may perceive no external evidence thereof?

But what are we to say of the millions of Buddhists and other heathens or pagans who seem to have lost even the knowledge of the one true God — how can they be saved?

Let us remember that these also have been created according to the image and likeness of God; that they too, are, for this reason, in a certain sense, children of the Heavenly Father, for whose redemption Christ has offered himself. Now, God, who has given to plants the necessary means for attaining their end, and to animals the necessary instincts to fulfil the object of their creation, has also endowed these, his forlorn children, with the necessary capacities for receiving the graces which may lead them to the higher and eternal life for which all men have been created. It was a remark full of deep meaning when Tertullian exclaimed, in his Apology‡ to the heathen Romans, "O testimonium animæ naturaliter Christianæ!" Every human soul is, indeed, "naturally Christian" — that is, fitted for, and inclined by nature to, Christianity. For, as Catholic philosophers teach,§ God has deeply implanted in every human soul such convictions as that there exists a God; that man must do right and avoid wrong; and that man will once have to render an account for his actions. So deeply are these convictions imprinted in the human soul that neither scoffing, sophistry, nor slothful ignorance are able to efface them. Thus we find also in heathens or pagans the necessary natural capacities for receiving God's graces by which they may be gradually led on to salvation.‖ And from God's goodness and mercy we may expect that he will give also such heathens or pagans as are *bona fide*, and do their part, the necessary graces.¶

Cardinal Newman, in his History of the Arians, makes some remarks** which will, no doubt, aid to make this truth clearer. He observes:

"We are expressly told in the New Testament that at no time He [God] left himself without witness in the world, and that in every nation he accepts those

* See W. S. Lilly, *Ancient Religion and Modern Thought*. London: 1885. Pp. 165–187.

† Acts x. 1–31.

‡ Chap. 17.

§ See Cardinal Zigliara, *Summa Philosophica*, edito sexta. Parisiis: 1887. Pp. 288–291.

‖ See A. Fischer, *De Salute Infidelium*, Essendiæ. 1886, *passim*.

¶ See J. Perrone, S. J., l. c.

** Quoted by W. S. Lilly, l. c. pp. 189–190.

who fear and obey him. It would seem, then, that there is something true and divinely revealed in every religion, all over the earth, overloaded as it may be, and at times even stifled, by the impieties which the corrupt will and understanding of man have incorporated with it; so that revelation, properly speaking, is a universal, not local gift. . . . The word and the sacraments are the characteristics of the elect people of God; but all men have had more or less the guidance of tradition, in addition to those internal notions of right and wrong which the Spirit has put into the heart of each individual."

And, it may be added, God, who is both merciful and just, will once judge such heathens or pagans as, without any fault of theirs, have never heard of their Saviour, according to the light they have received, as St. Paul teaches, saying: *

"When the Gentiles, who have not the law, do by nature those things that are of the law, these, having not the law, are a law to themselves: who show the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience bearing witness to them, and their thoughts within themselves accusing them, or else defending them, in the day when God shall judge the secrets of men, by Jesus Christ."

The author of the interesting and learned pamphlet, De Salute Infidelium, advances the opinion that God may often give to heathens or pagans at the hour of their death the supernatural grace by which they may come to faith and justification. He observes:

"We all, indeed, do not know what happens at the moment of death, because no one of us has as yet experienced it. But it is very credible what many psychologists hold, and what seems to be confirmed by indubitable facts, that the human soul, on being freed from the bonds of the depressing body,† will become, as it were, fully conscious of itself and finally capable of exhibiting a by far greater vigor. Now, will not this seem to be the most appropriate time (though it may be considered as happening in an instant, as it were, in the twinkling of an eye) in which God would speak again and for the last time to his creature which is about to be judged, in which the divine voice would be heard and the supernatural grace operate by enlightening and assisting, but not by compelling?"

As the author adds, we have, of course, no certainty on this point; yet there is room for possibility, and perhaps even for probability.

IV.

From all this we see how we may, in the light of Catholic doctrine, vindicate God's justice and mercy, as far as the possibility is concerned that even heathens or pagans may be saved. On the one hand, we indeed know that all men are strictly obliged to enter God's one visible kingdom on earth, the church established by Christ; and that, consequently, all who knowingly and wilfully refuse to do so commit a mortal sin which excludes them from heaven, if they will persevere in that state. But, on the other hand, we also know that God is all-powerful and wise, and can therefore, in various ways, bring to salvation such as, without any fault of theirs, may be outside of the visible communion of the church. And from his goodness and mercy we may confidently expect that he will give such as do their part, his helping hand. They are of the church, though inculpably separated from her visible communion. Though the ways of God in dealing with mankind

* Romans ii. 14–16.

† What the writer here quoted seems to mean is not the moment after death, but the moment before the soul's final departure from the body. — *Editor.*

may often seem incomprehensible to us in this mortal life, we may rest assured, as Pius IX. remarked, that when we shall once be freed from our present bodily bonds and behold God as he is, we shall then also see how intimately and beautifully mercy and justice are united in him.

JOHN GMEINER.
ST. THOMAS' SEMINARY, ST. PAUL, MINN.

From the German.

The Kings of the East.

PART FIRST. The Vigil.

I.

WITH breath of incense-laden flowers,
And waving palms and cedars fanned,
Thro' azure deeps a mountain towers,
The proudest peak in Morning-Land:
Steep is the path; by toilsome stages
The summit's reached, whereon abide,
By day and night, twelve gray-haired sages,
Scanning the heavens far and wide.

II.

All thro' the day their garments swathed
Around them they in slumber lie;
In vain for them the sun hath bathed
In splendor earth and sea and sky;
But when by evening's breeze are shaken
The forest trees, those aged seers
Hear the soft murmur, and awaken
To gaze upon the starry spheres.

III.

Blazoned with mystic symbols gleameth
The chart of heaven far outrolled,
What underneath like silver seemeth,
Wears now the hue of burnished gold.
'Twas fondly dreamed in distant ages,
Thro' all the East the belief was rife,
That veiled within those shining pages,
Were writ the destinies of life.

IV.

The twelve upon that mountain olden
Await the rising of a Star,
Which riseth not, tho' clear foretold in
The prophecies of times afar;
A Star of loveliness transcendent,
Apparelled in celestial light,
A Star before whose beams resplendent
The darkness fades of pagan night.

V.

Foreshadowed long in sacred story
To prophets of a royal line;
Crowning with aureole of glory
A Saviour and a King divine.
Thus rang the voice of old tradition
From end to end of Morning-Land,
In hope the Star might greet their vision
The twelve upon that mountain stand.

VI.

Hope lessens to the plains the distance,
Makes smooth that rugged mountain-way,
Sweetens the toils of their existence,
Lends to the stars a brighter ray;
And when that death the vigils endeth
Of one those aged seers among,
His soul with yearning love ascendeth
Up to the stars it watched so long.

REV. JOHN COSTELLO.

Frederick Lucas: A Retrospect.

PART IV.

ABOUT this time Cardinal Wiseman made his famous Papal Aggression upon John Bull, and upon John's most Episcopal "fathers in God." For awhile all England literally howled in its virtuous indignation. When the storm was at its highest, Lucas boldly faced the raging writers, and steadily dealt them back blow for blow. He made no hypocritical apologies; neither did he discover any wrong-doing on the part of the Pope. This line can always be reserved for the English *Cawtholic* aristocrat with the fullest confidence, and the confidence will not be misplaced. When the howling of the lying press was loudest, Lucas coolly assured them that "the devil is wont to howl when he is hurt," and left to their nimble wits the inevitable inference. Adverting to Lord John Russell's infamous letter, he headed his remarks with the suggestive caption; "LORD TITUS OATES;" and he vigorously exposed, in his true colors, the man who was shameless enough to avow, five and twenty years earlier, that he "supported emancipation as a means of putting down Popery," and asked if the miserable Whig Catholics would now resent Russell's insolence. "Not they; 'many waters cannot quench charity,' and many kicks and outrages cannot quench the flame of an ungodly abjection."

When the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill became law, his sturdy opposition to its persecutive clauses, and his resolute determination to yield it the fullest possible disobedience, was not one iota less vigorous than

that resolution which gave the "white-haired prince of Irish bards" the opportunity of spending Christmas, 1887, in the cells of Tullamore. He was not, it is true, called upon to go to prison for defying the arbitrary edict; but, I think, Mr. Sullivan would be the first to admit that it is sweeter to be in prison to-day for Ireland, than to be at large in Lucas' time, when so little could be done to benefit her.

Lucas' estimate of Lord John Russell is not flattering to that peer. "If he promises, he will break his word. If he swears, he will be perjured. If he makes compacts, he will violate them. If we trust him, he will betray us, and, kissing us, will thrust his sword into our entrails."

During the debates on this Bill, the scurrilous expressions used by some English members could only be heard among the "first gentlemen in the world," and revolted the sense of the Irish members, — Protestant as well as Catholic, — the illustrious name Grattan being among the former remonstrants. Lucas described the incidents, as being without parallel in the beastliest periods of the French Revolution. The Bill met with strong opposition from many unexpected sources, and even John Bright (who has lately been represented as always hating the Irish because of their Catholicity) urged effective arguments against it.

He said that "as the Queen had no power to make Catholic bishops, the making of them by the only authority having the power, could be no invasion of the supremacy of the Crown." The Bill was finally passed but never enforced.

The next incident to be noted in the career of Lucas, is the action for libel brought against the Tablet, by a Mrs. Dopping, who gained a verdict of £500. The action was inspired by malignant hatred for the Tablet, and persevered in despite Lucas' most generous apology for the article, which had been inserted without his knowledge. The amount of the verdict was afterwards raised by a subscription, in aid of which Dr. Cullen wrote as follows: —

"Your services to Ireland have been invaluable. You have never failed to stand forward to protect our poor and to assert the rights of our country without urging us on to anarchy and sedition; and when any religious question was to be discussed, you always endeavored to put it on its true basis, and to take a truly Catholic view of it. Hence it is that every enemy of Ireland and her ancient faith hates you most cordially; but you may be proud when you reflect that it was only by honesty and sincerity of purpose that you merited their hatred."

This letter is most interesting by reason of the subsequent course of that ecclesiastic; and no stronger words need be written in vindication of Lucas, when the time comes, in which he found in Dr. Cullen an "enemy" more formidable than all others put together; an invincible obstacle to Lucas' practical and sagacious effort to obtain justice for "Ireland and her ancient faith."

One of the results of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, was, that it seemed to hold out a fair prospect, that the common action taken by Catholics against that penal law, would, in great measure, dissever them from party bondage, and give them more coherence to act as an independent body. This was Lucas' dearest hope. The agitation had detached from the perfidious Whig party many Catholic members, — men who except under the pressure of some such influence were incapable of facing the tremendous consequences which might arise from their

voting independently of party. It had also tended towards the promotion of common action between the Catholics of both countries. This in itself was an inestimable boon, and any ministerial action having that result was unwittingly, — and unwillingly, — doing good work.

The proposition to found the Catholic Defence Association of Great Britain and Ireland therefore most strongly commended itself to Lucas. The Young Irelanders in the Tenant League looked coldly upon this project, having no faith in its promoters (Sadlier, Keogh, Reynolds, etc.). In this case they were right, and Lucas was wrong. His error is not inexcusable. His big, broad heart, which warred against actions and not men, would never willingly believe his opponents to be deliberately dishonest, till the conviction was forced upon him, in a way which could not be avoided.

He urged in favor of the C. D. A. that the best prop of the League in the House would be a third party, "who should hold the balance of power, and who keeping their attention fixed on their own [i. e., their party's] interests alone, should obstruct boldly, play off one of the great parties against the other, and know nothing whatever of the most pressing imperial requirements, till justice, whether to Catholic soldiers, sailors, paupers, prisoners, or bishops in England, or to tenants and the poor in Ireland, was conceded." When the general committee was appointed, the name of Lucas was found to be excluded therefrom. This was a circumstance of the most suspicious character; for Lucas was a host in himself in the defence of Catholic interests. Eventually it began to dawn upon Lucas that Keogh and Sadlier would play the traitor.

As the time for the general election of 1853 approached, Lucas tendered to the constituencies some very practical advice, as to the manner of men they ought to select as their representatives. He continued his efforts for the foundation of an independent party, made up of men who would do their duty by the country; men not thinking of self or pelf; men who would chose "a life of hard public service, of austere duty and self-denial; days and nights, weeks and months, spent in advancing the interests of the country, without a thought of self or private interests, or personal aggrandizement in any shape whatever.

Would that he could have seen *our party* — the men who are sneered at as representing American *currency*, because British *sterling* has not power to corrupt them from the service of their people.

On July 26, 1853, Lucas was declared elected for Meath, — the return of votes polled showing for Lucas 2,004, for Grattan, 565, notwithstanding the fact that the so-called C. D. A. had used all its puny efforts to defeat him. The priests of Meath retorted upon the C. D. A. by calling a meeting at Kells, and inviting Lucas thereto. Amid great enthusiasm he described "the very nasty House" to which they were about to elect him, as "a House which starved the poor, and made those poor whose industry had made them rich; which, by the bad laws it enacted, and the worse administration of them, which it sanctioned, had made beggars of the wealthy farmers; had filled the graves and the workhouses, and had covered the land with desolation; a House which could not proceed to business without blaspheming the holiest truths of the Catholic religion."

When the elections were over the Irish party numbered sixty. And such a party! Surely there were few darker periods of Irish history than the days when the ineffable baseness and treachery of Keogh and Sadlier stalked through the land, flaunting itself in the face of Justice, literally donning the mitre and brandishing the crosier as it led the wolves into the fold, boasting (alas! with only too much truth), "The bishops are with us."

About this time Archbishop Murray, of Dublin, died, and Dr. Cullen was translated from Armagh to the vacant See. This was an event which had an important bearing on the history of Ireland for the next score of years.

Lucas, being now elected to parliament, was not blind to the difficulties which lay before and about him in his efforts to utilize the English representative system for the amelioration of the social and political environments of the Irish people. He wrote to a friend shortly after the election, "I go into the House of Commons to stand, I fear nearly alone, a member of an unpopular minority, an unpopular member of that minority, and disliked even by the greater number of the small party with which I am to act, and having cast upon me in a prominent manner the defence of the two noblest causes in the world, — that of a religion which requires great learning to defend properly, and that of the most ill-treated and (in all essential qualities of heart and character) the noblest population that ever existed on the face of the earth."

The session opened on Nov. 11, 1852, and it was on this occasion that his cousin, John Bright, asked Lucas, "Well, Fred, and how goes on the old superstition?" and received the reply, "Why, John, a great deal better than the new hypocrisy."

In the speech from the throne, Ireland's sovereign lady, etc., paid her respects to that distressful country, with the stereotyped reference to "the unhappy spirit of insubordination and turbulence in that portion of my dominions," and in the plenitude of her most gracious majesty, foreshadowed a repetition of the old formula, so dear to political quacks — Coercion. But the bare threat that the Irish party of sixty would vote against the ministry on a motion favoring Protection (of which notice had been given) worked a wondrous change in the keepers of the conscience of the sovereign and most gracious lady, and the coercive measures were incontinently relegated, for the time being, to the inner consciousness of political genii, whither they were being evolved.

During this session the Tory government admitted the principle of the tenant's claims to compensation for his improvements, and brought in some bills, which, if not exactly what were called for by the circumstances, were, at least, an unexpected step in the right direction. But before they passed the second reading, the ministry was defeated on the Budget by a vote of 286 to 305. Of the latter, fifty-two were Irish, showing the power of the Irish members when properly exercised. The next step would have been to treat the Whigs with equal impartiality. But what happened? The ministry was gazetted, and then appeared the name of Keogh as Solicitor-General for Ireland, and Sadlier as Junior Lord of the Treasury! So much has been written

on the perfidy of the infamous Keogh, that it is unnecessary to treat of it here. The lurid pre-eminence of his perjury has not yet ceased to glow upon the political horizon.

On Feb. 18, 1853, Lucas (who had already attained very ample repute as a parliamentary debater) made his happiest speech on the Madiai question. As is generally known, Madiai, his wife, and one Cassaccio, residing in Florence,—then subject to the Grand Duke of Tuscany,— had been perverted from the Catholic faith by an emissary of Exeter Hall,—terms strictly cash as by law established. Soup did not avail to salvation in Italy where famine raged not. These people had been put on trial for proselytizing, which was prohibited by the laws of the State, which, while granting freedom of religion to resident Protestants, had good reason to fear the revolutionary theories which followed in the steps of those firebrands. The English press raised a great cry against the despotism of the Grand Duke, and sedulously endeavored to propagate the delusion that these people were being interfered with in the *profession* of the Protestant faith, and were denied the right of reading the Bible.

An address to the Queen was moved in parliament asking her to concert with Holland and Prussia, and remonstrate with the Grand Duke in the interests of religion and humanity. The resultant debate gave Lucas a great opportunity, and he used it nobly. He retorted with telling force against the hypocrisy of the Whigs, and ridiculed their presumption to teach Catholic States the principles of the liberty which make men free. Then he supplied documentary evidence of the proscriptive laws of Sweden, Denmark, and parts of Germany, against those who merely adopted the Catholic faith, and made no attempt to propagate its doctrines. In conclusion he said:

"I propose to begin by requesting the interference of the noble lord with the Cabinet of Sweden; afterwards I propose to go through the Protestant States of Europe, to Mecklenburg next, and then perhaps to Saxony; and he would produce a wonderful change in the social condition of Europe. It cannot be allowed that it is the peculiar duty of the Foreign Office to teach the true principles of toleration to those governments from which they differ in religion; let them first apply to those with which they agree, and rebuke the evil spirit out of Protestantism. When they have accomplished that great work, performed that Herculean labor, cleansed that Augean stable, then let them begin with the Catholic States."

The force and logic of this speech may be estimated from an article in the Leader newspaper, describing the encouraging silence and close attention of the House, notwithstanding, "the prejudices of the religious members for the violence of the advocacy of his creed, and on the part of the men of business for the political wrong-headedness of his general policy — against a general belief on all sides that he was a fanatic and a fool, who would merely talk fanaticism and folly." Continuing, that journal said, "Mr. Lucas attained a great oratorical success."

Returning to the Independent Irish party, we find an uneasy feeling regarding the good faith of its leaders. Keogh was now seeking re-election in order to confirm his appointment as Solicitor-General.

At an important meeting in Dublin, Lucas voiced the uneasiness of many and declared that if Keogh secured the election at Athlone it would only be through the negligence of the clergy, or, worse still, through their active aid, and he warned the Irish clergy of the evils which must inevitably flow from any action on their part, which would cause a suspicion of unworthy motives to attach to them. He told them that the people had made immense sacrifices, and fearlessly opposed their landlords at the last election, to return the man for whose good character the priest had vouched. But if the clergy tamely condoned the treachery of the members whose only interest was self, then the electors would not again incur the deadly enmity of their taskmasters, in order to provide their betrayers with fat offices. Lucas spoke strongly, but he spoke under the conviction that the moment was criti cal, and that smooth words would be an evasion of duty. In such moments to gloss over the truth, and thus weaken its efficacy, falls little short of criminal omission. According to the wise counsels of the politic self-seeker, he might as well have held his peace. There was no opposition to Keogh, and the Solicitor-General designate could boast from the hustings that he had the support of the bishop and clergy. History has not told us if he confirmed this boast with his notorious expletive, "So Help Me God."

During this session Lucas indulged, on his own account, in a little obstruction over the Prisons Vote, and finally received from Home Secretary Lord Palmerston, a distinct intimation that Catholic chaplains would be provided for Catholic prisoners, and that such prisoners should be secured from interference by sectarian proselytizers.

A little later, when it became known that Dr. Cullen was bitterly opposed to Lucas, this agreement was utterly ignored. When parliament was prorogued on Aug. 20, 1853, Lucas described how the Irish party had been weakened by the desertion of the place-hunters. And he bracketed them together in an unenviable corner," shoulder to shoulder together, linked in a delightful and congenial brotherhood. They are known by their works and by their fruits. Even for themselves they have not got power, but they have got place, emolument, money, and what they think, honor. In return for these things they have surrendered liberty, and they have surrendered power. There they stand, utterly destitute of all political influence over measures and the remedy of grievances; powerful only in extending the circle of corruption, by bribing, as they have been bribed."

Despite his absorbing interest in the political affairs of the country, Lucas found time to exhibit what would be called his "practical English common sense," had it been exercised for a cause less unpopular than the Irish cause. Filled with this practical English purpose, on the rising of parliament he journeyed to Belgium, in order to investigate the working of the industrial school system of that country. He saw much there which strongly recommended itself to him as applicable to the circumstances of Ireland, and, on his return, presented to the Tenant Right Conference a report, setting forth in detail the leading features of that system. But the old leaven of mischief was already working in that body, and its divided counsels gave little hope of any useful action.

Prior to the opening of parliament in 1854 the Tenant Righters held meetings in various parts of the country to confirm the members who had adhered to their ante-election pledges, and to denounce the place-hunters who had betrayed their constituencies. At a meeting in Tuam, speaking in the presence of the great Archbishop of the West, Lucas referred to the "wretched sophistry, the specious but unmeaning cant in the mouths" of those who, under the plea of keeping the clergy out of politics, would prevent them from advocating the rights of the poor, or attempting to redress "the crime by which the laboring poor had been deprived of the just wages of the sweat of their brow,— a cry which for ages had been beating against God's firmament, and which had reached Heaven itself." Other important speeches were made, among them that of Dr. Gray, of the Freeman, in regard to the corrupt methods by which the Whigs recruited their parliamentary following in Ireland. A Mr. Kelly also spoke and gave an instance of how the ministry gained a vote in a critical division, and of the relation of this transaction to a subsequent appointment to the magistracy. These disclosures were made the subject of a parliamentary inquisition during the session which opened on Jan. 31, 1854. It was referred to a special committee, before which Lucas tendered some evidence which had the effect of branding both the ministry, and the Keogh-Saldier gang, as pastmasters in the art of corruption.

Following the order of important events, we next come to the Inspection of Convents Bill, promoted by a Mr. Chambers. The motion authorizing its introduction was carried by a majority of sixty-seven, but the Bill never arrived to its formal stages. Lucas fought it with heroic energy, and raised the whole question of Catholic grievances. He brought up motions on the promotion of Irish industry by technical schools; the wants of Catholic soldiers and sailors; the outrage of compelling Catholic sailors to attend Protestant services; the Irish Church Establishment; and the opening of Oxford University to Dissenters. He also proposed amendments against English and Scotch Training School schemes, — ostensibly Industrial, but designed as engines of proselytism. This was a record of work which would almost cause the indefatigable Biggar or Healy to turn green with envy. The Leader newspaper said of his opposition to the Convents Bill, "While the O'Connells, Scullys, and Fitzgeralds whined, Lucas boldly said, 'This committee is part of a system. You want to crush and intimidate the Catholics; but you shall not. We mean to resist and defy you.'"

This session practically ended the parliamentary labors of Lucas; for, though he visited the House once or twice during the succeeding session, he was too ill to speak.

To retrogress a little: During the agitation in Ireland against the Convents Bill (coincident with Lucas' parliamentary opposition thereto), a declaration was prepared in Dublin, to which Lucas objected on the score of its lacking sufficient vigor of thought, and, therefore, being an unworthy and inefficient expression of the Catholic position. On precisely the same grounds, several members of the Irish episcopacy declined to sign it. Then, at a public meeting, John Reynolds charged Lucas with having called the bishops who had signed the document, "knaves or fools." Lucas attempted to refute this "base, deliberate,

and malicious falsehood;" but the Lord Mayor, who presided, ruled him out of order. Against this injustice, Lucas made no selfish protest. But his friends resented the injustice to which he had been subjected, and they determined to present him with a substantial testimonial. The circumstance of the presentation will be touched upon later. Then, Dr. Cullen, as the first step in that course which was to bring so much evil on Ireland, wrote to one of the English bishops to express his surprise at their conferring such an honor upon a man who was "creating discord among his fellow-Catholics." This was surely an absurd as well as a monstrous accusation to bring against a man, whose utmost energies were devoted to the consolidation of the Catholic body; whose well-matured policy for the amelioration of Catholic grievances, social and political, could only hope for success when the scattered forces of the church had been welded into compact battalions, and mustered into battle array. Those who remembered Dr. Cullen's letter to Lucas during the Dopping incident might well have appealed from Cullen, the Whig politician, to Cullen, the Christian bishop.

Just then Lucas visited Birmingham to acquire some information regarding the industrial schools of that place, — a project very dear to him, and adhered to till his very latest breath. The Catholic Association of that town availed themselves of the opportunity to present him with an address, which was done at the residence of the now venerable Bishop Ullathorne. The address did not transcend the limits of the strictest truth when it said: —

"Let any one who is old enough to be able to make the comparison, contrast the English Catholics of twenty years ago, and the English Catholics of to-day. If he finds them in the year 1854 of a higher tone of mind, and possessed of more elevated sentiments; if he finds them better informed on what concerns the church in her real character, of her relations with the world, and in the history of her transactions throughout the globe; if they are less disposed to lead an amphibious life, between two sets of maxims, the one kept like family secrets, to be used at home and in church, the other to be used in dealing with the broad world; if a Catholic in this country is more Catholic in all circumstances; if he no longer shrinks from the logical or devotional consequences of his faith; if he has learned to view with a Catholic eye, and to estimate with a Catholic judgment, history, policy, economy, literature, society itself, without at all undervaluing the influences, or trenching on the merits of other distinguished men, in either the ecclesiastical or the political sphere, it is impossible for him, if he be just, not to attribute a great share, in these changes, to the writings of Frederick Lucas. . . . It is because you are known to be a Catholic in the integral sense of the word, because, in a word, you are known to be a man of incorruptible Catholic conscience, that your words command the attention and respect of all parties in the House."

The next alarming report was that Keogh would be made a judge. Lucas could not bring himself to believe that a man of such notorious disrepute would be invested with the judicial ermine by a party (the followers of Peel) containing men of "Puritan political integrity," — men like W. E. Gladstone.

And now the sky darkens. An omen of coming evil fills the air. A Tenant Right meeting was held at Callan, and the Bishop of Ossory prohibited the curate, Father O'Keefe, attending thereat. Lucas told the meeting of the prohibition; hushed their cries of anger and disapproval, and urged them to obedience to the *final* decision of the church when it would be made known. But he felt that without the continued

exertions of the priests as well as the people, that the national members would be powerless in the British parliament. He went on to say that he and his co-workers would bring the matter before the Pope, and would give "unreserved obedience" to the decision of the Holy See. If the Pope, however, should decide that the priests might not co-operate with their flocks to return honest men to represent them, then, for himself and others who had no personal end to serve, no course would be open except to "leave, without a sigh of regret, the game of politics to the selfish, to the corrupt, to the men who thirsted after gold; to the men who sought to make the lives and heart's blood of the people the mere raw material of coinage for their own pockets." This statement was later on described as a "threat!" After this he attended a huge meeting in Tipperary, where the treachery of the Sadlier gang was repudiated; and, on his return to Dublin, left the country which he had loved so well and served so faithfully, — that soil which he was fated never again to tread.

On his way to Rome, stopping at London, he was presented with the testimonial (previously referred to) initiated by Canon Oakeley. It was supplemented by most flattering letters from Cardinal Wiseman, various bishops, members of the religious orders, and heads of seminaries; even that aristocracy whose follies and timidity he had so often rebuked, was not without representatives to honor the man who fought for God's truth, and for that alone. He then proceeded to Rome, and arrived there in time to attend the definition of the Immaculate Conception of her whom he had ever served so well, — whose honor no Catholic was ever more vigilant to defend.

As already understood, Lucas went to Rome, as the delegate of the faithful few among the Irish members to appeal to the Holy See against certain disciplinary statutes submitted to the Propaganda, but not yet approved by the Pope. These statutes were inspired by Dr. Cullen, and were intended to close the mouths of priests who favored the independent members, but would be no check to the priest who desired to serve a Whig candidate. Once the priests who loved justice and hated iniquity were thus gagged, the independent party would be crushed, and Ireland left helpless at the feet of the British government. What a programme! It almost passes the bounds of credibility. Yet no other programme can be inferred from Dr. Cullen's actions, as related in the Statement drawn up by Lucas, at the request of Pius IX. How Dr. Cullen could reconcile it with either his conscience, or with ordinary prudence, I know not. I can imagine no justification for it. Certainly nothing has happened since which can be claimed to palliate it. Emphatically the reverse is true. It is urged that his dominant idea was to stand well with the British government, because of its extra-insular dominion, and in the interest of the Catholic Church throughout the British Empire. This plea is too transparently childish to be accepted for a moment. It is preposterous to suppose that the British cabinet could compel the New Brunswick government to re-enact the penal laws; and equally absurd to imagine that in some moment of unwonted generosity it could persuade the local government to give us a perfectly separate school system. As a matter of fact, when appealed

to, to veto an act dealing with that question, and curtailing our rights, the "Home government declined to interfere." *

The grounds upon which Lucas sought the appellate jurisdiction of the Holy See is fully set out in the famous Statement. No abridgement could possibly be crowded into the limits of this sketch, nor could any abridgement be made which would do justice to that most important document. To be appreciated it must be read in the biography, — or better still do not read it at all. I, for one, cannot without indignation contemplate the recital of acts, which, among disreputable politicians were ineffably base, but among Christian bishops and priests are beyond the pale of description. I am glad the necessities of this sketch do not compel fuller reference to these acts. It may be objected that here we have but one side of the story, and, that any man smarting under a sense of wrong is prejudiced in his own behalf. Granted, in general; but in this case there is a conclusive reply to that side shot. The facts related by Lucas are facts of history. So, also, are the results of these facts — contemporary history. Lucas wrote the Statement, literally under the shadow of death; proofs are not wanting to show that he labored at it, under a strong presentiment that he would not live to complete it. This presentiment was verified. Is it conceivable that a man who, in the bright flush of his manhood, cheerfully and deliberately put aside ties of friendship, social amenities, and a lucrative law practice, in order to undertake the defence and service of unpopular truths — is it conceivable, that such a man would, at the last supreme hour, disregard his responsibilities to himself and to that Maker who was so soon to be his Judge? I cannot believe it. All the course of his life and works repel the baseless insinuation.

As between the policy of Lucas and that of his opponents who can hesitate? His policy would benefit Ireland, and has benefited her since its resumption in 1877; their policy has, — largely, if not wholly, — the credit of making the Dublin Invincibles and Phœnix Park tragedy of 1882. And the moral is just as easily deduced in 1888. Tipperary, so long notorious, — I almost wrote famous, — for promptly administering retributive justice to exterminating landlords, has, under the wise guidance of the great Archbishop Croke, developed into a region of almost Arcadian peace, as regards the peasants; whilst in unhappy Kerry, branded with the episcopal motto, "no priests in politics," the Moonlighter reigns supreme, and can always be depended upon to provide a ghastly Dance of Death, when Bloody Balfour pulls the puppet-strings. Is further illustration needed? I trow not. Thank God, we have marked a great advance upon the road in which Lucas struggled so bravely; but the spirit against which he fought is not yet wholly eradicated. Witness recent pronouncements from Limerick and Clonfert, against a Plan of Campaign which is described as "erring on the side of moderation," by the first patriotic successor of St. Laurence O'Toole.

With the merely social events of Lucas' stay in Rome, we have no concern. But his brave life was surely, and not slowly, drawing to a close. No more would his diamond pen arraign in words of fire the traitor to God and Ireland.

* Canada under the Earl of Dufferin, page 245-6.

About the end of May he returned to London, so changed by illness that the janitors of the Commons did not recognize him, and his own relatives were unable to repress the start of astonishment which his alarming appearance excited. He then went to the country, and was at Staines when the end drew near. The indomitable spirit, which had characterized him through life, stood out in bold relief during his last illness. When his friend, Mr. Swift, M. P., expressed the hope that he might still pull through, he replied: "I have no doubt whatever that I shall *pull through and find myself on the other side.*

He passed peacefully to his reward in the presence of Cardinal Wiseman's Vicar-General, Dr. Whitty, who had attended him through his illness. Fr. Whitty says: "No one could have known him intimately without seeing a certain resemblance between him and Sir Thomas Moore. . . . In natural character, both were Englishmen of the noblest type. Both had the same gentle, yet resolute, spirit, the same love of truth, combined with considerateness for the convictions or prejudices of others, the same ready wit in reply and argument, and, above all, the same irrepressible playfulness of spirit, even within sight of the solemn moment of death, not that there was in either any want of reverence." The news of his death caused the deepest regret far and wide. Well might Archbishop MacHale and other Bishops chant the Requiem and swing the censer, beseeching the favor of Heaven for the champion who had departed from amongst them. Well might

> "The lips of the priests quiver,
> In prayer that the great Law-giver,
> In his bounty would deign deliver
> His servant a due reward."

Very appropriate too would have been the burial inscription, provided thirty years later by his great contemporary, — Louis Veuillot, for his personal epitaph:

* * * * * *

> "I made a pathway through their mud;
> To their slaves I showed the morn,
> Sent by good angels; and the flood
> Of light struck hearts where Love is born."

It were idle now to speculate as to what might have been the result, had this brave life been prolonged even for a decade or two. It is doubtful if even his indomitable spirit could have effected any good, during the prevalence of the incubus of corruption, among high and low, even then settling down on the land, like the funeral pall of every noble aspiration and honest principle. This incubus needed a flash of powder to disperse it, and the flash came from the Fenian men.

Certain it is that while Lucas lived things would not have come to the last pitch of wretchedness; some heart-throb, however faint, some pulse-beat, however weak, would have convinced Duffy that Ireland was not yet "a corpse upon the dissecting-table."

Had Lucas been able to infuse, in any perceptible degree, into the hearts of his countrymen, that love of justice which characterized himself, the Victorian Jubilee of 1887 would have found a much more extensive spread of peace and charity among the English-speaking

peoples. Ireland's sons in the British colonies, — prizing national honor and individual self-respect more than the contemptuous favor of the dominant race — would not have beheld with sullen hatred the festivities, which, to them, were nothing else than a mockery of the well-nigh mortal agony of their Motherland. And Ireland at home, invincible and unshaken, though sorely trodden in the wine-press of affliction, would not have stood in the woful plight set forth in the jubilee hymn of the Dublin Nation: —

* * * *

For England's pride and for England's power;
Blest are the people who kneel and know,
That God has sent them a fruitful dower;
And blind the nation that will not see
An angel of light in England's wings;
God pity us, then, for such we be,
Who silent stand while the chorus sings.

But we will sing to another strain,
While sorrow pipes with a failing reed,
And tears will fall like the Winter's rain,
And heart-wounds troubled again will bleed.

Fifty years of a golden reign —
Under the stars no prouder station;
Fifty years of sorrow and pain —
Under the stars no sadder nation.

Fifty years of a sweetened life,
Crowned with honor and blest with fame;
Fifty years of famine and strife,
Crushed with iron and scourged with flame.

A crystal cup of bitterest tears,
A golden goblet of noblest blood:
This be our tribute for fifty years,
Of a reign so great, so wise, so good.

The death of Lucas left Dr. Cullen master of the field. With a free and generous hand, during '53–4–5, he planted the dragon's teeth, which, in a decade of years, came to fruition — the fruition of a harvest of armed men. And the glee with which the harvest was reaped by his friends of Dublin Castle, *loyally* assisted by the Royal Irish Cut-throats. Verily, their swords were transformed into sickles, but not exactly in the proverbial sense.

It does not come within the scope of this sketch to detail the condition of Ireland after Lucas' death. There was a long, dark night before her; but now the dawn is past, and the end of the struggle draws near. And when the agitation has been ended, by the concession of freedom to a long-oppressed people, then shall dawn a new joy for Lucas and all the other spiritual sons of St. Patrick — by birth or adoption.

And then shall Peace and Righteousness, Happiness and Plenty, abide upon the fair hills of Holy Ireland.

J. W. O'RYAN.

THE END.

CHILDREN can do a great deal towards making home happy by obeying their fathers and mothers.

John Baptiste de la Salle, Founder of the Christian Brothers.

THERE was a solemn *triduum*, or three days of solemn prayer and thanksgiving, held in the magnificent Church of St. Sulpice, the most spacious in Paris, in honor of John Baptiste de la Salle, the founder of the Christian Brothers, lately beatified by Leo XIII. During the whole of the three days—13th, 14th, and 15th of March—from before six o'clock in the morning till ten o'clock at night, the vast and splendid church edifice never ceased to be filled to overflowing with mixed congregations of Parisians, of all ranks and professions, of all ages and sexes, whose ardent piety and living faith no one could question, who assisted at these soul-stirring manifestations. The great church was hung in gold and purple from roof to pavement. The high altar and sanctuary were draped and ornamented with exquisite taste. But the object which drew most the attention of the crowd was a beautiful statue of the devoted benefactor of children. It was life-like, a masterpiece of the sculptor Cabuchet, placed beneath a golden palm-tree, surrounded with verdure and heaps of golden sheaves, the emblem of the millions of young souls trained to Christian life by De la Salle and his family of brothers, now numbering some thirteen thousand, and scattered over both hemispheres. The statue represents him clad in the poor, coarse, but much-loved dress of his order, with his arms crossed on his chest in an attitude of fervent prayer, and the eyes bent in supplication on the adjoining altar. The attitude is most eloquent of the man's whole life, which was one of perpetual toil and trial, supported and sanctified by prayer and unfailing trust in God.

I had expected, before I came to Paris and saw things with my own eyes, to find the schools of the Christian Brothers closed, themselves expelled from their principal residences, and their great work almost entirely obliterated. That there still exists one single community of them in Paris, and that they are able to teach in a single school within the limits of the city's jurisdiction, are not to be attributed to the good-will or toleration of the municipality or of the preceding government. What I am going to state is solely due to the noble generosity of Christian Paris, as distinguished from the half-pagan Paris created by Voltaire and the anti-Christian revolutionary sects. In March, 1880, only thirty had been laicized (that is, dechristianized) in the city of Paris. In March, 1888, every single government and municipal school, high and low, has been laicised. Before 1880, the teaching congregations of men and women had one hundred and thirty-four schools with forty-three thousand pupils. At the present moment, the religious schools, independent of municipality and government, number one hundred and ninety-three, with seventy-five thousand scholars. For their support a yearly sum of $480,000 is required. Of this sum $80,000 come from the weekly contributions of the pupils or their poor parents. The remaining $400,000 are made up from charity collections, and this is collected from the people of Paris alone.

This statement will tell your readers that religion is not yet dead in the beautiful and pleasure-loving capital; that the resolve of parents to give their sons and daughters a religious training is not confined to a feeble minority, and that there is still magnificent hope for the future.

Come with me now to St. Sulpice and judge for yourself. It is Tuesday morning, March 13. The Mass for general communion was celebrated at half-past six o'clock. The church was full long before that. The living waves of the people, ever flowing, ever ebbing, have kept it filled in every nook and corner since that hour. It is now half-past eight, the hour fixed for the pupils of the parochial schools of Saint Roche, Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, Bonne-Nouvelle, Saint Merri, Saint Pierre de Montrouge. They fill the entire space of the great middle nave. While you are still on the square, in front of the church, between the statues of Bossuet and Fenelon, you hear through the opened portals these thousands of children's voices singing joyous hymns, which the mighty organ's notes sustain and seem to bear upward, above church and city, to the throne of God. Be patient with the crowd who are themselves patiently struggling, without

violence or rudeness, however, to obtain entrance to the thronged edifice. The people, carried away and thrilled by these great waves of well-known harmony, cannot help joining their voices to those within. It is no vain and empty holiday pageant. The heart of Catholic Paris is singing and praying here. You feel its pulses at every throb of organ and choir.

And within what a sight! It is one living, densely packed mass of worshippers, aye, worshipping without paying the slightest attention to who is coming in or going out. The children in the middle aisle are all dressed in their holiday attire. They are pouring forth their whole souls in alternate song and prayer, without turning their young heads to the right or to the left. Presently, the Mass over, the Cure of Saint Roche, the eloquent Abbe Millaud, addresses this multitude of children in words which fascinates them, enchain their attention, and fill them with some of the sacred fire that glows in his own. And then the little army moves out of the church in the most perfect order, only to be succeeded by another expectant host of worshippers.

At ten o'clock the Bishop of Versailles celebrates Pontifical High Mass. The Seminary of Foreign Missions, the great nursery of apostles and martyrs for China and Tonquin, fill the sanctuary. The Christian Brothers' central school at Passy furnishes the music and the singers; the music in a Mass composed expressly for the occasion by Brother Leonce, one of the teachers, and the orchestra and singers are his own pupils. And how they do play and sing, these children of Jean Baptiste de la Salle, as if his spirit were on them, and they beheld him through the opened gates triumphant in heaven!

At half-past one comes a second battalion of the schools of Paris; so numerous are they that they have to come in detachments during these three days of solemn festivity.

They belong to the Third, Fourth, Twelfth, Thirteenth, Fifteenth, and Sixteenth districts (*arrondissements*) of Paris. Again Brother Leonce's inspired music is heard in the beautiful hymns which fill the glorious temple. And there is another short, pregnant, thrilling discourse by the Cure of Vangisard.

No sooner has this division of school children passed out of the church than it is filled by the waiting thousands on the square, who are coming to solemn vespers and to hear Mgr. Germain's panegyric of the new saint. For Mgr. Germain is one of the most eloquent prelates in Europe. No one who has heard him on Tuesday last is likely ever to forget his most truthful and most stirring picture of De la Salle's heroic career. It was in the parish of Saint Sulpice that the apostle of education first labored in Paris. From the noble priests of the seminary he received a steady support and enlightened direction. The discourse was full of continual allusions to persons and scenes well known to all present. The needs of the seventeenth century in Christian France, as well as its political supremacy, were vividly contrasted with the religious and social conditions of the country at the present day. Carried away by his own sentiments as a bishop and a patriot, the orator reminded one of a powerful musical instrument that caused the chords of every other instrument around it to vibrate in unison with the notes that it gave out. I believe, had the people dared to shout out their assentment in the house of God, they would again and again have risen up like one man to do so during this memorable exhibition of Christian oratory. And how often, as he detailed the trials, sufferings, humiliations of the man of God, in whose honor they had met, was the vast audience convulsed with uncontrollable emotion!

It was six o'clock when the vesper service was over. At eight P. M. the church was filled again by the members of the various conferences of St. Vincent of Paul, by the kindred societies of St. Francis Xavier and blessed John Baptist de la Salle. These are the men who minister to all the various charities in Paris — men of blameless lives and untiring benevolence. And with them was a multitude of the laboring folk of Paris, benefited by the pious examples and generous help of these sodalities.

Such was the first day.

On the second, Wednesday, 14th, the movement grew apace. It was such a day as the great church had never before witnessed.

But the next and last day of the Triduum seemed to throw the two preceding altogether into the shade. The entire morning every altar in the edifice was occupied in succession by priests who had come from all parts to share in the celebration. At ten o'clock the Archbishop of Paris, the saintly,

modest, learned, and devoted Mgr. Richard, pontificated at High Mass, assisted by all the priests and pupils of the seminary of Saint Sulpice. The Nuncio, Mgr. Rotelli, presided at solemn vespers. There was not standing room in any one part of the church, and hundreds — some say thousands — vainly endeavored to obtain entrance. The very confessionals were occupied by the eager pilgrims.

Another most eloquent panegyric of De la Salle was pronounced by the Bishop of Montepellier. It was different in plan and conception from that of Mgr. Germain. But in its way it was no less effective. This time fifteen of the sodalities of young workingmen founded all over Paris by the Christian Brothers had filled the great central nave, each bearing a beautiful emblazoned banner, which during the divine service was placed against the railing of the sanctuary. The Te Deum was intoned by the Nuncio, and sung by the entire congregation, priests, seminarians, and people, accompanied by the two great organs. I believe that no harmonized music ever composed by human art can equal the effect of the Gregorian in such chants as the Te Deum, when sung by ten thousand voices in perfect unison with each other. At any rate, persons who had heard the sublime hymn of St. Ambrose and St. Augustine executed in St. Peter's, were not slow in saying, that their emotions in St. Sulpice on last Thursday evening were even more powerful.

Men wept as they listened, and pondered over the significance of the scene. They wept with joy at the thought that the religion of their forefathers was still in Paris, in France, a living power — a mighty and growing power for good.

And so, as they prayed by the statue of Jean Baptiste de la Salle, beneath his golden palms and amid the golden sheaves, symbolic of his spiritual harvest, they resolved to do the work of true men, in saving the young generations, and in sowing the hearts of French workingmen with the deep gratitude arising from the benefactions of Christian charity. — BERNARD O'REILLY, in New York *Sun*.

The New "Wearin' o' the Green."

OH, Paddy dear, and did you hear the news that's goin' 'round?
The shamrock lifts its head again to grow on Irish ground.
No more the stranger's hand shall hold St. Patrick's isle in sway,
But Irish hearts and Irish hands shall guide us on our way.
And when they ask in years to come from far across the sea,
"How fares it with the land we love?" Our answer then will be:
"Oh, proudly there in hut and hall the triple leaf is seen,
And brave and true no more shall rue the wearin' o' the green.

Oh, brothers, gather close to keep the land you hold once more,
Division is the direst foe that darkens now our door;
The God of nations rescues us, and leads us forth anew,
Oh, who shall break what He hath bound while each to each is true?
And as the people onward march toward better days to be,
The Irish flag will float among the banners of the free.
Our colors then shall speak of hope, like spring-tide's glistening sheen,
And all the world be brighter for our wearin' o' the green.
Our colors then shall speak of hope, like spring-tide's glistening sheen,
And all the world be brighter for the wearin' o' the green.

Pall Mall Gazette.

THE ancient proverb says: "You cannot get more out of a bottle than you put in it." That's an error. Besides what he puts in, he can get a headache, a sick stomach, and perhaps ten days in the lock-up.

Ethics of Boxing and Manly Sport.*

FROM the sunlit summit of Parnassus, with all its sweet pasture and flower-covered meads, down, down to the shambles of the prize-ring, with its ropes and stakes, and blood-besprinkled floor, is a terrible descent, but a possible feat, for one who, after a swim in the waters of Lethe, and eating his repast of Lotos leaves, has gained his "second wind." It required a severe "training," greater than that entailed by a strict observance of the Lenten fast, to reach such a condition of mind and body; but the condition has been attained, and the feat performed with acrobatic swiftness by John Boyle O'Reilly, poet, and teacher of the ethics of boxing, with the ethics of manly sports thrown in, as a foil to the outraged sensibilities of the Dear Public, some of whom can stand the latter, but sicken over the "ethics" of the prize-ring.

There are not wanting in this world pens to deify vice, and singers to sing the praises of the resuscitated paganism of our day. But, alas! that one who promised better should now become the champion advocate of champion boxers, and try to elevate a barbarous practice into the category of decent sports.

This book of Mr. O'Reilly's opens with a picture of robust blackguardism that will shock the sensibilities of those unfortunate enough to see it. The frontispiece, about which Mr. O'Reilly is gushingly effusive, is an engraving of a statue of a "boxer," revealed in all the hideousness of man's nakedness. The statue from which the engraving was made is considered by some people to be a true work of art. Oh, no! True art is ideal; but this frontispiece is beastly real. We have statues and copies of statues in abundance of Hercules, Apollo, Venus, and other gods and goddesses of ancient mythology, but even they, ideal works as they are, have the animal part of human nature clothed with the fig leaf.

"What makes Barnum cover the dead walls of Boston so liberally with big pictures of his rearing, performing stallions?" was the enigma propounded by a visitor to a resident of the Hub. "To draw out the female wealth of the Back Bay to his circus matinees," was the quick response.

Did Mr. O'Reilly ever hear this before? If so, did it act as a cue to the Midasian motive that prompted the publication of such a frontispiece to his book?

There is always a prevailing motive for the writing and publication of a book. Some write for fame, some to instil an idea, others to lead astray, and most writers for the acquirement of gain. When the book is a good book the acquirement of gain is a legitimate consequence of the writer's aim.

The book under review is part good and part bad; as a whole it is largely made up of quotations. It contains 347 pages. Of this number only eighty-seven are devoted to boxing, and the remainder to a collection of facts regarding health practices, manly sports, historical descriptions of the same, and reprints from Outing, — old matter written years ago. The few pages of the book devoted to the "Ethics of Boxing" shall chiefly engage attention here.

* By JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY. (*Illustrated.*) *Ticknor & Co., Boston.*

The great bulk of the book, viz, 260 pages, is a matter of scissor-work, for which the only credit deserved is that which pertains to the shears and paste, and the time spent in the colation of the material. At every step we meet such quotations as these: "Says an eminent American physician," "Says a scientific authority," "Says an eminent authority," "Says an able physician," etc., etc. Indeed, the quotation marks almost trip the reader at every sentence, and then the quotations where there are no quotation marks, the substance given to make the matter appear original, are simply the backbone of the book. This was neither fair nor strictly honest; but it is book-making all the same — after a fashion. Taken as a whole, the first part of the work is eminently and profoundly classical. The harvest of Greek and Roman proper names which adorn the book is good for a gleaner, and must raise the author to a mighty eminence among boxers.

The style of the book is a very wonderful performance, relieved, however, by the copious quotations which keep the reader from being too critical. This is very advantageous. While not very intellectual it is decidedly cunning, and possesses a value all its own. In some places the style is remarkable for its rudimentary common-sense, again it is spasmodic and too often nonsensical. Take the following unique specimen from page sixteen of the Introduction:

"The motive-centre of a thinker is the brain; of a philanthropist, the heart; of a sensualist, the belly. In the latter class a kindly, or beautiful, or devotional aspiration enters the mind, and wanders aimlessly through the flabby muscles, straying off the nerve at will, for the tissues have not sufficient consistency to hold it on the line, until it sinks gradually, but surely, toward the marshy and forbidden wastes of appetite, and is drowned, like a belated traveller, in the weedy morasses of the gastric-centre."

Does the reader understand this paragraph? Is it possible for any living thing to understand it? Does the author himself understand it?

How a kindly, or beautiful, or devotional aspiration can enter the mind, and at the same time, or at any time, wander aimlessly through flabby muscles, is a performance that would require a man's "third wind" to get hold of. Perhaps the mind and muscles in the author's mind are identical. Such materialism would be in place here where everything is so very earthy. How is it possible for the aspiration that has entered the mind to stray off the nerve at will? Off what nerve does the aspiration stray? And why does the aspiration thus make a fool of itself by straying?

Listen!

Because the tissues, we are told, have not sufficient consistency to hold the aspiration on the line!

On what line?

Was it the aspiration that had already entered the mind that could not hold on to the line, or the author himself that could not hold on to his line of thought? As the aspiration that had entered the mind of the sensualist, and then took it into its head to wander aimlessly through flabby muscles, and could not manage to hold on to the line, it must go somewhere, so it sank toward the marshy and forbidden wastes of appetite!

Truly this wonderful aspiration must have had something of a bog-

trotter's existence. Finally the aspiration was drowned like a belated traveller.

Mercy!

Drown an aspiration! Where?

In the weedy morasses of the gastric-centre.

Come, come, Mr. O'Reilly, poetry is poetry, and boxing is boxing, but we don't want belated travellers drowned in their own stomachs. Nor do we require kindly, beautiful, devotional aspirations to enter the mind, wander aimlessly through a lot of flabby muscles (and like Boyle Roche's bird, be in half a dozen places at the same time), and finally stray off a nerve at will, and get drowned like a belated traveller in the gastric-centre.

The above paragraph is a sorry piece of composition. Indeed, it is to be grieved over, rather than laughed at, although it is probably the most laughable incident of a rigmarole thought that ever appeared in print.

There are many interesting morsels like this, that might be selected from the book but one is sufficient.

Is not the title of this book a complete misnomer? Ethics! "Ethics of Boxing." The term, ethics is generally applied to morals.

Does the author wish us to believe that boxing is a moral practice? We should require some show of reason for this which the book does not afford. Generally, ethics and morals are convertible terms. Some authorities hold ethics to mean a rule, or rules of *duty* in systematic form; the science of duty. Where, then, do the morals of boxing come in? Wherein lies the science of duty in such a practice?

The author is exceedingly anxious to appear to be in opposition to slugging, bare-knuckled fighting, and all the other disgusting features of the prize-ring. But does he succeed? Far from it; even in spite of himself he is forced by the ethics of his position, to uphold the base practice he would fain condemn. Either the first part of his work is meant to encourage boxing, fighting exhibitions, or, it means nothing. Because Englishmen like Sir Robert Peel and Evelyn Denison were fond of fights, all others should, in like manner, yearn for a sight of pugilists in the ring. It by no means follows that this pair of Englishmen should be the mentors and tutors of others in this so-called science of "ethics."

When we consider what boxing or pugilism leads to, people of decent, moral character will have none of it. Not even the simplest forms of it, publicly or privately.

They will continue to despise and hate the prize-ring, and all things that lead thereto, as the worst form of vice that ever arose to corrupt the morals of a people. Not even Mr. O'Reilly's advocacy of it will prove sufficiently attractive to them.

Says our author: "But even for the prize-ring much might be said to show that to it *alone* is due whatever is known of *order* and *fair play*, in a personal encounter."

This is simply astounding. "Whatever is known of order and fair play in a personal encounter?" But how much is known of order and fair play under such circumstances?

Why, the moment the favorite of the ruffians of the prize-ring ap-

pears to be getting the worst of it, that instant the opponent of the favorite is in danger of having his eyes gouged out, in fact he is in danger of his life! Is not this the practical result of the order and fair play of the prize-ring? It is the very abomination of truth, for Mr. O'Reilly to make such an assertion as this.

It is very remarkable that he does not refer, even in the least particular, to the causes of the defeat of Heenan with Sayers, the English slugger, in 1863. True, he alludes to that fight, but by no means truthfully; if he did, his claim of "order and fair play" in the prize-ring would vanish into vapor. Heenan in the prize-ring with Sayers was simply bandied about, pitched here and there, the ropes cut, and the Benicia Boy placed in danger of his life. Englishmen would sooner lose a Waterloo than lose a prize-fight! That is the result of the brutal nature of the common Englishman, and it was this knowledge and this feeling that actuated such men as Sir Robert Peel and Evelyn Denison, when they appeared as patrons of the prize-ring.

In this wonderful attempt at a jump into the affections of the Englishman by talking of the "order and fair play" of the prize-ring, Mr. O'Reilly forgets himself. A few lines further on in his book, and speaking of the London prize-ring, he tells us that the London ring rules, under which the fight between Sullivan and Mitchell was conducted, "enabled the inferior man to escape, and might easily have made him the victor." "The rules were, apparently, meant to prevent, not to insure, fair and manly boxing."

Is this the "order" and "fair play" which we are assured belong to the prize-ring? When London rules are observed in the ring, they are as applicable to one man as to the other. But the fact is our author is self-contradictory all through. Indeed, in some pages of the introductory part of his work, he appears conscious of this, and falls into some wonderful errors, and strange verbal escapades, to escape this knowledge of his own weakness.

Few men, if any, will dispute the fact that a man's fists are sometimes his best friends. When a personal insult is offered, the promptings of nature are often made visible by a fistic chastisement of the offender. But he who can restrain himself under insult is better than he who resents it. He is even manlier than the resenter, and proves his true fortitude by subjection of his will. Here is where your true ethics come in, and they are as different from the spurious and meretricious ethics of boxing propounded by Mr. O'Reilly, as the gentleman is different from the burly ruffian of the prize-ring.

Boxing, or pugilism, is *par excellence* an English practice, and whatever we have of it in this country is copied from England. In its essence it is simply a savage contest, wherein the worked-up passions of the fighters make them more like beasts than men. Says Cardinal Manning: "God gave us our features; we make our own countenances." This may have had reference to drink and other forms of vice; but where can vice be seen in all its deformity and hellish aspect if not in the prize-ring? Not only among the men who are pitted against each other for a "stake," the most miserable of all incentives, but among the entire crowd of on-lookers, every man of whom has murder in his heart, and who would not scruple to commit it, if opportunity offered.

Those men are lower in their instincts than brutes. They are there to rob and swindle, and seldom, if ever, go unarmed, not always with the noise-creating revolver, but with silent brass knuckles, the sand-bag, the tightly-filled eel-skin, or loaded locust; and knives, of course, always ready to cut the ropes or an opponent's throat.

And these are they to whom alone is due whatever is known of "order and fair play in a personal encounter." Well, that word "whatever" is a sort of saving clause, and let us be thankful even for so little. "Whatever" there is of "order and fair play," under such conditions, must necessarily be very small, so small, indeed, that a compound microscope would fail to detect its existence.

This characterization of order and fair play in the prize-ring is the secret of the author's mind in relation to prize-ring fights. He appears in his work to condemn those fights; but such condemnation, if truly sincere, would do away with his book, that is with that part of it, eighty-seven pages out of 347 which he devotes to the "Ethics of Boxing."

It is impossible to conceive how Mr. O'Reilly can be considered in any other light than that of an earnest advocate of the prize-ring, and consequently all that follows from this low and murderously vicious practice. This he cannot deny. He has given practical proof of it by his personal attendance at slugging matches in New York City.

Our author, no doubt, thinks it a manly thing to appear as the advocate of the prize-ring. It looks so like a display of fearlessness, you know, that it behooves him to be thus *above* the common herd of men, and to know all about "points" and "guards," the "round blow," "countering," "cross-countering," "buttocking," "cross-buttocking," "ducking," etc., etc. But after all, men who write of these things may happen to be like Charles Dickens, in his picture of little Paul, proof against the feeling and sentiment of their own writing. It looks brave to write about the practices of the sluggers and the "Ethics of Boxing;" but the bravery is only in the looks of the thing. Your "cunning eye," and "swiftness of hand," in personal encounters, may, after all, be more in the imagination than in the reality. Mr. O'Reilly appears conscious of this in his learned defence of John L. Sullivan's fight with Mitchell, an account of which is given with painful accuracy in the boxing ethics.

In an age of Yankee smartness it speaks well to see any one not altogether a native Yankee, so "quick of eye," so keen of scent, and rapid in execution, as to catch hold of the rage of the hour, and serve a dish to a certain portion of the public, just like our panderers of the daily press, in order to turn an honest penny. That part of the thing is, in a financial sense, commendable, and after this review of his book, Mr. O'Reilly should be on the *qui vive*, and have other editions ready for sale.

So far the judgment attempted to be passed upon Mr. O'Reilly's boxing ethics has proceeded from a consideration of the poorest and commonest motives. Let us ascend a few steps from the gutter, and apply the touchstone of the Christian religion to his work, and see how it will stand the application.

Mr. O'Reilly deprecates public prize-ring fighting, so he says, together with all the gambling, gouging, ruffianism, and bloody instincts

that belong to, and are part and parcel of the prize-ring; but which, we believe, we have proved to be the inevitable consequences of his advocacy of that sort of "manly sport."

This stand-point of judgment, the Christian religion, may seem to be out of place when we consider it in relation to the prize-ring; but our review of Mr. O'Reilly's book is specially intended for the readers of this MAGAZINE. As those readers are supposed to be, nay, known to be, children of God's kingdom on earth, it is just and right that Mr. O'Reilly's performances should be brought into the court of conscience and tried by the laws which govern that court.

Conscience is of God, and God has revealed to us that man is not to be governed by his animal instincts, but by the dictates of the purest and highest reason, and these dictates absolutely forbid all prize-ring fighting, as such fighting, or boxing, has for its object the maiming, bruising, cutting and utter paralyzation of an opponent for a money gift or such like reward.

Take the prize-ring, with its apparently decent aspect of "manly sport," in the beginning of the "exercises." The boxers are cool and smiling. They have gone through the hypocritical formality of hand-shaking, even while their hearts are gorged with the blood of passion. It is "manly" to appear thus; but the fighters are, at that moment, mentally resolving on homicide, rather than yield one to the other. With teeth clenched like their fists, they prepare to disfigure and cut each other at every risk and cost. They know, they feel, that those who are looking on are as anxious, as they themselves are, as to the result. Their "friends" have bet upon them; indeed, this is one of the chief ends and aims of the fight, to "make" money by betting on their favorite. For this work the men who fight have undergone any amount of "training;" now they are like gladiators of the arena, and will have to be carried out of the ring by their aiders, seconds, and abettors, before they yield!

But it is to do away with those sickening spectacles of brutality that the "Ethics of Boxing and Manly Sport" was written!

Truly, and, indeed, a strange way of correcting an evil by teaching, to the minutest detail, how to arrive at perfection in the prosecution of the evil.

Readers of this MAGAZINE have been taught by pretty competent authority that our bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost; not our souls only, remember, but our bodies. If this be true that our bodies are the temples of the Holy Spirit, how, we should like to know, is the "order" and "fair play" of the prize-ring to benefit those temples of the Holy Ghost? We leave this question for Mr. O'Reilly to answer.

The plain and honest truth of the whole matter is this: Prize-ring boxing is a resuscitation of paganism, of paganism as exhibited in the Roman arena. It is an idolatry of the flesh, a savagery that outruns the savagery of the benighted heathen, and poisons the sources of decent society wherever it is known to exist. Our laws forbid it: hence the stratagems of the pugilists to evade the laws and the punishment that follows their infringement. The pugilists follow, or rather lead, Mr. O'Reilly in his "ethics;" but it is only when they engage in those unpalatable stage performances known as sparring exhibitions. Every

visitor present at those exhibitions knows in his heart that he would rather behold the genuine performance if he could do so. What he wants is the true gladiatorial show to whet his bloody appetite and satisfy his pagan craving.

When Rome had attained its foulest period; when the idolatry of the ring had become national, and when the bloodiest spectacles of the arena were necessary to appease the brutal appetites of the people,—at that moment was wrought the stupendous mystery of the INCARNATION!

What meant the intent and power of that dread mystery? Surely it was to change the world, and to change the world was to raise man from the depths into which he had fallen. Does the "Ethics of Boxing" fulfil the requirements of the teaching of the Incarnate God, or are such ethics antithetical to the whole spirit and order of Christ's work on earth?

The entire scope, intent, and design of this book is supremely anti-Christian, and aims at the elevation of the animal part of man to that of a god.

Fortunately for the author of such a book its power is exceedingly limited. The great bulk of mankind in this country are those whose backs are bowed to the earth with their honest daily toil. The book will, therefore, circulate chiefly among fighters, gamblers, and "sports," as they are called, who live on the blood-earned bets and wages of the prize-ring, and spend their days and nights in the saloons and hells, learning all about the ethics of boxing and "manly" sport.

Society is, at present, heavily afflicted with the burden and evil example of those "sports." There is scarcely a factory or workshop in the land that does not suffer from loss of time and attention on the part of the workers, whose minds are occupied to repletion with discussions and arguments on the relative "merits" of boxers; and this effect is the true, natural, and logical outcome of the newspaper reports of fighting matches. Mr. O'Reilly's book being largely of the same character as the newspapers, in this respect is on a par with the newspapers, save in the price, and the difficulty of the common order of men to read or to understand the flights of the author, through the intricate mazes of classical history. This latter part is for Harvard and the cultured classes, the Concordian philosophers and editors.

But this is a progressive, an electrical age, and those who cannot see with the swiftness of lightning, and strike an adversary with electrical force are nobodies. Then, again, to be up, "square" with the age, you require a good many electric baths — no, Turkish baths, it appears, will do, and according to Mr. O'Reilly, these should be taken at least once every two weeks. It occurs to the writer just now that an old country, with whose history Mr. O'Reilly is doubtless familiar, has produced a nation of men, of moral men, athletic men, brave and courageous men, who never saw a nude statue in their lives, and who never even heard of such a thing as a Russian or Turkish bath. Training they got in plenty; but it was the training of solid, hard work, for the barest means of subsistence. Does Mr. O'Reilly require to be told what made those men of that old country the finest athletes on earth, without training of dumb-bells or Turkish baths?

Let him hear it! It is a beautiful secret, and chiefly concerns all manner of ethics, except the ethics of boxing. It was the strict observance of the moral law by parents, for generations upon generations, that made those men of Ireland, in spite of their wretched food, their miserable housing, and the heavy oppression of a tyrant people that crushed them to the dust, the brightest specimens of athletic manhood that other nations ever gazed upon. See the power of true ethics, Mr. O'Reilly? Behold the millions of modest men that would outshine your statue, in or out of the "block," the men of Limerick and Fontenoy, my boy, who could have carried you in their arms for a day without tiring, and would have laughed at you in the evening for all your talk about dumb-bells and Turkish baths. There was brain and stamina, and backbone and spinal marrow, and hearts and lungs, in those "ignorant" bogtrotters, who were the physical peers of the salt of the earth, and whose winsome smile was the smile of a girl, because — because they knew nothing of dumb-bells and Turkish baths, but knew a great deal of the true ethics that make a man but not a boxer; the ethics that come from God but not from the prize-ring; and these men were sons of God, whose lives shone with purity, and who never gazed even once upon their own nakedness in a Turkish bath.

In fact, those men know nothing of Boston!

No, they never entered a sweat-box in their lives, much less in every two weeks, and yet they became all, and more than is herein described.

Alas! for some men's rules of training, for the ethics of boxing, and other unknown quantities of abominations!

It is, indeed, pitiful to see a man of genius, a poet of considerable merit, a teacher in journalistic circles, an athlete by inheritance, a patriot by instinct and judgment, a favorite in general, become a leader in those things that debase our nature and lead men to ruin. No matter how he may try to qualify it, Mr. O'Reilly has, by the publication of this book, done more than he can counteract in a lifetime to propagate an evil that will adhere to his name and fame, and lessen both, so long as he is fit to lift a pen.

PETER MCCORRY.

PART SECOND NEXT MONTH.

The Irishman in Politics.

IT is asked: Has the Irishman the same capacity for self-government as the citizen of an American State? Many Englishmen seem inclined to answer the question negatively, and to regard that answer as a fatal bar to Home Rule. But an American of 1887 can scarcely understand your asking this question. He has constantly before his eyes the strongest proof of the Irish aptitude for political discussion. Nothing, he would assure you, from his own experience, suits the Irishman's temperament better than the constant exercise of the faculties which are best adapted for local politics. A political sphere suits the Irishman's versatile genius, and employs his "gift of the gab." What your Irishman wants most of all is some outlet for his political steam,

and this he finds in the profusion of the small details of local government.

Strange as it may seem, this race, which is at present denied Home Rule at home, actually controls, partly by its power of numbers, but still more by dint of its capacity for political debate and by electoral organization, the government of most of the great American cities from New York to San Francisco. At this moment the living experiment of Irish Home Rule is visible across the ocean under the most free and democratic of all governments. New York is said to be the largest Irish city in the world. Even learned and elegant Boston has its Irish Roman-Catholic mayor. The first daily newspaper which appeared in America, the Pennsylvania Packet, was published by an Irishman, and from that day to this the Irish have exercised enormous influence through the American press. As senators, representatives, State governors, mayors, they have taken their full share in carrying on the government of the Republic. It would be superfluous to multiply instances in every department of life in which Irishmen in America have come to the front rank. The important part which the "Irish vote" has played in the presidential elections from the time of Andrew Jackson, the first Irish President, till to-day, is known to all. And looking, in a general way, to the quality of the Irish immigrants, almost any fair-minded American would tell you that the Irish compare favorably at the present moment with the immigrants from other countries, with regard to their fitness for being entrusted with the political rights which America gives to her citizens. If not immediately upon landing at Castle Garden, as an effect of the ocean, at all events in a generation, the wild Kerry immigrant is transformed into the most law-abiding citizen in the Union. From the statistics of the last census (1880) in America, it appears that the total number of citizens of the United States who were born in Ireland is 1,850,571, as against 745,978, born in Great Britain, and 1,996,742 born in Germany. But while Germany only contributes 4,369 German-born persons to the staff of officials and civil employes of the government, and Great Britain 3,039, Ireland is represented by 8,231 Irish-born persons in the civil service of the State. Statistics of other occupations in the voluminous reports of the last census are equally striking. Samuel Lover wrote of the Irish peasant that "his enemies representing him as a fiend stimulate his friends to paint him as an angel." The truth is, that the Irishman at home is a failure, and abroad, speaking generally, a success; an indication, one would say, that his crimes at home are the results of political circumstances peculiar to Ireland.

It has always seemed to us that a strong argument exists for Mr. Gladstone's original proposal to allow Ireland, if she so wills it, when Home Rule is given her, to remain unrepresented in the Imperial Parliament *for a time*. Ireland will have enough to do, and more than enough, to set her own house in order to begin with. She is not keenly interested in Imperial matters at this juncture. She might well afford to take time to settle her proper relations to the Imperial Government.

We do not mean to contend that the American cities are always model communities. They are too well known, after scandals like the recent disgraceful disclosures in New York, to be occasionally the

scenes of jobbery and municipal corruption. But, in the *first* place, it is certain that the municipal constitutions of the American cities are often to blame for their bad government, and that these will in time right themselves. And *secondly*, particular attention is due to the fact that American cities are not noted for any acts of tyranny of the many over the few, such as we are told to anticipate from Home Rule in Ireland; but, on the contrary, their losses from bad government are usually a dishonest transfer of money from the many into the pockets of the few.

The London Westminster Review.

"Creeds, Old and New."*

"To what I now disclose be thy clear ken
Directed, and thou shalt plainly behold
How much those blind have err'd, who make themselves
The guides of men." — (DANTE — PURG. — CANTO XVIII.)

WHAT a distinguished political writer once said of France during the first revolution, that "it had torn itself from the family of nations, and became the antagonist of all" — may be applied with equal truth and force to all and each of those Christian communities which embraced the principles of the great religious revolt of the sixteenth century, known in history as the Protestant Reformation. Three centuries have been required to unfold all that lay hid in the single act of one man.

Martin Luther has been regarded in modern times as the chief author and apostle of spiritual independence. Prior to the date that good brother Martin left his prayer-book and beads behind him in his quiet Augustinian convent, and went forth to publicly renounce allegiance to the successor of St. Peter, by burning the letter of Leo X. before the gates of Wittenburg, the Christian communities of Europe were a unit in their religious belief.

The Creed which bound together the various races of Christendom was short and simple indeed. "*I believe in the Holy Catholic Church.*" The foundations, upon which faith in this primary article of the Creed rested, seemed immovable; the arguments which addressed themselves to the understanding of sober minds were well nigh irresistible, and produced a certainty approaching almost to a scientific demonstration. Men reasoned thus: —

Either Almighty God founded a church, or He did not. If He did, He was bound to preserve it, more especially if He promised to do so. If we admit these two assumptions, then there can be no resisting the conclusion that forces itself upon us, that the church which was from the beginning must be, without doubt, the church of God. From this line of argument there was not, nor can there be, any possible escape. Moreover, the Catholic Creed was associated in men's minds with all that was great and noble and worthy of admiration from the very dawn of Christianity. It had the honors of near a thousand years upon it, in

*This paper was read before a distinguished audience in the rooms of "The Columbus Club of Pittsburgh, Pa.," on the evening of Feb. 22d, 1888, by Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, Pastor of St. Mary of Mercy's Church, Third Avenue, Pittsburgh.

the greater part of the world. There was no "other institution left, which carried the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when camelopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian Amphitheatre." "She was great and respected," in the language of the English essayist, "before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had crossed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca." That Creed was based in the will of a united Christendom. It commanded a singular power and influence, and was ennobled by a host of saints and martyrs. It had its religious orders, its monastic establishments, its universities, its wide relations all over the civilized world. This was the Creed, with all its inherent power and venerable traditions, that the German monk assailed. What an idle effort, it may be said, for one man to raise his voice in defiance of such a powerful and widely established authority? But it is well to remember that there were mighty agencies ready at hand to assist him, once the conflict was fairly begun, and Luther was not slow to avail himself of all such aids. There were princes impatient to appropriate to themselves the divine prerogatives of the Pope; hungry nobles desirous to share the plunder of Catholic monasteries; there were good men doubtless scandalized by the corruptions of the times; bad men desirous of the license inseparable from great moral revolutions; and, beyond all, there was that very large class of people who soon grow tired of what is old, and who are always allured by the glitter of novelty. All such were to be found on the side of the new apostle. But such causes were comparatively weak and trifling, when contrasted with the wonderful influence of the creed which he adopted. The boast of the first reformers was, that they would restore to man those blessings which were his, and which had been lost for ages; that they would win back those rights which were forcibly wrested from him by the constant aggression of an unlawful authority. The first and fundamental article of the new creed, may, then, be stated in four words, "*I believe in man's infallibility.*"

Man is his own master in questions of the soul; he is the arbiter of his own fate; there is no authority out side of himself to which he is bound to submit. The war-cry became, "*Every man his own Bible*," which plainly meant, "*Every man his own church.*"

There is no compliment which is more generally appreciated than that which is addressed to one's intellect. To tell a man that he has brains; that he is capable of doing any amount of thinking; and that there can be no authority that must stand between his soul and God, are assertions commonly accepted as truisms by those to whom they are addressed.

"We shall be free.
Here" [on this principle of man's infallibity] "we may reign secure; and, in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition." — (Milton, Par. Lost.)

Straightway, with this new teaching, the better half of Europe separated itself from the unity of faith and the authority of the Church. Germany, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, England, and Scotland cut themselves loose from all allegiance to the successor of the Galilean Fisherman.

The history of the movement shows that it was nothing more than a test of man's power and capabilities to found a religion. Happily, that there may be no grounds for complaint, there were few obstacles thrown in the way. There was a free and open field, and the victory of Protestantism in the northern part of Europe was rapid and decisive. The fair form of Catholicism was covered with humiliation and shame; insults were heaped upon her; the name became a by-word and a reproach; her daily sacrifice was suspended; her priests and people were driven out and persecuted; education was prohibited; religious houses were suppressed and plundered; cathedrals desecrated; religious rites and duties were interdicted by law; and "in fifty years from the day that Luther publicly renounced communion with the Catholic Church, Protestantism had attained its highest ascendancy, an ascendancy which it soon lost, and which it has never regained." (Macauley.)

In tracing the history of its decline, I shall be merely calling attention to facts of current history, and, whilst doing so, shall avoid imparting to them any coloring or weight which the facts themselves would not warrant.

Here and there an anecdote may serve to indicate the direction in which things are moving, and for that reason may be introduced.

The cardinal principle, as I said, of the creed of the reformers of the sixteenth century was, that the individual man was infallible in the formation of his religious belief. Given the Bible, each man, woman, and child saw the way clear to salvation. This is known as the principle of private judgment, — a principle of destruction, as we shall see, and one to which are logically traceable, as we trace results to their causes, the wide-spread anarchy and confusion that now prevail with regard to the very fundamental doctrines of religion. It is this principle that has driven men to fall back on nature and on themselves, after the weariness they experienced in the vain attempt to find truth in the ever-shifting and varying creeds of a thousand Protestant sects. It is this principle that has driven thousand and tens of thousands out of the church into the ranks of infidelity, and has made many an honest man laugh at the caricature which our modern rationalists draw of doctrines which in his heart he reveres. Men's eyes are now opened, and as the smoke and dust of the long and fiercely-contested battle are passing away, they are beginning to see more clearly how the field stands, and what is the outlook.

I think it will at once appear evident to most of my readers, as it is a fact upon which reflecting minds are fully agreed, that the world to-day is divided between two great movements, and between them it must make a choice. There is, on the one side, the One Holy Catholic Church, with its divine authority, its divine faith, its divine laws, and its divine obligations, spreading throughout the world and permeating all nations; and there is, on the other hand, a society which is, in the darkness of midnight, the deadly antagonist of the church. These are the two great forces that are pitted against each other, and on one side or the other each person must range himself.

Protestantism is not in the field; in the language of a brilliant writer of the present day: "It is now but a mere historical expression; it is no longer one of the competing creeds any more than Judaism is,

or Arianism. Amongst the religious movements that claim the future of the world it has no place. Protestantism has not, nor never had, anything that Catholicism has not got in far larger measure, and it has deliberately rejected very much of value that Catholicism has. Every Protestant hero, or book, or achievement, could be easily matched by ten better from the Catholic record."

And again: "It is necessary to be a Protestant, actually to believe in the Protestant doctrine, in order to see anything at all of value in Protestantism. A pure materialist will have to admit that the Catholic Church has had, and has, a great place in the story of civilization. But the moment you abandon the creed of Protestantism, it seems to have no claims, no arguments, hardly any history, certainly *no future*. It is nothing, we are told, but the servile worship of a Book grotesquely strained in interpretation. Read the book, they demand, like any other book, and Protestantism becomes nothing but a shapeless pile of commentaries on the Hebrew Literature. It is neither a church, nor a creed, nor a religion." (Frederick Harrison, in Nineteenth Century.)

This is the account given of it by men who but yesterday were the friends and champions of the Protestant Creed, and are to-day in their new role, as they always have been, the legitimate children of the sixteenth century reformers. They are men of deep intelligence, fearless and independent, who do not hesitate, no matter what the results may be, to press principles to their logical and necessary consequences. However strongly one may be inclined to agree with the conclusions which they have reached, we shall not be satisfied until we have verified them by the testimony of passing events. This I now propose to do.

There is no fact brought home more forcibly to the minds of those who are in a position to judge of the present condition of religious belief, than this: that within the last few years, there has been going on a rapid, wide-spread, and most alarming growth of infidelity.

Let us boldly face the facts, and account for them if we can. The principle of Protestantism is a principle of division and destruction, not only in the matter of creed, but in that of faith itself.

Lecky, the historian, says that "The corner-stone of Protestantism is an admirable one for a Temple of Free Thought, and for nothing else." Have events justified such a statement?

In the very lifetime of Luther, Calvin, Melanchthon, Zuingliuz, and the others, divisions had already made sad havoc among them. Before the death of the archreformer, in Germany alone, not to speak of the divisions in England, there were as many as twenty-eight different creeds, or formulas of faith, and, from that day to the present, they have gone on increasing, so that now they have reached so many divisions and sub-divisions, that it becomes a most difficult task to number them all.

St. John the Evangelist (x. 16) says: "*There shall be one fold and one shepherd.*" The last prayer which the Son of God prayed upon earth was for the unity of his followers. This unity was to be one of the signs by which the unbeliever was to know that Christ was the true Son of God: "O Father, I pray that they all may be one, as Thou, Father, in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe Thou has sent Me. And the glory which

Thou hast given Me I have given to them; that they may be one as we also are one." (*Idem.*)

"I in them and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one: and that the world may know that Thou hast sent Me, and hast loved them as Thou hast loved Me." (xvii. 23.) There is no difficulty about the version. It is exactly the same in the Protestant as in the Catholic Bible. In that solemn hour, before the dreadful scenes enacted in Gethsemane and Calvary, and whilst Judas Iscariot was bargaining away his blood for a miserable pittance, the thought that was uppermost in the mind of the Eternal Son of God was the unity of His people; and from the deep earnestness of His prayer, He evidently dreaded more the division of His spiritual body, the church, than He did the tearing asunder of His own flesh and bones on the tree.

It is recorded of the illustrious Father of his Country, Washington, that at the close of his Presidency, he sent a farewell address to his countrymen. Calling himself "their old friend and affectionate countryman," he urged them to avoid division, and to make their union perpetual.

These memorable words have been an inspiration to the Republic; half a million lives have been sacrificed to make them good. But the dying prayer of the Redeemer of the human race passes unheeded among those who call themselves Christians, and who hope for salvation through His most precious blood. He looked down from the Cross and saw the Roman soldiers parting His raiment; he looked forward to our times and saw Christians for the last three hundred years rending His very body.

The existence of a thousand different sects, with a thousand varying creeds, means the destruction of Protestant Christianity; nothing less; it is only a question of time.

D' Aubigne, the Protestant historian writes: —

"The Union of Christians,— that is, the Reformation of the Nineteenth Century."

Bishop Whipple, Protestant-Episcopal, of Minnesota, says: —

"I believe our divisions are eating all faith out of the American people."

President Sturtevant, of Illinois College, speaks thus of divisions: —

"I affirm with awe and trembling, that, whilst the church continues in her present divided and factious condition, she is a false witness to her Redeemer and Lord; she fatally misrepresents His principles and His kingdom to the millions He died to save."

Dr. Dorus Clarke, of Boston, furnishes the following evidence: —

"In my judgment, it is about time for the truly Christian people to begin to look to the matter of Sectarianism square in the face, as being morally wrong before God, and to cease from expecting real Christian work without Christian unity."

The topic for discussion before a recent meeting of Methodist ministers was: —

"Why, with such splendid churches, large outlay of money, fine preachers, and attractive music are there not larger spiritual results? And the answer comes from a well-known Brooklyn minister of wide observation in the matter. (Talmage.)

"We have magnificent church machinery in this country; we have costly music; we have great Sunday-schools, and yet, within the last twenty-five years, the churches of God in this country have averaged less than two conversions a year each. There has been an average of four or five deaths in the churches. How soon, at that rate, will this world be brought to God? We gain two; we lose four; what will this come to? I tell you that while here and there a regiment of Christian soldiers is advancing, the church is falling back, for the most part, and falling back and falling back."

Need any sane person wonder, when confronted by such facts, and such unmistakable testimony, that the injury to divine faith must be great; that the strings of religious feelings, as well as of religious belief, seem to have run loose, and that the mechanism of the various sects, notwithstanding the skilful management of the men who run the machine, has got completely out of order in our day.

Go into any town or village in this broad land; traverse the country from Maine to California, and from the lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, and everywhere you will find the strongest evidences of a rapid decline of religious belief. How could it be otherwise; for everywhere you are sure to find a dozen or two Protestant churches, each, from the bare fact of its existence, advancing the claim that it *alone* has a thorough knowledge of the surest and quickest route to Heaven.

Bishop Cox, Protestant-Episcopal Bishop of New York, lately visited a little village in that State, where he found five spires pointing heavenward. There was no resident minister in the place, just because of the five different parties; each of the five buildings was sufficient, the Bishop tells us, to contain the entire population. The Bishop enquired what the people believed in; what sort of religion they had? And the answer was, that many believed in *spirit rappings*, and others ran around after lecturers and one thing and another, and heard preachers now and then, "who told them funny things," and made them laugh at some of the truths of the Gospel of Christ. The bishop on learning all this, cried out: "If this be the result of your Protestantism the land is the devil's already." — (Need of Union, page 90.)

I read an account lately of two Methodist clergymen, who were giving their experience in some of the Western States. One said that he found in a village of Illinois, among a population of eight hundred, nine different Protestant sects. "Why," said the other, "that's nothing, I am just returning from a rural district in the same state, where I found *among seventeen families sixteen different forms of religious belief.*"

From all this, there must, of necessity, be a growing conviction in reasonable minds that there is something radically wrong in this medley of conflicting and warring religious elements. The natural result is that people remain away from church altogether. If you meet a dozen men on the street to-morrow, and you should enquire what church they belong to, some will answer at once, and almost boast of the fact, that they "do not belong to any church."

PART II. NEXT MONTH.

ALL the gold in the universe cannot purchase a true friend.

A Bostonian in New York.

VII.

In the southern part of the city, or the extreme down-town section, is what is known as the Battery. It is a small, pretty park, surrounded by the bay, and the thick, blue waters on all sides give a splendid view of the several smaller islands lying round, and makes the place a most desirable one on a hot and muggy day. The park is planted with trees which shade the rows of benches on either side, and it is said, that in the summer this particular spot is the coolest in the city. Although but little frequented nowadays, it was, many years ago, a fashionable resort, and the residences of the wealthy skirted the parks on all sides. Like Summer, and other streets in Boston, it has been turned into business houses entirely, and the old families had to find shelter elsewhere. The Battery, as I saw it, was surrounded by large warehouses and business offices. One part is the terminus for several elevated railroads, and an awful clatter of the cars is heard at all times. Castle Garden, the famous landing-place for immigrants, is within its limits, and the United States Revenue Barge Office and landing-place for passengers from foreign ports. All foreign steamers must land their passengers here. In this park little children play, and the working men, who are not working, occupy its benches like they do on the Common in Boston. Wandering around, with an expression of wonder and amazement on their countenances, will be seen bunches of immigrants who are looking at the great metropolis for the first time — which has, no doubt, been pictured in their minds as a spot of beauty, with hunks of gold mixed up with diamonds, thrown carelessly about the streets — the great road to wealth and comfort.

Castle Garden is a bleak and doleful-looking place. It has no castle or garden, and the name is, to say the least, a very unappropriate one. The building is an historic one, and the old New Yorker, who loiters around the place, will tell you that it was originally a fort, and afterward made a summer garden, from whence it probably derived the name it now so absurdly bears. In the old days it was used for civic and military displays. When Lafayette revisited this country, a grand ball was given in his honor in Castle Garden. Later it became a concert hall, and is famous as the place where Jenny Lind made her first appearance in America. But things have changed since then, and the city has grown up town, several miles from this spot, so to speak, and for more than thirty years has been used as the landing-place for emigrants of every country and every clime. Ships land here nearly every day, and the following list will give a slight idea of the number of poor people who leave their homes for a foreign, and, only too often, a worse place than they left. In 1881 the number of immigrants was 669,431; in 1882, 788,992; in 1883, 603,322; in 1884, 518,592; in 1885, 395,346; in 1886, 334,203; in 1887, 417,794. In the single month of May just passed, 61,133 arrived. The reader can gather from these figures what a great business is done at Castle Garden.

The building, with its yellow dome and stable-like appearance,

presents a frigid aspect. The first time I entered this place, I had just passed beyond the door, and was about to proceed straight through, when I was approached by a young man, who desired to know where I was going, and who I wanted to see. Finding that I was looking for no one in particular, and was only one of a great many whose curiosity lead them to this place, he directed me up stairs, where, after walking along a narrow entry, I found myself looking down into what, at a first glance, seemed like an arena where the martyrs of old sacrificed their lives for their holy faith, or a circus ring such as seen at Barnum's shows. The place was divided off into apartments, stall-like, and in each of the apartments was a crowd of hungry, dilapidated-looking creatures, men, women, children, with their bags and trunks around them. The different nationalities have their special booths, and in them they remain until their further destination is ascertained, and they are carted off. I did not notice whether there were signs over the stalls, but that did not matter, as their faces convicted them of their nationality beyond a doubt. Here were the Jews, typical Jews, who, in a few days, probably, would be around Broadway, with their store of cheap but glittering jewelry, shoe laces, etc., the Irishman, who would shortly become a councilman or alderman, no doubt, is largely represented; the Italian, who would swell the number of bootblacks or fruit dealers of the city; the German, who would shortly don his apron and become a waiter in a beer garden, or a street musician; and so on, — all the different nationalities, Turk, Hungarian, Greek, Norwegian. The only nation missing was China, and they would be here, too, if they could, and help increase the census of Chinatown, N. Y. Imagine in your own mind, what a peculiar sight this must be. You may imagine, but you can never come anywhere near it, for it is a sight indescribable.

The freight officers of the several railway companies are located in the Garden, and baggage of every description is scattered around in confusion. When the immigrants land in the Garden their names, destinations, and places of birth are registered; and if they are to remain in New York they are allowed to go, while those who are going to other cities are kept waiting until the barges come along to take them off *a la* cattle. On either side lunch counters are erected, where those who are obliged to wait may obtain food at very reasonable rates. They discard knives, forks, spoons, and plates here, and eat out of their hands. In one corner is a sink with a sign over it that must fatigue the ordinary intelligent guest. It says, "Do Not Wash Yourselves Here." After leaving my position, I made up my mind that I would go down stairs, and thought of some scheme to carry out this intention. I had it in a minute. Going to one of the door-tenders, I said I wanted to see Fr. Riordan. "Right inside there, and you will find him,— great, big man," and in I went. A great business is done here, and many clerks, both male and female, find employment as telegraph operators, cashiers, etc. The atmosphere is clogged with that peculiar odor which foreigners bring over with them, beside the whitewash on the walls, and the strong flavor of carbolic acid everywhere. A stranger does not feel much like remaining here long. It is a truly pitiable scene. Here are whole families, with the children hanging around the troubled-looking parents like chickens around the old hen; children sitting on the floor,

with their tired little heads resting in their mother's lap, sleeping; babies crying, mothers nursing, and others eating and drinking, like so many animals. The old folks appear uneasy, and do not, apparently, like to be gazed upon as so many curiosities, or convicts, and walk up and down a few steps in their allotted pens, anxious, uneasy, wanting to get away, aye, no doubt, thinking of the homes they had but just left, of the old friends, and scenes of their childhood and halcyon days, never to return, it is safe to say, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred.

Passing from this wretched scene, and going out to the long pier on a beautiful day, with the sun pouring its lustrous rays of heat, and the heavy blue water plunging against the wall and back again, rippling and rolling up alternately, like miniature falls, the scene is, indeed, a delightful one. In front is the harbor, with the group of islands in it, as if they were handfuls of earth dropped from the heavens. The most attractive thing of all in the water is the famous Statue of Liberty, which stands out alone in all its majestic splendor, reminding one of Scott's readers of his "Lady of the Lake." Seated on the pier in a group were three gentlemen engaged in conversation of a humorous kind, if their smiling countenances could be taken as a criterion. Among them I saw the "great, big man" the door-keeper described, and recognized in him the good and noble priest, Fr. Riordan. He was the picture of health, I thought — tall, stout, rather tendering on corpulancy, with a big, round head covered with thick and curly locks, and his cheeks the color of a rose. I meant to introduce myself to him, and waited around, hoping that the conversation would soon end. To my disappointment a gentleman came in, and going up to Fr. Riordan, told him something, and they soon started away. I then concluded that I would call again some day soon and see him, but was unable to carry out my intention in this respect. It was only a short time afterward that, to my grief, I heard he was dead. I could hardly believe it true, when I considered how strong and healthy he looked a few days before; yet it was true, and he has ere this been called to a better land where he will forever be rewarded for the great and good work in which he was engaged, a labor which doubtless brought to him an early and premature grave. Not to mention Fr. Riordan, when speaking of Castle Garden, while he was alive, would indeed leave a blank in a story — not to speak of him to-day, when telling of Castle Garden, would, to say the least, be ungrateful. So long as Castle Garden exists so long will the godlike deeds of this good and lamented priest be told.

There has been a number of crimes perpetrated on immigrants landing at Castle Garden. Men have been fleeced of their scanty savings, and young women have been lured away. It was only recently that I read of a man and woman being arrested, charged with carrying these poor people away, representing to the latter that good places were awaiting them; but they would soon find out that they were the inmates of dangerous abodes where sin and vice were rampant. But, while this has been practised on a good many that will never come to light, yet a great deal was prevented by the inestimable services of Father Riordan, who stood between these people and the sharpers and hypocrites, and protected the immigrants from the thousands of snares that beset them in a

strange country. Father Riordan was a New York boy, born and brought up in the city, and, certainly, no better person could be assigned to the difficult post which he so magnificently filled. To all he was a friend, regardless of race and nationality, and there stands near Castle Garden to-day an institution which he founded, and will stand as a monument to his deeds which will bespeak for him the most eloquent tributes of praise.

In 1884 Father Riordan was appointed by the late Cardinal McCloskey to the mission which has made him known in all parts of this country, and in every hamlet in Ireland. The Mission of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary shelters over five thousand girls a year. It was the custom of Father Riordan to greet the arrivals personally, offering them the hospitality of the Home, aiding them if it was necessary, securing for them employment, and seeing them safely off for their destination. A new parish was recently placed in this district at his suggestion over which he was pastor, and placed under the patronage of St. Mary Star of the Sea. This work is now taken up by Rev. Father Kelly, whose only object is to imitate his worthy predecessor, feeling that if he can accomplish this much he will be doing all that can possibly be done. In one of Father Riordan's annual reports he mentions the building of his church in the following simple and touching way: "Let us build by the water's edge a home, a bureau, and a chapel, for the Catholic immigrant. Let us raise a lofty spire, so that while at sea the immigrant will catch the gleam of the cross with the first sight of the shores of the New World towards which he comes, and will be told, when he asks, that that cross is above a Home where a fostering welcome awaits him. Oh, then, then the immigrant will not feel that it is to a strange land he sails, since it is one where his own race and his own church are extending arms on the very wharves to greet him." Is it any wonder that I was anxious to see Father Riordan?

The barge office, situated in the Battery, and a few doors from Castle Garden entrance, is the pier from which the steamboats Florence and Chester A. Arthur leave every hour in the day from nine o'clock in the morning to five o'clock in the afternoon, between the Battery and Bedloe's Island, where is erected the famous Statue of Liberty, or, as it is familiarly known, Bartholdi's Statue. The round trip costs twenty-five cents, and is a delightful and pleasant sail of about half an hour. In one of the cabins of these two steamboats little stands are erected, and they are covered with medals and statues and all kinds of literature referring to the statue. Small statues of the goddess, with a silver-plated base, sell for five dollars, while smaller ones sell for less money. Bronze medals made from clippings of the statue sell for fifty cents. Most everybody visiting the island, and seeing this world-wide famous statue, carry home with them a souvenir, and thus a good deal of money is taken in on them. Mr. A. M. Barrett is in charge of the goods, and in talking with him he told me, with a feeling of much glory, that he was introduced to Bartholdi, De Lesseps, and the other prominent gentlemen who were present at the unveiling of the statue. He has sold his goods to many persons of distinction, and in the Prince of Siam and party he found good customers. These statues are not for sale anywhere but on these boats and at the entrance to the statue.

One thing he told me which he also assured me was little known, and that was, that a percentage on the profits of the goods which he sells are sent at regular times to the famous sculptor, not to repay him for his time and labors, but to show him that the people of this country appreciate his work, and, as a consequence, they all wish to have in their homes a souvenir of his great statue.

Like all great things in the distance, this marvellous structure seems small; but, as the boat nears the island, the biggest woman in the world is seen. Figures are not always interesting; but the story of its great size can be told in no other way, so here they are:

DIMENSIONS OF THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.

	Feet.	Inches.
Height from base to torch	151	1
Foundation of pedestal to torch	305	6
Heel to top of hand	111	6
Length of hand	16	5
Index finger	8	0
Circumference at second joint	7	6
Size of finger-nail	—	13 x 10
Head from chin to cranium	17	3
Head, thickness from ear to ear	10	0
Distance across the eye	2	6
Length of nose	4	6
Right arm, length	42	0
Right arm, greatest thickness	12	0
Thickness of waist	35	0
Width of mouth	3	0
Tablet, length	23	7
" width	13	7
" thickness	2	0

The pedestal on which this large-sized lady is placed is 89 feet high, which, of course, pitches her up higher in the air. The statue only weighs four hundred and fifty thousand pounds, or two hundred and twenty-five tons. The bronze alone weighs two hundred thousand pounds. Forty persons can stand comfortably in Miss Liberty's head, and the torch, which she holds in her dainty hand, only sixteen feet and five inches long, will hold twelve people. The number of steps in the statue, from the pedestal to the head, is one hundred and fifty-four, and the ladder leading up through the extended right arm to the torch, has fifty-four rounds. To climb inside this stout lady is by no means an easy job. It reminded me of one of my early pastimes of going up to the cupola of our State House and looking around Boston, only this is harder still. The interior is dismal and dreary, and the ascent is high and laborious work. Once reaching the top, the climber is repaid for his labors by getting a splendid view of the harbor and the city. Bedloe's Island, by the way, belongs to the United States government, and soldiers are stationed here in a fort, and are seen patroling up and down, as in the Navy Yard at Charlestown. One of their duties is to guard the goddess, but there is little fear of any one's stealing her.

When a person sees a great thing, he naturally inquires into its origin. For that reason I feel that not to tell, what to a great many is well known, and to others but little known, would be like witnessing

the performance of "Hamlet," with the sleepy Prince of Denmark left out. At a club dinner in Paris, twenty-two years ago, there came to Auguste Bartholdi the conception of a French-American statue of Liberty. In 1871 Bartholdi came to America, and while sailing in the harbor of New York, conceived the idea of "Liberty enlightening the world" — a statue facing France. This idea of Bartholdi's was enthusiastically approved by a company of patriotic Frenchmen, who formed themselves into a society called the "Union Franco-Americane de France," and at a banquet given in Paris, in 1875, the project was formally inaugurated. It pleased the popular fancy, and subscriptions came in rapidly, the city of Paris leading off with ten thousand francs. The amount of money used for the construction of the statue alone was two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It is a free gift to this country from the French people, intended as a token of their good-will, and an earnest of the desire to keep green the memories of the days when Lafayette and Rochambeau were patriotic supporters of our fathers in the Revolutionary struggle. While the statue was being constructed in Paris, the artist gave a breakfast within a portion of it. The meal was given to some leading Parisian journalists, in order to show them how much of the work was finished. The table was set at about the height of a knee, and the guests climbed up by means of a ladder. The dishes and eatables were hauled up by a rope and pulley. The shipping of the immense pile was a difficult and expensive job. The pedestal on which it stands was placed in position several months before, the expense attending it, some twenty-five thousand dollars or more, being raised by subscriptions from the people of this country, and, strange to say, the collecting was, in many cases, like pulling a tooth from a person, which was another reason for that saying that "Republics are ungrateful." At last, however, everything was arranged for Miss Liberty. It was some time, too, before money was appropriated for the lighting of the torch, which pictures represent as looking like a shaving brush; but that was finally consummated, and everything is now, so far as the statue is concerned, working all right.

On Oct. 28, 1886, more than a million people witnessed its unveiling. American and French flags were flying from buildings in New York and Brooklyn, and the shipping in the harbor was profusely decorated with bunting. A grand procession marched through the principal thoroughfare of the city, and was reviewed by President Cleveland and cabinet, the governors of many of the States, and mayors of cities great and small, M. Bartholdi, Count De Lesseps, and many other distinguished personages. As the numerous regiments passed the reviewing stand, some of them struck up the "Marsellaise," that tune which is so dear to Frenchmen, in honor of the eminent artist and citizens from France. After the procession had passed, the party took boats to Bedloe's Island where the statue was erected and covered preparatory to unveiling. Prayer was offered, after which the venerable gentleman of canalistic fame, made a presentation speech in behalf of the Franco-American Union. After remarks by Senator Evarts the sheets were lowered from the womanly figure. The corners of the veil were unloosened and fluttered for a moment in the breeze, when the whole flag was drawn up through an opening in the tiara, dis-

appearing as if by magic into the forehead of the statue. When the large, yet dignified, features of the goddess appeared to the multitude, it was the signal of cannonading and whistling, a salute of one hundred guns, and long-continued toots of the steamers. As the sounds died away, President Cleveland stepped forward, and in a patriotic speech accepted the statue. Mr. Chauncey M. Depew delivered an eloquent address, at the conclusion of which the "Doxology" was sung, and Bishop Potter, clad in his ecclesiastical garments, pronounced the benediction.

But everything is over now, and the statue is familiar to the Gothamite. When it was completed a French contemporary said, "After having astounded Paris, it will become one of the wonders of America," and it has become all of this. The statue can be seen from any commanding height in New York and Brooklyn; but visitors should not fail to go to Bedloe's Island and take it in at its best; then they will say that the goddess is the largest woman in the world, notwithstanding Barnum's assertion on his show bills to the contrary.

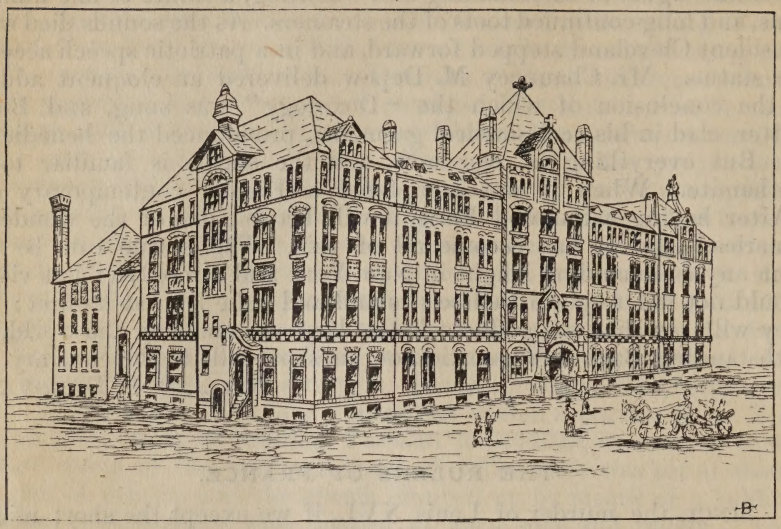
WILLIAM F. DONOVAN.

THE RULERS OF FRANCE.

SINCE the murder of Louis XVI., if we except the short reign of Louis XVIII., remarks the Journal de Bruxelles, not a single ruler of France has completed in peace the mandate he held from the Constitution actually in force. To say nothing of the various transitory forms of governments between Louis XVI. and Napoleon I., we may recall that the last named died in exile at St. Helena, Charles X. at Gorz in Styria, Louis Philippe and Napoleon III. in England. The Seward Republic of 1848 "died in the arms of its first President," Louis Napoleon. Of the third Republic each of its three presidents has left office in consequence of a crisis: Thiers and MacMahon by resignation, Grevy practically by deposition. The new president seems moderately pleasing to all the Republican groups, and very pleasing to the man who made him — to M. Clemenceau. These are old friends and companions in labor, and long worked side by side at the same desk, as secretaries to the Chamber. The President is just fifty, and seven years older than M. Clemenceau. Like the present Lord Mayor of London, M. Carnot has an official religion. "Officially" he is a Catholic; otherwise than "officially" he is a deist and spiritualist. We are told that he would go to a Catholic or a Protestant place of worship with perfect impartiality, "and expect to find religious satisfaction in either."

THE MAN HE WANTED. — Able Editor — "Well, sir?" Caller — "I have called to see if you want any help in the political department during the presidential campaign. I think I can idealize the virtue of one party and exaggerate the faults of the other about as well as any man living. Give me enough space and I'll make your readers feel like lynching every man on the opposition ticket." — "Glorious! Had much experience in journalism?" — "Well, no, but I was director-general of advertising in a recent baking-powder war." — "Take that desk, sir." — *Omaha World.*

The Great Catholic University.



THE corner-stone of the divinity building of the Catholic University of America was laid on the 24th of May, 1888, at four o'clock, by Cardinal Gibbons, in the presence of four other archbishops, twenty-one bishops, hundreds of the Catholic clergy, a large body of seminarians from Baltimore, the President of the United States, five members of the Cabinet, a large number of distinguished persons, and about four thousand other friends of the new seat of learning.

Twenty-five thousand persons would most probably have been present but for the rain, which fell all day, and deterred the multitude from braving the storm. The grand procession, under the direction of Gen. Rosecrans, which was to have been an imposing feature of the ceremonies, had to be abandoned.

At half-past four the opening anthem, Haydn's "The Heavens are Telling the Glory of God," was given by a chorus of two hundred voices and the Marine Band. This was followed by the chanting of a psalm by two hundred seminarians of St. Mary's Seminary, of Baltimore, and St. Charles College. Cardinal Gibbons then blessed the corner-stone. The choir and band gave "Veni Creator Spiritus," after which Bishop John Lancaster Spalding, of Peoria, delivered the oration, which is a masterpiece of eloquence.

Miss Caldwell's Medal.

Bishop Keane then read the address of the Pope and the trustees of the University to Miss Mary Gwendolen Caldwell, who, with her sister, Miss Lina Caldwell, Mrs. Terrence Donnelly, Miss Julia Ewing, the Misses Drexel, Mrs. Senator Vance, and the Misses Andrews, had a seat on the grandstand.

The bishop said: "Miss Mary Gwendolen Caldwell — dear and honored lady: The trustees of the Catholic University of America,

in the name of the hierarchy of the United States, whom they represent, avail themselves of this auspicious occasion to express to you their profound gratitude, and that of the whole church in our country, for the magnificent generosity which entitles you to be considered the foundress of our Catholic University, on the day we solemnly lay the corner-stone of our Divinity Hall, the nucleus of which we hope will yet become, through the blessing of God, the chief seat of learning in our Western World.

"The structure erected by your munificence, and bearing your name over its portal, will stand as a lasting monument to your faith and zeal, and win for you admiration and gratitude for ages to come. To you, moreover, shall our faculty of divinity forever be indebted for the perpetual endowment of its first two professorial chairs. Desiring, as we do, that our thanksgiving should be worthy of such splendid liberality, we rejoice at being able to add to the expression of our own deep gratitude the paternal thanks and the Apostolic Benediction of our Holy Father, Pope Leo the Thirteenth. When informed by our representatives in Rome last year how it was owing to your generosity that the Third Plenary Council of the Bishops of the United States find it practicable to undertake the founding of our Catholic University, he at once expressed his determination to send you a fitting testimonial of his appreciation of your noble act. Accordingly, he addressed to the Right Reverend Rector of the University an Apostolic brief, of which the following is a translation:

To our Venerable Brother John Joseph, Bishop of Richmond:

VENERABLE BROTHER, HEALTH AND APOSTOLIC BENEDICTION. When lately you were conferring with us concerning the great Catholic University about to be established in Washington, we remember in what words of signal praise you spoke of our beloved daughter in Christ, Mary Gwendolen Caldwell, who, by donating for the purpose three hundred thousand dollars, has won for herself so honorable a post in the accomplishment of this undertaking. We, indeed, as was fitting, praised most highly her so great and so worthily bestowed liberality, and we direct you to be to her the messenger and witness of these our sentiments. Moreover, in order that to the praise deserved by her beneficence there should be added some pledge of our appreciation, we entrusted to you a gold medal, to be conveyed in our name to this excellent lady. But now we have, besides, thought well to write to you, that by this, our letter, both her munificence may be better known and our gratitude made more manifest. And as the generosity of the character is deservedly renowned, we trust that others may be impelled to emulate this most admirable example. To exercise liberality in the cause of Christian education, at a time when the dangers of false intellectuality are so numerous and so great, is surely the most excellent use to which wealth can be put. As a pledge, therefore, of heavenly rewards, and in testimony of our paternal benevolence, we most lovingly bestow, not only on you, venerable brother, but also on the above named lady, our Apostolic Benediction.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, this seventh day of May, A. D. in the tenth year of our Pontificate. LEO XIII., Pope.

To this expression of the gratitude of our great and good chief pastor we add the assurance of our own deep thankfulness. May the Benediction of the Vicar of Christ be to you a harbinger of abundant heavenly blessings, and may your noble act of Christian generosity be to your endless honor.

Signed in the name of the board of trustees.

JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 24, 1888.

Miss Caldwell stood while the bishop addressed her, and received the Pope's gift with evident pleasure.

Description of the Medal.

The medal sent to Miss Caldwell is of pure gold, about two inches in diameter, struck at the beginning of the year 1886 by order of the Pope, in commemoration of the eighth year of his pontificate. The face of the medal contains a splendid profile of the Pope himself, with the inscription of his name and the year of his pontificate. The reverse side represents the Genius of History lifted aloft by the angels of the Lord, with an inscription commemorating the opening of the archives of the Vatican to the historical researches of the scholars of the world. It was considered that a medal struck in honor of the advance of learning would most fittingly express the sentiments of the Pope towards one who might be considered the principal foundress of a great institution destined to advance learning in the Western World. The address was in the form of a beautiful album, which, together with the medal sent, was encased in a box covered with red velvet.

The Cardinal then recited the "Our Father," in which many persons, including the President, joined, and to which all present made the response.

The corner-stone was then placed in position. It is of granite, three feet by two by twenty inches, and has the figures "1888" cut in its face. A copper box was inserted in a small cavity in it. The box contained the letter of Pope Leo XIII. to Cardinal Gibbons, approving the establishment of the university.

The ceremony closed with "Hallelujah" chorus. When this was ended, Cardinal Gibbons offered his arm to the President and led him to the refreshment room, at the north end of the building, whither the line of prelates followed. Later they returned and took carriages for the city.

Conception, Dedication, etc., of the University.

The first practical step toward the establishment of a Catholic university was that taken when Mary G. Caldwell gave three hundred thousand dollars to further the project already entertained by distinguished divines.

Miss Mary Gwendolen Caldwell

is about twenty-five years of age. She was educated at the Academy of the Sacred Heart, at Manhattanville, N. Y. After graduating, she travelled for some years in Europe. Since then she has made her home in New York City, though much of her time has been spent here, where she is well known in society. Miss Caldwell's sister has since added a gift of fifty thousand dollars to the University fund. The fortune which

Miss Caldwell and her sister inherited is estimated at four millions of dollars.

The establishment of a Roman-Catholic University has been a dream cherished by many eminent churchmen in this country. Among its most conspicuous advocates were Bishop Spalding of Peoria, Bishop Backer of Wilmington, and Bishops Chatard, Grace, and Ireland. When the bishops of the United States were assembled in the second plenary council, in Baltimore, the question was debated whether the time had not come to establish a university; but it was then decided that the numbers and means of the Catholic population did not then justify the undertaking, though they expressed the hope that the time was not distant.

In 1882 Bishop Spalding visited Rome, and obtained the papal approval for the plan of establishing a university. The proposition was discussed by the archbishops called to Rome in November, 1883, and, with the sanction and benediction of the Pope, was promulgated to the plenary council in Baltimore, in November, 1884. A committee or university board was appointed by the Baltimore plenary council in 1885. This board consisted of Cardinal (then archbishop) Gibbons, Archbishops Heiss, Williams, Ryan and Corrigan, Bishops Ireland, Keane, Spalding and Martz, Mgr. Fairley, Rev. Dr. Foley, Rev. Thomas L. Lee, Rev. Dr. Chapelle, and Messrs. Eugene Kelly, Michael Jenkins, Bernard N. Ferren and Thomas E. Waggaman. This board at once issued an appeal to the Catholics of the United States to provide the means to endow the eight professorships with which the University will enter upon its work, and also to found the houses.

The feature of the institution is the establishment of university burses. The burse is a fund out of which poor students are cared for. Every person is at liberty to pay whatever sum he or she may desire into it. The proceeds are to go towards defraying the beneficiary's expenses while in the institution. The object is to aid any bright-minded man whose aptitude for scholarly attainments in the scientific, or the historical, or the mathemetical paths of human knowledge are known, but not brought out because of the lack of means.

In 1886, Bishop Keane and Ireland went as delegates of the United States to lay the details of the matter before the Holy See. Leo XIII. welcomed the project, and by an apostolic brief, dated Easter Sunday, April 10, 1887, gave his official approval to the establishment of the university. Subsequently the university was incorporated, the board of incorporators being the same as the provincial board that issued the appeal, save that Bishop Borgess of Detroit was substituted for Archbishop Heiss of Milwaukee.

In September, 1887, Rt. Rev. John J. Keane, Bishop of Richmond, was elected by the incorporators as Rector of the University. Bishop Keane resided at the capital so long that he is looked upon as a Washingtonian. He was born in Ballyshannon, county Donegal, Ireland, Sept. 12, 1839. When only seven years of age he came to this country with his parents. He studied classics at St. Charles College, Baltimore, and subsequently pursued a full course of dogmatic and moral theology in St. Mary's Seminary, where he was ordained in 1866. For many years he resided here as assistant pastor of St. Patrick's Church, and

was much beloved by the members of that parish. In 1878 he was appointed to the See of Richmond, and on Aug. 25 of that year he was consecrated.

Bishop Keane and Ireland have visited many cities to set forth the plans of the university, and their appeal for funds has met a generous response, ensuring the $800,000 required at present.

Soon after the incorporators organized, the question as to the site of the new university was broached. Though many cities applied for the distinction of having the university, and substantial inducements were offered, the board of managers were impressed with the advantages of this city, as urged by Father Chappelle and others. Father Chappelle dwelt upon the fact that the capital is growing rapidly, as a social as well as a political centre; that its literary circle is a growing and liberal one; that a great general library, a superb law library, scientific works and collections, the National Museum, the observatory, and other public institutions offered facilities for study that could not be secured elsewhere.

So what was known as the Middleton estate, adjoining the Soldiers' Home grounds, and containing sixty-five acres, was purchased for twenty-seven thousand dollars. The estate has a picturesque and commanding location. An old-fashioned driveway, between rows of trees, leading to the old house, starts from the intersection of Lincoln Avenue with the Bunker Hill road. The grounds extend to the Metropolitan branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and the railroad station of Brooks is located there. The distance from the city is two and one-half miles.

The parchment deposited in the corner-stone to-day bears a record, in Latin, of the progress of the university project: it recites that the erection of the university, dedicated to the cultivation of literature and science, was auspiciously begun on the 24th of May, 1888, under the administration of Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, by James Gibbons, Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore. It is declared that "the university is intended to furnish young men with such training in mind and character as will best qualify them to contribute, in the character of citizens, to the honor and defence of their country."

Greeted by the President.

Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, Bishops Elder (Cincinnati), and Moore, of Florida, Keane, of Richmond, and a number of other Catholic divines, and a party of students from St. Mary's College, called on the President by appointment made at the corner-stone laying. The Cardinal introduced the callers to the President, who made a happy speech of welcome, saying that he was glad that no other calamity than the rain attended the ceremonies on the university grounds. The Cardinal held quite a reception in the lobby as the visitors were leaving, and attracted considerable attention. Later, Fathers Heffernan, and Harrington, of Lynn, and Teeling, of Newburyport, called on the President privately and paid their respects. They returned home on the afternoon of the 25th.

PLEASURE is precarious, but virtue is immortal.

Grape and Canister.

Of all the clever men and women who edit the Catholic papers of the country, we know of none of our brothers and sisters who can apply the scalpel so well as our tried friend, Father Phelan, of the Western Watchman of St. Louis. Here are a few of his shots.

It seems somebody stole the ivory cross off the breast of the Emperor William as he lay in his coffin in the Lutheran Cathedral. It had no business on the breast of the head of the Lutheran Church; but the question that agitates court circles in Berlin is, who stole the crucifix? Perhaps Luther's Ghost took it, or perhaps it got ashamed of its surroundings and walked off itself.

Some Protestant papers see only blue ruin before them in the proposed colonizing of the Southern States with Catholics from the North and from Europe. They appeal to the religion and patriotism of their brethren to checkmate this last and boldest move of Rome. We have said before that the greatest civilizing agency in this country to-day, as it has been for many years, is Paddy with his spade and shovel. The Irish railroader without a second shirt to his back can do more successful missionary work among the churchless and creedless multitudes of the South than a hundred preachers.

The Pope has interfered in Irish politics; but Irish politics first interfered with the Pope. There will be no collision, however. When Ireland learns to train her political guns on English domination without shooting through the Ten Commandments she may blaze away point blank.

"Two-acres and a cow" Collins "was the rock on which English government split." "Axe and block" King-Harmon came very near wrecking the present government on Monday last. "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion Burchard blasted the hopes of the Republicans of the United States forever. The prayer of every political party should be, "save us from our cranks."

"The Boy-preacher Harrison and Talmage have united their forces, and are now holding a revival in New York City. They keep whooping it up day and night, taking a half hour for meals that are provided free in the church. A thousand tramps have been converted already, and there is no telling how great the number will be, provided the grub holds out."

A telegram from Rome informs us that His Holiness is much gratified at the respectful treatment the Rescript has received at the hands of the Catholic press of the United States. The time for attacking papal decisions is gone by.

Slavery has been abolished in Brazil by order of the imperial parliament. The Pope has written to the Princess Regent congratulating her on an event so honorable to the Catholic name, and declaring that her letter conveying the information was the most agreeable gift received during his Jubilee.

Egan is a Republican delegate at large to the Chicago Convention from Nebraska. Egan, Sullivan, and Ford are Blaine men; but people are not so much concerned about their political preferences now as they were in 1884.

Gov. Hill vetoed the high license bill in New York, but could not secure enough votes in the State convention to be elected delegate to the St. Louis Convention. The people will resent saloon domination in New York as elsewhere.

Archbishop Ireland and Bishop-Elect Cotter are both stanch prohibitionists. St. Paul will be nicknamed the "Dry Province."

The cable informs us that Father Lemmens, "a priest from Holland," has been appointed Bishop of Vancouver, to succeed the late Archbishop Seghers. Father Lemmens is not a "a priest from Holland," but a priest of the diocese of Vancouver, and his elevation is a just recognition of long, hard, and honest work done for souls in that diocese.

The Irish members "solemnly assert," that Irish Catholics recognize

no right of the Holy See to interfere with the Irish people in "the management of their political affairs." And Leo XIII. just as "solemnly asserts," that the Irish people, "in the management of their political affairs," have no right to invade the Ten Commandments.

THE success of singing revivals has persuaded some prominent Protestant divines that the true way to attain perfect holiness is to sing. Protestantism has made religion very cheap; but this telling them that they can have Heaven for a song, is going too far. Then how about people who can't sing?

An Anti-Whistling Ditty.

["Seventeen summonses have been issued against a number of respectable shopkeepers, and others in the town of Newmarket-on-Fergus, for alleged whistling . . . at several members of the Royal Irish Constabulary." — Extract from the daily press of Wednesday, March 21."]

OH, Paddy dear, and did you hear the news that's in the air?
Sure whistlin' is forbidden now within the county Clare;
Divarsion such as that, my boy, you'll sadly, sorely rue,
If peelers catch you at that trick a mile from Killaloe!

Once seventeen Newmarket men by Fergus' waters strayed —
They met three bold policemen in all their might arrayed,
The spirit of the seventeen rose at the sight so high —
They whistled at the royal force just as they passed them by.

Whereon the sergeant of the Queen — a loyal man was he! —
Stepped forth and said: "To whistle so is treason-felony;
A sheaf of summonses you'll get; then, for to pay the score,
You'll whistle for your liberty three weeks in Tullamore!"

The more the sergeant prated less heed they paid to him,
They whistled at his angry words until his face grew grim;
They whistled underneath his nose a most rebellious air,
That made the peelers dance with rage that day in county Clare!

But now the whistlers seventeen before the bench must stand,
A dutiful Removable — he has an iron hand!
He'll catch them by the collar and give them prison fare
For daring thus to chirrup, boys, within the county Clare!

The landlord folks may whistle for rents they never get;
And Sandy-row, on William's Day, its whistle it may wet;
And Balfour — he may whistle to dissipate his care;
But whistlin' is a mortal sin within the county Clare!

Then, all ye ramblin' "bouchals," take warnin' from my song:—
Whistle at your ease you can, in Chili or Hong-Kong;
But put a bridle on your tongues — be mum as mice when'er
You meet a peeler cheek-by-jowl within the county Clare.

Dublin Nation.

"Irish Books and Irish Scholars."

THE article, entitled "Irish Books and German Scholars," written by the Rev. J. Keegan, which appeared in the April number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, contains a statement or two to which exception may be fairly taken. The writer holds strongly pessimistic views of Irish affairs; views which, it is wholesome to think, are not very widely accepted. To those of his readers who have given a little leisure time to historical studies, the grounds upon which he bases his opinions seem hardly capable of bearing them out conclusively. The sore spots in our national history are touched upon by no means lightly. In spite of this, one must admire the courage of a writer who does not hesitate to utter words which must be distasteful to the greater part of his readers. The method of criticism pursued by Father Keegan is a new departure. Usually Irishmen have had no eyes for the mistakes of their forefathers. In future there will be no ground of complaint in this respect, if the new movement be kept up.

If half the charges made against our forefathers were true, we might, with reason, despair of the future that lies before the Irish race. The method which groups the crimes of a race, and asks the world to take them for a true picture, is decidedly astray. It holds as true this minute, as when Edmund Burke said it, "that he could not draw up an indictment against a nation." Father Keegan says, "that while the children of Germany, in our time, surpass all mankind in the arts of peace and war, especially in economic industry, scholarship, the fine arts, and military science, the Irish, a more highly gifted race on the whole, are the most unfortunate, miserable, and backward of civilized peoples." "During the last two hundred years Germany has made her greatest progress, and done her greatest work." "During these two centuries, Ireland has been going constantly to destruction." "When we come to search for the reasons, after making due and full allowances for circumstances, we must admit that the difference of character accounts for the difference of fortune." It would be extremely interesting to learn something of the reasons which led to conclusions of so sweeping a character. They are certainly not given in the article. How a comparison could be instituted between the two countries is somewhat puzzling. One might as well institute a comparison between the development of the slaves in the Southern States since emancipation, and the natives of the province of Ontario. Two hundred years ago the German States were beginning that process of consolidation which shows such wonderful results in our own time. Two hundred years ago, Ireland had the penal laws fastened upon her, the last traces of which we are endeavoring to tear off at the present moment. Poland were a better comparison, or Belgium. Poland loses everything with her freedom. Belgium suffered in a like manner; but with the restoration of independence comes a revival of economic industry, the effects of which even Germany cannot surpass. The provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, first won to France by the Duke Charles of Burgundy, and lost again, to be re-won in the seventeenth century, typify, perhaps, what might have happened Germany had she suffered the fate of Ireland.

Two centuries of French rule sufficed to make ardent Frenchmen of pure-blooded Teutons. Already, under their new masters, they show signs of a speedier change. This example is quite enough to show how little faith should be placed in specious arguments about national character. The character of a people depends almost altogether upon their environment. Change the conditions of existence for an Irishman and his character is no longer the same. "To fully understand how true this estimate is, we are told to look at the present condition of Ireland." "She is commencing the last of a decade of successive famine years." "The noblest of her sons are in jail." "There is no industry in the land so adapted by nature for industry and commerce." Again, we find none but the blackest colors used: an image of despair is cut out for us, and we are expected to recognize our own likeness. As a matter of fact, and, after all, plain prosaic facts are the best means of getting at the truth of history, Ireland is not altogether destitute of commerce and industry. The woollen industry employs many thousands of hands; and, as late events show, is rapidly developing at unexpected points. The linen manufacture is by no means an unimportant factor in the commerce of Ireland. Ship-building is known to be carried on largely in certain parts of the seaboard. Even if the country were destitute of these things, when we understand the nature of the restrictive laws aimed at Irish industry within the last century, we should not, in fairness, charge against the character of a people what is due to the malice of their foreign rulers. "Inexcusable sloth and lack of common-sense are urged as the reasons why the fine arts and music have not flourished among the Irish people." Music and the fine arts, delightful as they undoubtedly are, are the products of continued peace and lengthened material prosperity. Ireland, though wanting these primary conditions, for all that has not been behindhand in respect to the fine arts. Irish art and Irish music are sufficiently well known to prove that, as a nation, we have not entirely neglected them. A knowledge of art and music has not been imparted to the nation generally. The reason for this is not far to seek. When a people are engaged in a grave political struggle, they are not in a humor to become artists or musicians. If they neglected the more important business of ridding their country of castle-rule and landlordism for the study of the arts, they would, indeed, show a deplorable lack of common-sense.

The Gaelic literature of Ireland is hardly as uncultivated in modern times by Irishmen as would be inferred from Father Keegan's essay. At present there are two Celtic societies in Ireland doing splendid work in the way of spreading a correct knowledge of the language of the ancient Irish. It forms a part of the curriculum of nearly all the colleges. Several newspapers are written in the language and have a rapidly increasing circulation.

O'Donovan's and O'Curry's admirable translations of the old law books, and considerable of the literature, place an acquaintanceship with the habits and customs of Celtic Ireland within reach of the poorest purse. Irish literature in English written within the last fifty years bears witness to the conscientious study of Irish literature by our native writers. The Young Irelanders, in this respect, have done good work.

It is hardly accurate to accuse the bishops and leaders of the people in the last century with having bartered away the language of the nation for a consideration. "The bishops and clergy and Catholic leaders could have taken the education in their own hands after the relaxation of the penal laws." It is questionable, even if they had thought of such a thing, if they would have been permitted to carry it into execution. While the penal laws were relaxed they yet remained upon the statute books. A movement towards that end, providing that the country were ripe for it, would have been met by a revival of the penal laws, with all their horrid provisions directed against Catholic education. The abject condition of the people precluded such a step. The interval between the relaxation of the penal laws and the completion of the Act of Union was too stormy to ever become the period of a revival of such far-reaching consequences. It is almost unreasonable to blame the Catholic leaders of that time with not having anticipated the State School System, which even model Germany did not bring into use for full two score years later. Education, generally speaking, until within a late period, was altogether in the hands of private persons. This applies in the fullest sense to primary education. The effect of turning aside from the pursuit of freedom in temporal affairs, for the purpose of rescusitating a dying language, would have been most disastrous to the political prospects of the Irish people. There is little use in disguising this patent fact beneath a hollow patriotism. To obtain Catholic emancipation through constitutional forms, the English language had to become the language of the people. To revert to the old tongue, which at that time had ceased to be the language of the educated classes, would have been little short of suicidal. It would have cut off from the country its chief means of bringing about national independence. Granting, for an instant, that the bishops had such a design in view, and were fully bent on putting it into practice, they must have failed at the outset.

Wolf Tone, an authority of some weight, and who at one time was Secretary of the Catholic Committee, in his Memoirs lets in a flood of light on this subject. Speaking of the penal laws he observes: "This horrible system, pursued for above a century with unrelenting acrimony and perseverance, had wrought its full effect, and had, in fact, reduced the great body of the Catholic peasantry of Ireland to a situation morally and physically speaking below that of the beasts of the field. The spirit of the few remaining gentry was broken and their minds degraded, and it was only in a class of their merchants and traders, and a few members of the medical profession who had smuggled an education, despite the penal code, that anything like political sensation existed."

How hopeless the task of reviving the old language, in the face of such a deplorable state of things would have been, it is scarcely necessary to say. The wonderful results, which, according to Father Keegan would have followed this revival are highly problematical. Those nations of the Celtic race which preserved their native Gaelic have not accomplished anything to set the world on fire,—the Welsh, for example. The result in this case has been poor. Again the clansman of Scotland held to the Gaelic down to the prevent day, when it is fast giving away to the demand for a language more adapted to modern

needs. The Celts of Europe have, in much the same way, merged their original tongues into the various languages of modern Europe. Professor Blackie, the great Scottish Gaelic scholar, has strenuously exerted himself to prevent the change which is taking place in Scotland from spreading. He has been obliged to confess, in a more or less sorrowful way, that his efforts are unavailing. We had better accept the inevitable, and make the best of present conditions, which can be turned to very good account, if we only try half hard enough.

There is no earthly use in showering adverse criticism upon those men, who, in former times, held the destinies of Ireland in their hands. The old kings and chiefs may seem a "parcel of thieves and cut-throats," to use the forcible language of Father Keegan, yet it is a narrow spirit that would judge the lives of men, who lived a half a thousand years ago, by the standard that holds good to-day. They were much like other rulers who lived in those days. If circumstances had not arisen, which arrested the development of the Irish nation, there is no reason to think that Ireland would not have prospered and grown great as other nations have done. The isolated position of Ireland, cut off from the continent by the intervening island, has had much to do in the making of her history. In spite of the unhopeful character of our history, we have no cause to become downcast and mournful. On the contrary, the less work done in the past by those who share our name and history, the more remains for us to do now, and in the time to come. It certainly is a great calamity that a nation should be deprived of its language, yet, great as the calamity which befell Ireland was, it has not been without its compensating advantages. Unfitted, perhaps, as we have been told Irish immigrants are to become successful in their new home, they would have been weighed down with a treble incapacity, if they had come with a language on their lips unknown to the people among whom they intended to settle. Other immigrants besides the Irish immigrants fail to succeed in the New World. The greater number of our countrymen, who have become a part of the people of this continent, have, on the whole, done extremely well. The failures that have taken place can be ascribed to the difficulties of adaptation. Men and women bred and born in the agricultural districts of Ireland, suddenly introduced to city life in a new country, cannot be expected to succeed in any great measure. The conditions of existence under which they commence life in America are such that their former experience is absolutely thrown away. If the stream of immigration had been diverted from the great cities, and carried on to the unoccupied lands of the West, a very different result might be witnessed.

In America at this hour there are thousands of men of Irish blood who have ample means and leisure to devote themselves to the task of doing justice to the remains of the former greatness of their race. We can expect but little from the people of Ireland of the next two or three generations. They will be engaged in a task to which they must bend all their energies, if they would be successful.

German scholarship is worthy of every praise for what it has accomplished in the realm of Gaelic. The romantic idea attributed to it by Father Keegan, of wishing to restore to Ireland the language which she has lost, is hardly in keeping with the methods of German scholarship.

It has been taken up in the same spirit which has led other German scholars, such as Max Muller, to the study of the Old-World tongues of Asia. Father Keegan says: "A language which her unworthy sons, in the days of her darkness and distress, sold for a life of ease and indolence." It would be a hard task to lay a finger on the exact time this event happened. The assent of the eight Bishops of Maynooth to the Union, for a consideration, has nothing to do with the statement here reproduced. The two subjects are widely separated.

Irish scholars have not been idle, as it would be easy to show at a much greater length than we have time for.

An immense mass of old Irish literature has been translated and arranged within the present century by Irish scholars. The two preceding centuries contain many names famous in this field. Two men have a world-wide reputation, in our own time, for their splendid labors. Dr. O'Donovan is computed to have translated thirteen volumes of Irish literature into English, besides lecturing at the University on the same subjects. Dr. O'Curry translated twelve volumes, besides leaving behind him voluminous writings. The volumes which contain the proceedings of the Celtic Society bear witness to the invaluable work performed by his hand. Twenty names might be added to the list, whose works will bear favorable comparison, to say the least, with anything done by German scholars. We shall name a few of them, as a set-off to Father Keegan's German list. Prof. Hancock, Rev. T. O'Mahony, Ledwick, Higgins, Petrie, Wilde and Todd, with Doctors O'Donovan and Curry, fairly earn the title to be considered first in their own line. The work of these men, while, perhaps, in many ways different to the work of the German scholars, is eminently more practical, and of a kind much more likely to be permanently useful.

We have now arrived at the last portion of the article which predicts, in Carlylean phrase, the utter fruitlessness of "all manner of College Green Parliaments, and Home Rules, or Repeals of the Union," unless we drop our English and learn to think and speak in Gaelic. We presume this is not meant in sober earnest. Such liberties are permitted to poets and prophets of a kin to the Philosopher of Chelsea; but, as a piece of political advice, it goes somewhat wide of the mark. "The beautiful, spiritual, joyful existence of the Irish Celt," we are invited to return to, is largely a figment of the imagination. The old clansmen, who followed their chiefs into battle, were anything but spiritual and beautiful; nor was their existence a joyful one. The truth is, they were, like their age, rough and ready,—more inclined to carry off their neighbor's kine than to attend to the teachings of the holy men. Their claims to transcendental virtues are not the strongest. The eighth and ninth centuries of Irish history are full of famous names belonging to saints and missionaries rather than to great leaders of the people. Apart from them, the population was in a half-barbarous state, slowly emerging into the light of civilization.

The modern Greeks are a living example of a nation rising out of the ruins of the past, and creating for itself a name and place in Europe. The ancient Greece, to nine-tenths of its present inhabitants, is a mystery. Europe is full of like instances. We may as well reconcile ourselves to the misfortune of speaking English. If men of genius

arise among us who have something to tell the world, possibly they can find a vehicle for their thoughts in English. They will certainly find a larger audience. It is well to understand that language and habits and customs are not the life of a nation. They may be useful tools; but, like tools, if lost or taken by force, other tools may be found which, with some little practice, will do the work just as well. To nineteen-twentieths of our modern mixture called the Irish race, the old language is lost entirely. A large and important section of what is termed English literature is the work of Irish brains. It is not altogether guesswork to venture the assertion that the contributions of Irishmen to English literature, all of which is as much the heritage of the Irish race as their names, outweighs in quality what has already been accomplished by Irishmen in the Gaelic. To-day the mournful tone of Moore's compositions are out of fashion. It went out with the young Irelanders. Davis and Duffy wrote vigorously and hopefully. The magnificent Irish writers of our own day have caught up the strain. As the century has grown, our hopes have grown with it, till to-day the Irishman who despairs of his country is a comparative rarity. We in America have a share in the great work. Let us do it with all our might. We should raise up men in our midst, as political leaders, with the high moral principles of the Irish statesmen who lead the race in Ireland. That we begin to feel our shortcomings, Father Keegan's article is not the least hopeful sign. DANIEL P. CAHILL.

Dirty Fulton.

MANLY DEFENCE OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY BY A PROTESTANT GENTLEMAN.

IN reference to the assaults of J. D. Fulton on the Sisters of Charity of Toronto, Canada, a Protestant, W. T. R. Preston, General Secretary of the Reform party, wrote a letter to the Mail of which the following is a copy: —

TORONTO, CANADA, April 2.

Sir: — Rev. J. D. Fulton, of Brooklyn, N. Y., comes here ostensibly as one whose mission is to preach the "glad tidings" of the Christian religion; but really to find in Toronto audiences a receptacle for the vilest character of filth that this people have ever been called upon to witness. His main object here, as throughout the greater part of his life, is to attack the various institutions of the Roman-Catholic Church, sparing not even the defenceless Sisters connected with the various convents of this country. The first principles of manly gallantry should have prompted this man to hesitate long before his depraved and lustful imagination had reached these self-sacrificing women with his accursed insinuations. I may say, although I have no doubt that the fact is well known, that I am a Protestant, and will yield to no man in my allegiance and veneration for the simple truths of the plan of salvation as understood in the Methodist denomination. But if my religion could find any strength or sustenance in such rhetorical carrion

as that which Dr. Fulton presents to his hearers, I would utterly despair of any sanctifying results following in the wake of the Gospel of Christ. A defence from my hands of any of the institutions of the Roman-Catholic Church is unnecessary. The great mass of the Protestant public has learned to respect them. Of the Sisters of Charity (whom Dr. Fulton refers to as nuns) I know, as the Christian people of Canada know, that where poverty, misery, sickness, and death most do congregate, there are to be found those noble women, ministering in kindness and love, without fee or reward, and putting to shame the philanthropic efforts of many of the Protestant communities. It is impossible that in the hearts of such there should exist the wickedness and sin charged by this itinerant vendor of infamous falsehood. Protestants and Catholics in this country have long since learned to respect each other, and the Protestants owe it to themselves to mark with contempt the utterances of such as this so-called Christian minister of Brooklyn. Toronto seems to be the dumping ground for American swindlers, defaulters, thieves, and blacklegs. Their company, in their seclusion, has a more elevating influence than reverend gentlemen of the character of the subject of this communication.

If further evidence is desired as to the questionable purity of mind of Dr. Fulton, it is to be found in the circumstances surrounding his efforts to have a certain work published in Boston. The publishers, upon being interviewed by Dr. Fulton, entered into a contract to publish a book for him, without reading the manuscript. It was sent to the composing-room. Early on the following day the manager was informed that the female compositors had refused to set the type, so utterly filthy and obscene was the composition. The doctor was informed of the state of affairs, and the copy was returned to him. He then threatened the publishers with an action for breach of contract; but when told to "go ahead" wisely refrained.

Since his arrival in Toronto the publishers here have refused to put in print his filthy literature. It is high time that the mask was drawn from off the face of such debased morality. He and his false and disgusting utterances are more becoming the house of the "strange woman" than the platform of any public hall in this fair city.

W. T. R. PRESTON.

INCREASE OF CRIME IN ENGLAND.

THE advocates of secular education, as a panacea of the public immorality, may be a little staggered by the criminal statistics for 1887. The police returns this year show an excess of 963 indictable offences over the 44,925 committed during the preceding twelve months; and, what is worse, the increase is largely made up of crimes of violence, many of them being of the most atrocious kind. The coroners' record also gives an increase of 250 cases of suicide or self-murder. The provisions for vicious and criminal children, moreover, have steadily increased, and the number admitted into industrial and reformatory schools has now reached formidable proportions. Turning to the police rates, we find that in nine years these have grown twenty per cent., or about twice as fast as the population; thus proving that the enlarged

sums levied under this head are due not wholly to the increase of the population, but to an increased difficulty in guarding the country from crime and anarchy. Evidently it is not only the mind, but the heart and will that require training, and this is the office of religion.

Irish Men and Women Everywhere.

FATHER CROONENBURGHS, in a lecture on the Zambesi (Africa) Mission, said, in a recent address: Travelling in Africa was no easy matter. They had to travel in heavy waggons drawn by oxen, and they might be from three to six months on a journey towards the far interior. He remembered that one day on their journey through Zululand they stopped at a place on the river Vaal. Father Lohr, one of the missionaries, came to him (the preacher) and said that an Irishwoman lived near who had seven children, none of whom had been baptized; for the husband, who was a Pomeranian, would not allow them to be baptized. They visited the house; and while the husband was in another part of the premises, Father Lohr baptized the seven children. When returning he (the preacher) expressed his doubts as to whether, in the hurry, the ceremony had been properly performed, and he determined to make sure by going through it again. He managed to get the husband away to the kitchen by making him a present of a Westphalian ham, and in his absence the children were again baptized. This made Father Lohr happy. At another time they were travelling in a northern part of the Transvaal, when they came across an enormous desert. When near the other side of the desert they saw a forest, near which they prepared to retire to rest. Suddenly something dark was seen a long distance off; and as they watched it, it gradually grew bigger, till at last they saw it was a man. When he came up to the waggon they saw he had on a suit of corduroys and worn shoes, and a pair of boots over his shoulders. He seemed to be looking for the principal among the missionaries, and at last said that he had been told that the Catholic priests were passing through the wilderness. He introduced himself as Donovan, and said he wished to make his confession. He did so, and later received Holy Communion; and this he did for three days; and, on the evening of the third day, he took out an old stocking, in which he had £2 10*s*., and offered it to Father Lohr. The Father refused it; but Donovan pressed it upon him, and would not take it back. Father Lohr accordingly accepted it, and said the gift would return a hundredfold.

Five years later, after he (the preacher) had been back to Europe, he returned with sixteen young men through the same desert till they reached the dwelling-place of a tribe of two thousand savages, among whom they were sent to work. He and another remained there, and built a house and chapel; but, on the night the chapel was being completed, a storm arose, and blew down their work. That evening, while they were sitting amid the ruins of the chapel, they heard a voice asking if there were any white men there. Five minutes afterwards, a man made his appearance, having a grizzly beard, and clad in a corduroy

suit, with an old pair of boots over his shoulder. He said: "Are you Father Croonenburghs?" And the Father answered: "Are you not Jemmy Donovan?" Then they recognized each other. After a time, Father Croonenburghs proposed to Donovan that he had better remain with them, and help to rebuild the chapel and house. Donovan, on being reminded of the words of Father Lohr, said that this would, indeed, be a return more than a hundred-fold. Donovan was still there, and was the school-master of the place, having under his charge about one hundred little savage children. Shortly afterwards, they penetrated into the country of the Matabele Zulus, who, at that time, were at war with England, and hence they were looked upon with suspicion. They had to stand to be laughed at and jested at by children; and, for a couple of months, little else met their efforts. They made a few exchanges; as, for example, calico for sheep. They saw some children and older people covered with ulcers, and they assisted these in their sickness, and by this means gained a little of the confidence of the people, until, at last, the whole of the sick people were brought to them to be cured. One of them had an accordion, Father Lohr had a flute, and with these they used to attract the people. A sewing-machine, too, also greatly astonished the people, for they were surprised to see two pieces of cloth made into one. He was one day painting a portrait of a man, and he included in the picture a favorite goat, and the people told the king that one of the white men could make goats and men. He was called before the king, and a broken revolver was handed to him to be repaired. They also sent saddles to the missionaries to be repaired, for they thought they could all be made good by a touch. A few days afterwards, Brother Hedley, who could do almost anything, made a canvas cover, and the king ordered him (the preacher) to paint as many oxen on this as he could. This was done; and he added, also, the king's initial letters, and those of his father. On this condition, he and one brother were allowed to remain there. All the others had to go.

Killed by Eating a Poisoned Fox. — One more creature, whose name was familiar to us in our childhood, has gone over to the world of the mammoth and the dodo, the Irish elk and the New Zealand moa. This is no other than the Lammergeier of the Swiss Alps, the Alpine vulture, and the terror of flocks and children. It is believed that the last scion of a once-famous race has been killed in the person of an old, solitary female bird, which, for the last twenty-five years, has haunted the rocks of the Bletschhorn, which towers over Upper Wallis, on the right bank of the Rhone. The end of this venerable survivor of a tribe, which gave its name to the "Geierstein" of Scott's charming novel, was ignominious. Not by the huntsman's bullet, for she had successfully defied the best shots for a quarter of a century, but by eating a poisoned fox, which had been laid as a bait near her haunt, did she perish. From tip to tip her wings, when opened out, measured nearly eight feet and a quarter. The bird has been stuffed, and may now be seen in the Museum at Lausanne.

Know-Nothingism.

Quincy McNeill Answers an Invitation to Organize a Camp of the "Patriotic Order Sons of America."

ROCK ISLAND UNION: Major Quincy McNeil, the old radical war-horse, and hater of shams and caste, received the following letter, with a flaming Star-Spangled-Banner, Bird-of-Freedom heading, the main line of which read, "Patriotic Order Sons of America":

OFFICE OF THE STATE DISTRICT PRESIDENT-AT-LARGE, NO. 81 SOUTH CLARK STREET, ROOM 41, CHICAGO, April 5, 1888.

Dear Sir: Understanding that you are a native-born American, I inclose you a circular with the hope of enlisting you in our cause. Kindly read the circular carefully, and let me know if you will join should a camp be started in your vicinity. Also please send me the name and address of a few eligible gentlemen, that I may send them circulars. Our order is growing rapidly in this State, but we will not be satisfied until a camp is instituted in every county, and we expect the support of every true American. Trusting soon to hear from you, I am, yours in the cause,

J. MARSHALL DAVIS, *District President-at-Large, Illinois.*

That District President Davis should not be disappointed in the last hope expressed, however it may be as to the rest, the Major forthwith sat down to his type-writer, and ground out the following, which we commend to others who may receive similar invitations:

ROCK ISLAND, ILL., April 6, 1888.

J. MARSHALL DAVIS, 81 SOUTH CLARK STREET, CHICAGO.

Sir: I received yours of yesterday, and, in answer thereto, will say, that the platform and principles of the "Patriotic Sons of America" smell to me pretty much the same as the old fraud called "Know-Nothing," into a lodge of which I was once (in 1855) induced to make application for membership. I objected then, and I object now, to any discrimination against any person who happened to be born in a foreign country. When I arrived at the door of the old Know-Nothing lodge, I was required to pledge myself "not to vote for any foreigner unless the American interest is promoted thereby," and "not to vote for a Catholic under any circumstances." I replied, that any person, born in a foreign country, who came here to enjoy the benefits of the liberty which we enjoy, and behaved himself as a citizen should, should have my respect; that I held to no religion, but that the Constitution allowed all religions that teach morality. Of course, I went no further, and I will not encourage your falsely-called patriotism now. In your platform of principles you say: "Next to the love for the Creator, we believe that patriotism is the highest and noblest affection of the human soul." And you claim that, because you are born in America, you are better than you would have been had you been born anywhere else. Perhaps you are right; you couldn't have been born worse, or held worse principles, if you had emanated in Tophet. Were you in the great war of the rebellion? If you were, you fought alongside of German, English, French, Swede, Irish, and other foreign-born citizens, who offered up their lives just as freely as the native-born, and who are just as much entitled to all the privileges that you and I enjoy.

You say that one object of your order is to prevent foreigners from coming here, buying land in large quantities, and refusing to become citizens. Are not the two great political parties also of the same mind, and cannot that measure be left to their statesmanship with as much reason of success as to be advocated by a clique of mutual admirationists? I think it can. And I see no principle advocated by your platform which may not be left to the politics of the country.

You say that you are opposed to Nihilism, Communism, Socialism, etc. So is every law-abiding citizen, native or foreign, and the courts will attend to such gentry.

No, sir; I will not aid you in your attempt to create class distinction under the guise of patriotism. There are too many secret societies now for the good of the country and the world. But I think the "patriotic" motive governing you is the thirty-dollar fee for a charter to each camp you can organize. Not "God speed" to your efforts in this direction, but the contrary. Respectfully yours, QUINCY MCNEILL.

A Lecture in New England.

THE Woman's Educational and Industrial Union, of Boston, is a non-Catholic organization, designed to encourage mutual co-operation and interest among women. At the meeting on Sunday afternoon, April 22, Miss Katherine Eleanor Conway, of the Pilot editorial staff, by invitation, read a paper before them, having chosen the beautiful and appropriate theme: "The Blessed Among Women!" As an introduction, one of the committee read the history of the "Lily of Israel," from Luke i. 26, through the Magnificat.

The essayist not only explained the doctrine of the church, but dwelt upon the homage which history, art, and poetry render to the Mother of God. The numerous citations from Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Hawthorne, and others, showing a certain sympathetic sharing of the Catholic attitude toward the Blessed Virgin, was of especial interest to a New-England audience.

It was an impressive picture to any person who looked below the surface of things. A daughter of the Faith, eloquently teaching the glories of Mary, not to little children, — a pleasing scene which we witness every day, — but to women who have learned from experience the needs, the trials, the disappointments of life; pointing out the influence of the Immaculate Virgin for the elevation of womankind; her claims to the love and veneration of all women. The attention of the assembly was marked. At the conclusion, as is customary, a talk ensued, opinions were expressed, and many questions asked of the reader, whose apt and forcible answers evidently cleared away many erroneous ideas.

Miss Conway is the first Catholic to address the association. Of brilliant intellectual gifts and exceptional cultivation, stanchly and enthusiastically Catholic, she is eminently fitted thus to lead, for, even among Boston literary women, it would be difficult to find one of superior powers or attainments. Retiring and unassuming as she is, Miss Conway's abilities are winning for her a prominent place in literary circles there.

New York Freeman's Journal.

AFFECTATION in any part of our carriage is lighting up a candle to our defects, and never fails to make us noticed, either as wanting sense or wanting sincerity.

Oliver Goldsmith.

WAS born on the 10th of November, 1728, at Pallas, county Longford, Ireland, his father being a poor curate of the then Established Church. Two years subsequently his father was appointed to the parish of Lissoy, county Westmeath — "Sweet Auburn" — amid whose scenes the poet lived till he was seventeen, when he was admitted to Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar, and was, unfortunately, placed under the tuition of Mr. Wilder, one of the Fellows, who treated him most brutally. Owing to his thoughtlessness, his irregular habits, and his love of gayety, his career in college was not distinguished, and in 1752 we find him, through the generosity of his uncle, the Rev. Thomas Contarine, studying for the medical profession in Edinburgh; then in Leyden, in Holland, to which country he went to teach the Dutch English, forgetting till he got there that he was as ignorant of Dutch as the Dutch were of English, and then commenced his famous wanderings on foot through Switzerland, France, and Italy, supporting himself (as is romantically supposed) by playing the flute for the peasants, sleeping in farm-houses and monasteries, till finally he reached Padua, in Italy, where, it is believed, resuming his medical studies, he succeeded in obtaining the degree of M. B. He came to London early in 1756, with only a few halfpence in his pocket; was engaged by a poor chemist to mix plasters and run of errands; got temporary employment as an usher in an academy at Peckham; and subsequently commenced to practise as a physician and surgeon in Southwark. He failed as a chemist, as a teacher, and as a physician, and finally became a "Grubb-street hack," doing literary work of all kinds for the publishers. Then came fame, and, for a few years, an annual income of from two hundred pounds to three hundred pounds from his writings; but such was his generosity and compassion, so susceptible was his heart to the appeals of distress, that he distributed his earnings broadcast, and lived himself in poverty, and in poverty died.

Oh, what avail'd it thee, neglected bard,
How thy verse trickled, or thy period flowed?
The loathsome vampire, Poverty, through life
Insatiate, clung to thee, and sucked thy blood
To the last drop!

Important Document From Irish Bishops.

AT a meeting of the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland, held May 30, in Clonliffe College, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted and ordered to be published:

In obedience to the commands of the Holy See and in willing discharge of the duty thus placed upon us, we desire to put on public record that the recent decree of the Holy Office addressed to the Irish Hierarchy was intended to affect the domain of morals alone, and in no way to interfere with politics in this country.

Even this very day we have had from our Holy Father the Pope direct and unequivocal assurances of his deep and paternal interest in

the temporal welfare of our country, and that, so far from intending by this decree to injure our national movement, it was the hope and purpose of His Holiness to remove those things which he judged might, in the long run, be obstacles to its advancement and ultimate success.

With these facts thus clearly before us, apart altogether from his numerous titles to our filial affection and respect, we must warn our people against the use of any hasty or irreverent language with reference to the Sovereign Pontiff, or to any of the Sacred Congregations, through which he usually issues his decrees to the faithful.

While expressing our deep and lasting gratitude to the leaders of the national movement for the signal services they have rendered to religion and to the country, we deem it our duty, at the same time to remind them and our flocks, as we most emphatically do, that the Roman Pontiff has an inalienable and divine right to speak with authority on all questions appertaining to faith and morals.

✠ MICHAEL, Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of All Ireland.
✠ THOMAS WILLIAM, Archbishop of Cashel.
✠ JOHN, Archbishop of Tuam.
✠ FRANCIS, Bishop of Derry.
✠ LAWRENCE, Bishop of Elphin.
✠ MICHAEL, Bishop of Killaloe.
✠ JAMES, Bishop of Clogher.
✠ JOHN, Bishop of Cloyne.
✠ FRANCIS, Bishop of Galway.
✠ WILLIAM, Bishop of Ross.
✠ PATRICK, Bishop of Clonfert.
✠ HUGH, Bishop of Killala.
✠ BARTHOLOMEW, Bishop of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise.
✠ ANDREW, Bishop of Kerry.
✠ THOMAS ALPHONSUS, Bishop of Cork.
✠ JAMES, Bishop of Ferns.
✠ ABRAHAM, Bishop of Ossory.
✠ PIERCE, Bishop of Waterford.
✠ EDWARD THOMAS, Bishop of Limerick.
✠ PATRICK, Bishop of Raphoe.
✠ EDWARD, Bishop of Kilmore.
✠ JOHN, Bishop of Achonry.
✠ PATRICK, Bishop of Down and Connor.
✠ JAMES, Coadjutor Bishop of Killaloe.
✠ JOHN, Coadjutor Bishop of Clonfert.
✠ THOMAS, Coadjutor Bishop of Dromore.
✠ NICHOLAS, Bishop of Canes.

THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION AND HOME RULE.— On motion of Gov. Abbett of New Jersey, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That we express our cordial sympathy with the struggling people of all nations in their efforts to secure for themselves the inestimable blessings of self-government and civil and religious liberty; and we especially declare our sympathy with the efforts of those noble patriots who, led by GLADSTONE and PARNELL, have conducted their grand and peaceful contest for Home Rule in Ireland.

Mr. Parnell at the Eighty Club.

MR. PARNELL'S illustrations of the methods of the government in Ireland — of its attempts to prevent combination, of its assaults on the liberty of the press, of its assailment of the right of meeting, of its Coercion courts and its punishments, are as telling as they are true. "I call it," he said bitterly, "mean; and," said he, "I consider it is the duty of the Irish people and their leaders to suffer anything, and to dare anything within the law for the maintenance of their rights. Imprisonment, loss of fortune, and even death itself, is not too great a price to give for the maintenance of this charter." These words will sink deep into the mind of every Irishman worthy of the name, and will be a rallying cry and encouragement in the fight before us. Mr. Parnell said, in the beginning of his speech, that the position of the Irish people is no longer the position of a forlorn hope, but that it is the advance of a victorious army, with allies stronger and overwhelmingly stronger than themselves, who, by their own strength more than our strength, are about to establish and win for us the success of our cause. His presence and his position and his words are the best token and proof that these sentiments are true. All along the line, says the Dublin Freeman's Journal, there is hope of speedy victory. The colors are nailed to the mast of the Liberal Party as well as of the Irish Party. The sun of success is shining on our standards, and, please Providence, we shall soon stand in the full blaze of victory — a free and prosperous and peaceful Ireland.

The State of Kerry.

THE Inspectors of Irish Fisheries, in their report, say very truly that it is much to be regretted that more attention has not been devoted to fish-curing, by the sea-board population of Ireland. They do not, however, think it necessary to refer to the systematic manner in which the industry was crushed out of existence. Nor is it any portion of their business to indicate that the industrial paralysis which cripples the native strength of the country, is traceable to the misgovernment that has blighted the land since the Act of Union. It would be interesting if the Inspectors, from the materials at their command, published a table showing the quantities of cured fish exported from, and imported into, Ireland during the five years before the Union, and during the last five years. The worst curse of misrule is not, however, the destruction of industries so much as the destruction of the spirit of industrial enterprise. Except in some favored spot along the coast, where the people have been placed upon their feet, and shown how to work their way to success, there is no sign of that ambition to a higher development. The very substance has been rack-rented out of these unfortunate tenants. And, we may ask, had there been no agitation to compel a judicial reduction of the rents, such as has now at length been made, how many of the landlords concerned would have voluntarily conceded anything approaching Mr. Bailey's decisions? Here we have "the state of Kerry" in a nut-shell.

The Democratic Convention.

THE most important convention of the Democracy that has taken place since the election of Cleveland, assembled in St. Louis, Mo., on the 5th of June. Gen. Patrick A. Collins, of Boston, was unanimously elected chairman. Harmony and good-fellowship prevailed throughout

the proceedings. GROVER CLEVELAND was unanimously elected as the standard-bearer of the party, and ALLAN G. THURMAN was unanimously elected to fill the vice-presidency.

The Platform.

The Democratic party of the United States, in national convention assembled, renews the pledge of its fidelity to Democratic faith, and reaffirms the platform adopted by its representatives in the convention of 1884, and indorses the views expressed by President Cleveland, in his last annual message to Congress, as the correct interpretation of that platform upon the question of the tariff reduction; and also indorses the efforts of our Democratic representatives of Congress to secure a reduction of excessive taxation. Chief among its principles of party faith are the maintenance of an indissoluble union of free and indestructible States, now about to enter upon its second century of unexampled progress and renown: devotion to a plan of government regulated by a written Constitution strictly specifying every granted power, and expressly reserving to the States, or people, the entire ungranted residue of power; the encouragement of a jealous popular vigilance, directed to all who have been chosen for brief terms to enact and execute the laws, and are charged with

the duty of preserving peace, ensuring equality, and establishing justice. The Democratic party welcomes an exacting scrutiny of its administration of the executive power which four years ago was committed to its trusts in the election of Grover Cleveland, President of the United States; and it challenges the most searching inquiry concerning its fidelity and devotion to the pledges which then invited the suffrages of the people. During a most critical period of our financial affairs, resulting from over-taxation, the anomalous condition of our currency, and a public debt unmatured, it has, by the adoption of a wise and conservative course, not only averted disaster, but greatly promoted the prosperity of the people. It has reversed the improvident and unwise policy of the Republican party touching the public domain, and has reclaimed from corporations and syndicates, alien and domestic, and restored to the people nearly 100,000,000 of acres of valuable land, to be sacredly held as homesteads for our citizens.

While carefully guarding the interest of the taxpayers, and conforming strictly to the principles of justice and equality, it has paid out more for pensions and bounties to the soldiers and sailors of the republic than was ever paid before during an equal period. By intelligent management, and a judicious and economic expenditure of the public money, it has set on foot the reconstruction of the American navy upon a system which forbids the recurrence of scandal and ensures successful results. It has adopted and consistently pursued a firm and prudent foreign policy, preserving peace with all nations, while scupulously maintaining all the rights and interests of our own government and people at home and abroad.

The exclusion from our shores of Chinese laborers has been effectually secured under the provisions of a treaty, the operation of which has been postponed by the action of a Republican majority in the Senate.

Honest reform in the civil service has been inaugurated and maintained by President Cleveland, and he has brought the public service to the highest standard of efficiency, not only by rule and precept, but by example of his own untiring and unselfish administration of public affairs.

In every branch and department of the government under Democratic control, the rights and the welfare of all the people have been guarded and defended; every public interest has been protected, and the equality of all our citizens before the law, without regard to race or color, has been steadfastly maintained.

Upon its record thus exhibited, and upon the pledge of a continuance to the people of the benefits of good government, the national Democracy invoke a renewal of popular trust by the re-election of a chief magistrate who has been faithful, able, and prudent.

They invoke, in addition to that trust, the transfer to the Democracy of the entire legislative power. The Republican party, controlling the Senate, and resisting in both Houses of Congress a reformation of unjust and unequal laws which have outlasted the necessities of war, are now undermining the abundance of a long peace, deny to the people equality before the law, and the fairness and justice which are their right. Thus the cry of American labor for a better share of the rewards of industry is stifled with false pretences, enterprise is fettered and bound down to home markets, capital is disturbed with doubt, and unequal and unjust laws to them can never be properly amended nor repealed.

The Democratic party will continue, with all the power confided, to struggle to reform these laws, in accordance with the pledges of its last platform indorsed at the ballot-box by the suffrages of the people.

Of all the industrious freemen of our land an immense majority, including every tiller of the soil, gain no advantage from excessive tax laws; but the price of nearly everything they buy is increased by the favoritism of an unequal system of tax legislation. All unnecessary taxation is unjust taxation. It is repugnant to the creed of democracy that by such taxation the cost of the necessaries of life should be unjustly increased to all our people. Judged by Democratic principles, the interests of the people are betrayed, when, by unnecessary taxation, trusts and combines are permitted and fostered which will unduly enrich the few that combine to rob our citizens by depriving them of the benefit of natural competition. Every Democratic rule of governmental action is vitiated when, through unnecessary taxation, a vast

sum of money beyond the needs of an economical administration is drawn from the people, and the channels of trade, and accumulated as a demoralizing surplus in the national treasury.

The money now lying idle in the Federal treasury, resulting from superfluous taxation, amounts to more than $125,000,000, and the surplus collected is reaching the sum of more than $60,000,000 annually. Debauched by this immense temptation, the remedy of the Republican party is to meet and exhaust it by extravagant expenditures. The Democratic remedy is to enforce frugality in public expenditures and abolish unnecessary taxation. Our established domestic industries and enterprises should not and need not be endangered by a reduction and correction of the burdens of taxation. On the contrary, a fair and careful revision of our tax laws, with due allowance for the difference between the wages of American and foreign labor, must permit and encourage every branch of such industry and enterprise by giving them assurance of an extended market, and steady and continuous operation in the interest of American labor, which should, in no event, be neglected. The revision of our tax laws, contemplated by the Democratic party, is to promote the advantage of such labor by cheapening the cost of the necessaries of life in the home of every workingman, and, at the same time, securing to him steady and remunerative employment.

Upon this question of tariff reform, so closely concerning every phase of our national life, and upon every question involved in the problem of good government, the Democratic party submits in principles and professions to the intelligent suffrages of the American people.

The thanks of the convention were extended to the officers of its temporary and permanent organization, and then, on motion of ex-Governor Abbett, the gathering adjourned "to meet at the polls next November," and the convention adjourned on the 7th amid the loud applause of the assembled multitude.

BLENDING OF THE ORANGE AND GREEN.

A NOVEL instance of the blending of the Orange and the Green was witnessed on Tuesday in the neighborhood of Rathfriland, county Down. Seizures were taking place on the farms, the landlord of which is said to be Mr. Gartlan, B. L., Dublin, when the bailiffs, bum-bailiffs, and Emergencymen got what to them was an unexpected shock. The tenants whose cattle were seized were Catholics and Nationalists, and probably they were as much surprised as the bailiffs when a hundred Orangemen suddenly appeared on the scene to sympathize with them. The Orangemen took up the Nationalist fifes and drums, and after playing in the orthodox fashion "The Protestant Boys," which no doubt, momentarily elated the bailiffs, proceeded to play National airs and express sympathy with the tenants whose cattle had been taken. This scene, it will be admitted, was unique, and will be a shocker to gentlemen of the type of Mr. William Johnston and Col. Saunderson.

ENGLISH OPINION.

THE North British Daily Mail says: "Never was engineer more disastrously hoist with his own petard than Lord Salisbury is with the misrepresentation of facts supplied to the Holy See. As a matter of fact, the Irish National movement is untouched by the Papal Rescript, because the document deals only with Tory fictions, and the Catholic National representatives declare, 'that the force of this national movement against unconstitutional coercion and organized calumny will continue to be exerted until it shall have achieved success.'" And it adds—"What now about 'Rome Rule'? The Tory Unionist party from first to last have tried to mix up Irish politics with religion, or rather sectarian differences, and now they are told once for all by the

representatives of the Irish people that the head of the Catholic Church is powerless 'to interfere' with Irish political affairs. Ireland repudiates 'Rome Rule.' It is the British Tory Government who have tried it. They sought it with humiliation, and they have failed in ignominy."

A Great University.

On June 12th, the University of Bologna celebrated its eight hundredth anniversary. Spite of the pretensions of Paris, Bologna claims to be the oldest University of the world. The Law School, established by the Emperor Theodosius II. in A. D. 425, was really the first beginning of the subsequent University. During the Middle Ages the fame of Bologna stood, with that of Paris and Oxford, in the very front rank of the seats of learning of Christendom. Her students rose at times to great numbers, as many as ten thousand occasionally; and, as in Paris, the different "nations," Germans, Spaniards, Hungarians, etc., had their own separate colleges. But an altogether peculiar feature of Bologna has been her large number of female members, whether as professors or as students. These "fair girl graduates" frequently reached the highest academical honors. As late as the beginning of the eighteenth century, "Doctoress" Laura Bassi was lecturing on mathematical and natural science, and even in the present century Clotilda Tambroni, a countess of Mezzofanti, occupied the chair of Greek. The name of the learned Bologna — "Bononia docet" was the inscription on her coins — has always been celebrated, especially as the peculiar home of juristic studies; but her Instituto delle Scienze, with the Astronomical Observatory; the celebrated Anatomical Theatre, with its beautiful wax preparations; the Natural History Cabinet; the historically interesting Physical Cabinet — Galvani studied here — and its fine Cabinets of Antiquities and Military and Naval Models, have long been famous. The library with one hundred thousand volumes, and one thousand valuable manuscripts, is also of great value; and little as we hear of Bologna nowadays, the forth-coming eighth centenary will excite great interest and sympathy among learned men all over the world.

GEN. BUTLER ON SECRET SOCIETIES.

Gen. Butler relates, that while in command of New Orleans, he put on a civilian's dress and went to a Masonic lodge in which he had reason to believe a conspiracy against him was being hatched, under cover of Masonic proceedings. "I knocked," says the hero of Big Bethel, "and gave the proper signs and passwords. Admission could not be refused, and I entered and took a seat." He then relates that he found his suspicion true, whereupon he proceeded to read the brethren a lecture. His words broke up the conspiracy, and "I never heard of another Masonic conspiracy while in New Orleans. But when I left the lodge room that night it was with a sad and heavy heart, and I made a solemn vow that if the high aims of secret societies could be thus perverted, I would never enter the portals of one again, and I have kept that resolution, although twenty years have passed. That, gentlemen, is the reason why I have never joined the Grand Army."

Catholics and Their Critics.

CARDINAL MANNING, on a recent occasion, after pointing out that the Catholic Church was both a divine and human witness to the gospel of Jesus Christ, — divine, because the perpetual dwelling-place of the Holy Ghost; human, because the lineal descendant and amplification of the twelve apostles, who spoke with a human voice in every land into which they penetrated, — his Eminence asked if there ever were two universal churches? Is there room in the world for two churches that are universal? Further, can we not date the time, and name the reason why, every separate body that calls itself a church, or a communion, or by the name of Christian, came out of that one unity? And are they not branches that have fallen out of the great tree? They are not the tree. And are not the greater part of them withered up, and almost forgotten? They that remain are few. And does not the tree stand, like some of our old, noble oaks, undiminished in its personal identity? Though the East fell away in the great Greek schism, and though the North and West of Germany, and England fell away, how does that diminish the universality of the perpetual Church of God? If that is so, then don't waste your time, and don't waste your patience, in answering those controversialists who have time on their hands to teach false doctrines, and deny doctrines that are true, but pity them, and pray for them. The faith is not only incorrupt, it cannot be corrupted, and I will tell you why: because it is preserved by a divine Teacher; the same divine Person who reveals it preserves it always; its doctrines are immutable, because they are true. And, if its doctrines are immutable, they are not only the doctrines of to-day; they are the doctrines of the beginning; they are primitive. They are the doctrines which were first preached throughout the world, and they remain the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. The poor races of Central Africa and Central America and Central Asia have never heard the name of Jesus, and, in the sight of God, they will not be held guilty for not believing that which they have not known. Therefore, do not carry away that terrible error that the millions of the world who have never heard the name of Jesus Christ are lost. God forbid! God the Father, who made them, loves them; God the Son redeemed them in his precious blood; God the Holy Ghost is striving with them to lead them, and, if they follow Him, we shall meet them in eternal life. No; it is they who do know, or have known, who are responsible, and their responsibility is the greatest that can rest or weigh upon the soul of man. There are some who are afraid to turn their heads for fear they should see the light, and there are others who make a noise in their own ears lest they should hear the voice of truth.

THOUGHTS FOR THINKERS. — Guilt, though it may attain temporal splendor, can never confer real happiness. The evil consequences of crime long survive their commission, and, like the ghosts of the murdered, forever haunt the steps of the malefactor. The paths of virtue, though very seldom those of worldly greatness, are always those of pleasantness and peace. — *Sir Walter Scott.*

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

MARJORIE.

"Oh, dear," said Farmer Brown one day,
"I never saw such weather!
The rain will spoil my meadow hay
And all my crops together."
His little daughter climbed his knee:
"I guess the sun will shine," said she.

"But if the sun," said Farmer Brown,
"Should bring a dry September,
With vines and stalks all wilted down,
And fields scorched to an ember"—
"Why, then, 'twill rain," said Marjorie,
The little girl upon his knee.

"Ah, me!" sighed Farmer Brown that fall,
"Now, what's the use of living?
No plan of mine succeeds at all"—
"Why, next month comes Thanksgiving,
And, then, of course," said Marjorie,
"We're all as happy as can be."

"Well, what should I be thankful for?"
Asked Farmer Brown. "My trouble
This summer has grown more and more,
My losses have been double.
I've nothing left"—"Why, you have got me!"
Said Marjorie, upon his knee.

The Lost One Found,

CHAPTER I.

THE BALL, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

"I don't half like Capt. Mardon's attentions to Maggie, my dear," said Col. Conroy to his wife, as they were seated together at the breakfast-table. "Maggie, too, seems to look very kindly on him. I wish you would speak to the girl. I hope that there is nothing in it, but I cannot help thinking that there must be."

"I have already remarked Capt. Mardon's manner, my dear; indeed, it is too plain not to be noticed, and I must say that I do not like it either. I have spoken to Maggie on the subject and I have warned her not to be so familiar in her manner to Capt. Mardon. To say the least of it, she will be getting herself talked about, and possibly may get into some scrape. But you know how proud and self-

willed dear Maggie is, and though she is so good a girl, she does not like to be reproved. Indeed, we none of us like to be found fault with!"

"Maggie tells me Capt. Mardon is to leave Moor Hall after the ball to-night, as his leave of absence is expired, and he must return to his regiment; though it is possible that he may get an extension of leave. But if he does, he is going abroad, and so I think we need not fear that Maggie will see much more of him after the ball; and we are all going there, you know. But here she comes, in her riding-habit."

And very well she looked in it, too. Who can wonder that Maggie Conroy, with her bright eyes and winning smile, should have so much attracted Capt. Mardon?

"Well, Maggie, so you are going to ride with Miss Willis?"

"Yes, mamma."

"I hope that you will enjoy yourself. Is any one else to be of the party?"

"Oh, yes, mamma; Louisa's brother Fred and Capt. Mardon."

"Capt. Mardon again! You'll remember what I told you, Maggie dear, won't you, not to be so familiar in your manner towards Capt. Mardon?"

"Oh, yes, mamma; I will be very careful."

The door opened, and a servant announced that Miss Willis had called for Miss Conroy to ride with her."

"Good-by, mamma. Good-by, papa."

"Good-by, dear. I hope you'll have a pleasant ride. And don't overtire yourself; remember we're going to the ball to-night."

"Oh, yes; I'm sure I shan't forget that; I love dancing so much, better even than riding, and that is delicious."

Maggie Conroy was a lovable, warm-hearted girl, but very headstrong if she took a fancy into that pretty head of hers.

There were great rejoicings at Moor Hall to celebrate the coming of age of Mr. Willis's son.

A dinner was given to the tenants and their wives. The cottagers and the school children were provided with tea and cake, after which there was a display of fireworks in the park; and now the festivities were to conclude with a ball.

It was a very brilliant ball, and would have passed off well had not an event occurred which changed it from a scene of pleasure into a dance of death.

* * * * * *

In the infirmary of a convent of the Good Shepherd lay a young woman in the last stage of consumption.

The Mistress of Penitents sat by her bedside.

"I know that I am dying, dear Mother, and that I have not many days to live. Before I die I should like to tell you something of my history, if you do not mind. It will comfort me to do so."

"By all means, my dear child; tell me what you like."

"Well, dear Mother, though I came here from the streets, I have not always been like the poor creatures you find there."

"No, my child; I can see that you are of a superior class to the ordinary run of 'unfortunates.'"

"My father was a colonel in the army; my real name is Margaret Conroy."

The good nun was startled at the sound of the name; for could this poor dying creature be the bright and beautiful girl she had once known?

"I was well brought up, and with as much comfort as a poor officer who had little beyond his pay could afford. I was the delight of my dear parents. Oh, my poor father and mother! where are you now, and do you still remember your unhappy child, who has caused you such bitter sorrow?

"We lived in such a pretty cottage, near Woodborough Chase. I loved my home dearly. I can see it now, and I can fancy myself again a child, when I used to ramble in the oak woods of the Chase, and in the spring-time gather the bluebells that spread under the trees in great sheets of flower; or when, in the warm summer-time, I chased the butterflies on our pretty lawn; or, again, going on a bright autumn day with my little basket to gather blackberries; and then, in winter, robbing the holly of its brightest berries to make our dear home gay for Christmas. Those were, indeed, happy days! I was happy then, because I was innocent, and now I am dying! Oh! what a gulf there seems to be between my present and my past!

"When I was grown up I had a dear friend, Louisa, the daughter of Mr. Willis, who was our nearest neighbor. She was older than I was; but our tastes were so much alike, and we were so fond of one another, as to be almost inseparable. I have often thought of dear Louisa, and wished that I could see her again, but now it can never be."

The Mistress of Penitents started at hearing herself thus spoken of, and she now felt sure that this poor girl was, indeed, her friend, Maggie Conroy. She, however, concealed her feelings, so that Maggie might finish her story.

"Mr. Willis had a great friend, a Mr. Mardon, a wealthy man, who lived in the north of England, and who died many years before I knew the family. This Mr. Mardon left an only son, who, at the time of which I am speaking, was a captain in the army. He was handsome, well informed, very agreeable, and very rich. Being the son of Mr. Willis's old friend, Capt. Mardon was a frequent guest at Moor Hall, and it was hoped that he would marry Louisa; but Mr. Willis was not aware of the irregular life Capt. Mardon led, or he never would have desired him for a son-in-law.

"Capt. Mardon showed no inclination for the match. His attentions were all to myself, and I grew very fond of him; but my dear father and mother did not like his attentions, and warned me against an intimacy of which they disapproved. I was self-willed, and would have my own way. I sought myself and my own pleasure, and I found sorrow, and my sin has brought its own punishment.

"There was to be a ball at Moor Hall, and we were to go to it. I looked forward to that ball with much pleasure, because Capt. Mardon was to be present at it. I can never forget that night; every look of Capt. Mardon's, every word that he spoke to me, is so deeply impressed on my memory. I had made him my idol, and for him I forsook God.

"When I left the supper-room with young Mr. Willis, I returned to the ball-room, and had another delightful waltz with Capt. Mardon. Oh, what intoxicating pleasure it was! I felt as if I could have danced with him all night.

"When the dance came to an end, which was only too soon, we went to the conservatory to get a little fresh air after the heat of the ball-room. It looked so beautiful, lighted up by Chinese lanterns, and seemed just the place for a declaration of love; and here it was that Capt. Mardon made me that avowal of his love that I so much longed to hear. How his words thrilled through me, filling me with such pleasure! I had so hungered for them. I hoped that he loved me, but now I was sure, for I had heard it from his own lips.

"After telling me of his love, Capt. Mardon said to me: —

"'You know, my own, my dearest Maggie, that I must leave here to-night; and go without you — you, my own darling — I cannot! Oh, say, do say, that you will come with me! Surely you will not, you must not, let me go alone far, far from you!'

"I trembled with excitement, for I felt that I could not be parted from him. I would and must go too. I could not leave him now. I forgot, in my blind passion, all my love for, and my duty to, my parents. I was mad.

"We escaped unobserved, taking a path in the shrubbery which led to a small wicket-gate that opened on the main road at the lower part of the village, and found the carriage that Capt. Mardon had ordered to be in readiness; and so reached the station just in time to catch the night-mail for London.

"On our arrival, Captain Mardon's brougham was waiting for us, and we drove to his chambers. I there took some rest, which I much needed after the excitement of the previous evening and the fatigue of the journey. A letter for Capt. Mardon gave the welcome intelligence that an extension of leave had been granted to him; so we were now free to do as we pleased.

"After breakfast, I went out, and chose a travelling-dress, preparatory to our journey to Paris, where our life was a continued round of gayety.

"But the time for Capt. Mardon to rejoin his regiment approached, and we left to return to London. The battalion to which he was attached was ordered to the Cape, and he determined not to take me with him, for his love for me, as I could plainly see, was growing less day by day, and he was glad of the excuse to get rid of me. I was miserable; I could find no rest, no pleasure in anything, for I was to be separated from him I loved.

"Some months after he left, I was sitting in my room, feeling very sad, for I had just come from Capt. Mardon's lawyers, through whom I was paid a quarterly allowance he had made me. They informed me that the usual remittance had not been made them, and that, till they received it, or further instructions from Capt. Mardon, they were unable to allow me anything. The kindly head of the firm, seeing my distress, gave me a sovereign, and this was all I had in the world. I had parted with all my jewellery. Most of the furniture of my once-pretty apartment had already gone. I was awaiting the removal of the

remainder, and then I should be thrown helpless and friendless on the streets.

"A knock at the door. 'Come in.' It was my little servant-girl, who announced that a man wished to see me.

"'Very sorry to disturb you, miss,' said the man, politely; 'but I have come for the remainder of the amount due to Mr. Smith.'

"'I really cannot pay,' I replied, opening my purse, and showing my sovereign; 'that is all I have in the world.'

"'Very sorry, indeed, miss, that I am; but I cannot help it. I have my orders, and I must carry them out. I must remove your goods at once if you do not pay. Those are my instructions.'

"And in an hour all was cleared off, and I was turned out without a home. I plunged deeper into sin, going from bad to worse, till I found myself in prison for stealing a watch from a gentleman.

"I had not, thank God, lost the Faith; and so on being asked, when I entered the prison, what was my religion, I replied, 'I am a Catholic,' and as such I was entered in the books. The priest who visited me was a fatherly man, very gentle and kind in his manner. He soon gained my confidence, and, aided by him, I was before long reconciled to God. When the term for which I was sentenced was over, the good Father urged me to enter the Refuge of the Good Shepherd, so that I might do what I could to repair my fall. I gladly availed myself of his advice; and, as you know, he brought me here.

"Now, dear Mother, my tale of sin and misery is finished;" and Maggie leant back in her chair, wearied with the effort she had made.

"Thank God, my child, that you are here! I am sure, since you came to us, that you have done your utmost to atone for your sinful past. The doctor, as you are aware, gives us no hope of your recovery; so you must now turn your attention to prepare for an event which may not be long delayed; and may God give you the grace to die a holy and a happy death. Your sad tale has been of great interest to me, for I now feel sure that you are my dear and long-lost friend Maggie; and I must tell you that I am the Louisa Willis whom you knew so well, and loved so much!"

"You, dear Mother? you, Louisa Willis? Oh, no! surely it cannot be!"

"Yes; indeed, my child, it is. I am much altered; but I am your old friend Louisa. Altered, indeed, in appearance, and in dress; but unaltered in my love for you, my dear Maggie. How rejoiced I am to have found you once more! You have been often in my thoughts; and daily, since you left us on that fatal night, I have prayed for you that God would give you grace to return to Him. At length He has heard my prayer. Blessed be His Holy Name!"

"I am so anxious to hear how you became a nun; will you not tell me, dear Mother?"

"Yes, dear child, I will, but not to night, for you are tired and want rest. To-morrow, if you are well enough, I will tell you about myself. Good-night, my dear child; sleep well."

"Good-night, dear Mother."

CHAPTER II.

HOW LOUISA WILLIS BECAME A RELIGIOUS.

THE following morning the Mistress of Penitents returned to the dying "child." She was pleased to find her somewhat better, and not overtired after the excitement of the previous day; so sitting down by her bedside, she told Maggie how it was that she became a nun.

"You can easily understand, my dear Maggie, what a shock it was that night of the ball, when we found you had gone away with Capt. Mardon. After the shock that it was to your poor parents, no one felt it more than myself. When all the guests were gone, I retired to my room, knelt down at my prie-Dieu, and prayed earnestly for you that God would give you the grace of repentance, and forgive you for what you must surely have done in a moment of passion. As I took off my pearl necklace, with the diamond cross attached to it, my eye fell on the ruby which formed its centre, and as I looked at it I thought of the Sacred Heart you had so grievously wounded by your sin and ingratitude. You know that I loved you; but how much I grieved for you that night you cannot tell. I retired to rest, very weary, but I was unable to sleep, for I thought so much of you and what I could do to save you; what reparation I could make, and what sacrifice I could offer that would be acceptable to the Sacred Heart, so that you might be brought back to Its love. Surely, if I were to give soul for soul, if I were to enter into some religious Order and there spend my life in prayer and work to atone for your sinful pleasure, God will accept me as a victim of love. And then I thought, but could I make the sacrifice and bear all the trials of a religious life? Could I give up all the luxuries to which I had been accustomed? Life, the world, and its pleasures, were all before me. I felt that it would require a great struggle to give them up, and leave my dearly loved father and my happy home, where all my desires were gratified, and my every want satisfied. But I felt, too, that if God had inspired the thought He would certainly give me the necessary strength. And, then, to save a soul! Oh, what happiness! Could any sacrifice be too great?

"At length the morning came, and I rose, but unrefreshed by my brief night's repose. We were going to London in a few days, so I determined that I would open my mind to my director, a Jesuit Father, and ask his advice on the subject which so constantly occupied my thoughts. Without, of course, mentioning your name, I told him as much as was necessary of what had occurred, to enable him to see what first led me to think of becoming nun.

"My director had a special gift for discovering vocations. He acted with great prudence, and told me not to be in a hurry, but to take time to think over the step I contemplated, and to make it a special subject of prayer; and, if possible, to make a retreat, the more clearly to see what was the will of God in my regard. I did as he bade me, and felt sure that God called me to the religious life. I foresaw that there would be some difficulties before I could accomplish my desire, and I felt what a hard trial it would be for my dear father to part

with me, for I was his only daughter; still, if God called me to serve Him in religion, I had no alternative but to obey.

"When I told my father of my earnest wish to become a religious, he was, as I expected, much distressed at the thought of losing me; but he generously made the sacrifice, and said, 'My own dearest child, God gave you to me; and as He calls you to Him, I will resign you.' I told him I felt sure that God would never allow him to regret his act of self-denial; and that for myself, though I was about to leave him, I should always be his loving daughter.

"The question of the religious Order that I should enter next occupied my thoughts. I was going along the gallery one morning, after hearing Mass, during which I had prayed with more than usual earnestness to be directed to do in this matter the will of God, when my eye fell upon that beautiful print by Steinle, which represents a sheep struggling in a mass of thorns, and rescued by our Divine Lord, as the Good Shepherd, from its painful position. The sight of the picture directed my mind to the Order of the Good Shepherd, and it seemed an indication of Providence that I was called to enter that most beautiful Order, specially founded for the salvation of erring souls. The thought of you, dear Maggie, rose in my mind, and I said, 'Surely this is the very Order for me to enter, as I desire, by going into religion, to offer my life for Maggie, if I can, by God's blessing, help her or any other soul for whom Jesus died.'

"My director approved, and as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made, I applied for admission to the Convent of the Good Shepherd, where I passed through my novitiate very happily, and was professed, and in due time appointed the Mistress of Penitents, in which position you see me, 'a joyful mother of children;' and all the more I rejoice, because I can now consider you, dear Maggie, as one of my 'children.'"

CHAPTER III.

THE LOST CHILD FOUND.

One fine morning in the early spring a gentleman, whose gray hair and care-worn looks betokened grief rather than age, was waiting to see the Reverend Mother in the parlor of the Convent of the Good Shepherd. He had not long to wait before the Superioress, attended by another nun, entered.

Rising from his seat and bowing courteously, Col. Conroy stated the object of his visit. He said he had called to make inquiries about a young person who had entered the Refuge; for, from the description that had been given him of her, he had reason to believe that she might be his long-lost daughter.

The Reverend Mother said that a young girl answering to his description had entered the Refuge, and was now in it.

Col. Conroy exclaimed:

"Thank God, then, I have at last found my daughter! Can I see her?"

"Certainly, if you are her father; but I am grieved to tell you that she is seriously ill, and that the doctor gives us no hopes of her recovery."

Col. Conroy bore the sad news as well as he could, thankful that if his daughter were to be taken from him, at least she would, after all her wanderings, die in peace.

"If you will wait here a few moments, Col. Conroy, I will break the news of your arrival to your daughter, and then the Mistress of Penitents will conduct you to her bedside."

The meeting of father and daughter was, as may be imagined, an affecting one. Maggie was rejoiced, that, before her death, she was able to see and ask the forgiveness of her father for all the wrong she had done, and the sorrow that she had caused both himself and her fond mother, of whose death she was not aware.

On hearing that her mother was dead, Maggie was much overcome; she sobbed bitterly, and, when the violence of her grief had somewhat abated, said:

"Oh, my own dear loving mother, look down on me from your bright throne in heaven; look on your ungrateful and wicked, but now repentant, child, and pardon me for all the suffering that I have caused you. Ask God to have mercy on me, and to forgive me my sin."

Then turning to her father, she pleaded with him for that forgiveness which he so readily accorded. It was indeed a sight to touch the heart, this dying child and sorrowing father, who, however, rejoiced that he was permitted to see his beloved child before she died.

And let the sight touch your heart, Capt. Mardon. Look upon the ruin that you have caused; look upon the once beautiful Maggie, for whom you professed such love, now struggling in the arms of death; look upon her mother, who died of grief for the loss of her child; look upon the heart-broken father, from whose side you tore the joy of his eyes and the pride of his life,—and say, can you think of all this, and not loathe the vile seducer?

And all this is the consequence of sin! Truly, "the wages of sin is death!"—death to peace and happiness here, and too often, alas! followed by an eternal death hereafter.

The excitement caused by her father's visit was too much for Maggie in her weak state. A few days after it she became worse; the last Sacraments were administered, and Maggie Conroy calmly breathed her last, in the arms of the Good Shepherd, through Whose great mercy she had been led to the Refuge, where she found peace and happiness and a holy death.

Her body lies in the burial-ground of the penitents, where her grave is often visited by Mother Mary of the Cross, the Mistress of Penitents.

CARD. MANNING AND THE LONDON FLOWER-GIRLS.

Four or five hundred of the flower and fruit girls and women from all parts of London were entertained at tea in the two large sitting-rooms of the Providence (Row) Night Refuge and Home, by the Right Rev. Monseigneur Gilbert, D.D., V.G. The tables were set with a plentiful supply of cold meat and bread and butter, tea, cake, etc., which was done ample justice to by the guests, whose quiet and orderly conduct was very remarkable. Shortly before seven, the

Cardinal-Archbishop arrived, and was greeted in the warmest manner by the occupants of the rooms through which he passed, showing the greatest interest in everything, and evidently taking delight in a work which, in his own words, "went straight to his heart." When tea was over, the people all came together in the upper hall, and his Eminence, addressing them, said: "I see you have one advantage over me to-night, and that is, that though, no doubt, I have seen many of you before, I do not know your faces, and you evidently know mine. I have been very pleased to come here to-night, and to see you enjoying yourselves as you have done, and I am going to promise you, in the Vicar-General's name and in my own, that this gathering will be made, for the future, an annual one, and that, as long as I live, I will come to it.

"I understand that all of those before me, some still in childhood, some grown to youth, and others to womanhood, are gaining their livelihood by selling in the streets, flowers, fruit, matches, &c. Now, this is a very lawful and innocent thing. And, though no doubt you are obliged to see a great deal of evil in your daily lives, I hope and believe that you are keeping yourselves good; and like so many lights in darkness, amongst the corruptions and dangers of this great city. God made the flowers and fruit, and we made the matches, which are very harmless things, if you do not set fire to your houses or yourselves with them; but as to some of the papers sold in the streets, I should advise you never to touch or have anything to do with them. God made the flowers to show us how good and loving He is, for they are not necessary to us, except to give us pleasure, and speak to us of God's loving care for us. We read of a good man, who, when walking amongst the flowers used to touch them gently with his hand, and say to them, "Hold your tongues! hold your tongues! I know what you are saying; you are telling me who made you." So when you are passing through the streets with your flowers or fruits, let them remind you of the goodness and love of the God who made them, and remind you, also, to prepare yourselves for that heavenly city, where the streets are of gold, and the gates of precious stones, and of which God Himself is the light." In conclusion, the Cardinal asked all present who had ever been at school to hold up their hands, and on the majority of those doing so, His Eminence said, that at his next visit he would ask them how much they remembered of all they had there learned, and how they were keeping up the good practices they had been taught.

People Fret too Much About Trifles. — Women find a sea of trouble in their housekeeping. They often put as much worry and anxiety into a loaf of bread, a pie, a cake, into the weekly washing and ironing as should suffice for much weightier matters. Suppose these things go wrong to-day, the to-morrows are coming in which to try again, and the thing is not worth clouding your own spirit and those around you, injuring yourself and them physically — for the mind affects the body — and for such a trifle. When a thing is beyond repair waste no useless regrets over it and do no idle fretting. Strive for that serenity of spirit that will enable you to make the best of all things. That means contentment in its best sense.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, JULY, 1888.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

Death of Archbishop Lynch.

THE announcement of the death of Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, which took place at the Palace, Toronto, at one o'clock, Monday morning, the 12th of May, has caused profound grief throughout the country. There were no anticipations of the sad event; for, though it was known that His Grace's health was not robust, no apprehensions were entertained of his possible demise. In the hearts of Irishmen everywhere the deceased prelate held a place of the warmest reverential affection. True to faith and fatherland, he was ever ready with his powerful voice and pen to defend both; and to him, perhaps more than to any other influence, the Irish Catholics of Ontario owe the recognition they have obtained among a people not always friendly. Of the late Archbishop it can be truly said that his whole life was a grand poem of devotion.

> "His life was gentle; and the elements
> So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world: This was a man."

The New University.

AT a recent audience granted to all the foreign colleges, the Holy Father spoke as follows to the Right Rev. Rector of the North American College: "About the University at Washington, I desire all the bishops of the United States to work together with unity and with energy. I confide the care of the University to them, and I would not wish to see them divided by any disagreement. I hope they will go to work earnestly at once, and gain for the University the support of public opinion in the United States by their promptness and succor. The honor of the American episcopate demands it, the honor of the American Church, and the dignity of the Holy See, that has given the University its approval."

REV. JOHN F. DOLPHIN, lately appointed by President Cleveland as post-chaplain in the United States Army, has been assigned to Fort Snelling, Minn., by the Secretary of War, where he will be, no doubt, a great help to the church, and can thus attend to the spiritual wants of the soldiers and Catholics in the district.

THE APPOINTMENT of the Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S. J., president of St. John's College, Fordham, as Provincial of the New York Maryland Province, to succeed Father Fulton, is announced. Father Fulton's loss could not be better supplied. Father Campbell is a Jesuit, a gentleman, and a scholar. What better could be said of any man?

THE POPE has issued an encyclical of twenty-seven pages dealing with the slavery question. After referring to the teachings of the Bible, he inculcates the abandonment of slave dealing in Egypt, the Soudan, and Zanzibar, and reiterates his condemnation of the practice. He demands protection for missionaries in Africa, and refers to the labors of Peter Claver. In conclusion, he praises Dom Pedro for abolishing slavery in Brazil.

JAMES O'MEARA, a robust fellow of twenty-five years, while waiting for a horse-car in Bowdoin Square, Boston,

amused the on-lookers by mimicking the gait of a wooden-legged cripple who passed by. In the midst of his mimicry the leg upon which he was limping suddenly became rigid. A doctor was called and he immediately pronounced it spasmodic contraction of the muscles. The man was taken home weeping, and declaring his misfortune to be a judgment upon him for his mockery. This occurred some weeks ago. We have not heard whether the man has recovered the use of his limbs or not.

THE VATICAN EXHIBITION closed on Thursday, May 31. It was visited by six hundred thousand persons. The works of art will be kept by the Holy See. The chalices, vestments, etc., will be given by the Holy Father to poor churches and missionary priests.

REV. JAMES H. GAVIN was ordained at SS. Peter and Paul's Cathedral, Philadelphia, on Pentecost Sunday. Father Gavin is one of the early contributors to our MAGAZINE. We congratulate him on his ordination as a priest in Mother Church.

Score One in Favor of Parochial Schools.

From the Manchester (N. H.) Mirror.

A LETTER was received from Congressman L. F. McKinney stating that one of the pupils of the Cathedral High School, in charge of the Christian Brothers in this city, had been successful in securing the appointment to West Point. Charles L. Hussey, of Rochester, a pupil in Phillips Exeter Academy, secured the appointment to Annapolis. There were a great number of competitors, including pupils from different High schools and academies throughout the district. The Cathedral School sent five competitors for West Point: Thomas Riordan, Edward Connor, William Harrington, Joseph Creedan, and John Francis Mahoney, and two for Annapolis, Patrick J. Scott and Maurice Connor. John Francis Mahoney was the successful competitor, his average being seventy-nine per cent. The letter from Congressman McKinney stated that two of the boys from the Cathedral School attained a still higher percentage than Mahoney, but were unable to pass the rigorous physical examination. Brothers Peter and Thomas, of the Cathedral School, have been in receipt of hearty congratulations, and naturally feel highly elated at the fine showing made by their pupils.

MR. PARNELL announces that he has, for some time, been engaged in maturing a method of agrarian organization, which will be free from the political defects incidental to "the Plan of Campaign," and which will absolutely correspond in every respect with the system of organization known as trades unionism in England.

THE article, Is There Salvation Outside of the Catholic Church? in this issue of our MAGAZINE is from the Catholic World.

THE President has approved the joint resolution, accepting the invitation of the French Republic to take part in the International Exposition, to be held in Paris in 1889.

THE Emperor Frederick has conferred on Mgr. Galimberti, the Papal Nuncio at Berlin, the grand Cross of the Red Eagle, with brilliants. The relations between Rome and Berlin are now more cordial and satisfactory than they have been in many years.

Distinguished Recognition.

THE Earl of Dufferin, in his capacity of Governor-General of India, has just nominated as Fellows of the Calcutta University the most Rev. Dr. Goethals, Archbishop of that city, and the Very Rev. Alfred Neut, the Rector of the Jesuit College of St. Francis Xavier, also of that city. The appointment constitutes them members of the Senate of the Anglo-Indian University, and gives them the right of speaking and voting on all questions affecting University education in the Indian Empire. Lord Dufferin has followed the example of his distinguished predecessor, the Marquis of Ripon, and has cultivated the most friendly relations

with the Catholics of India, with their prelates, and with the zealous Jesuit missionaries who labor so indefatigably amongst them.

A Comical Murder.

A MURDER trial had a farcical ending at Louisville, Ky., recently. Henry and John Hill, bachelor farmers, were being charged with the murder of two pedlers named Burton, early in March. The principal witness against them was Mary Smith, their former servant. Her story was supported by the finding of the remains of the bodies in a cave near the Hill farm-house. While she was telling her story on the stand how she had been compelled on the peril of her life to cut the throats of the pedlers while they were asleep at her employer's house, and catch their blood in a bucket, the Burtons walked into the court room. The case was at once discontinued and the Hills dismissed. The remains found, upon close examination, proved to be parts of the carcasses of two sheep.

DURING a trial for assault in Arkansas, a club, a rule, an axe-handle, a knife, and a shot-gun were exhibited as the instruments with which the deed was done. It was also asserted that the man defended himself with a revolver, a scythe, a pitchfork, a chisel, a handsaw, and a dog. The jury unanimously decided that they would have given a dollar a-piece to see such a bully fight.

MR. THOMAS MOONEY, better known as the Irish World's Trans-Atlantic, is dead. He was the author of a History of Ireland, and was prominent with O'Connell in the early days of the repeal movement. His History of Ireland had a large sale in the United States. It was published in Boston. After Mr. Mooney's departure from this country the plates were purchased by Mr. Donahoe; and were destroyed at the great Boston fire, in 1872, with all Mr. Donahoe's stereotype plates. The book is out of print.

THE second "trial" of Mr. John Dillon, M. P., was brought to a close, and, according to expectation, the Removables did the Castle's business by inflicting upon him a second sentence of six months. As, however, it was made concurrent with the previous sentence, it, in effect, counts for nothing.

Accession to the Church.

THE reception of the Rev. Luke Rivington, late of the "Cowley Fathers," into the church, seems to have created another earthquake in Anglican circles in England and elsewhere. This gentleman was, undoubtedly, one of the leaders of the Ritualistic party of the present day, and not only was deservedly popular owing to his oratorical power and gifts of eloquence, but must have been supposed to be as safe an authority on the Roman Question as could be found anywhere in the ranks of well-informed Anglicans. His testimony, therefore, to the emptiness of Anglican claims comes upon the Establishment with the more weight owing to his decision being the result of mature thought and deliberation, while knowing all the while the best that could be said in favor of his late position. Not only does consternation reign, therefore, in San Remo and other health resorts of the Mediterranean, where the late Ritualistic preacher was so well known, but his recent action in the little chapel, under the shadow of St. Peter's, must have affected the whole Anglican position everywhere, and the rebuke it has given to the Anglo-Catholic theory touches even the distant shores of India, where his late brethren are laboring to oppose the claims of true Catholicism.

WE notice with pleasure that many of our Irish contemporaries have reproduced REV. J. C. CANNON'S article on Irish Novels and Novelists which appeared in our January issue. Among them, United Ireland, Weekly Examiner, and Derry Journal.

THE blow aimed at our Parochial Schools, by bigoted members of the Massachusetts Legislature, was defeated in the Senate by a vote of five for, and fourteen against, engrossment.

The Future.

You may be taken away young, you may live to fourscore, you may die in your bed, you may die in the open field, but if Mary intercedes for you, that day will find you watching and ready. All things will be fixed to secure your salvation; all dangers will be foreseen; all obstacles removed; all aids provided. The hour will come, and in a moment you will be translated beyond fear and risk; you will be translated into a new state where sin is not, nor ignorance of the future, but perfect faith and serene joy and assurance and love everlasting. — Cardinal Newman.

The Pope in Politics.

New York Independent, Non-Catholic.

The Pope, or the Catholic Church, has just the same right in politics that a Protestant clergyman, or church has, the right to use all legitimate influence to do all the good possible everywhere. Ever since the ancient prophets took the side of Assyria against Egypt in Jewish politics, it has been understood among sensible men that the pulpit could preach politics whenever politics touched morals.

The Poor Chinese.

Now it is Australia that declares "the Chinese must go." A British vessel from Hong Kong, with 268 coolies on board, was not allowed to make a landing at Melbourne, and had to leave there for Sydney, where it was expected her obnoxious passengers would also be refused admission. At a meeting held at the Melbourne Town Hall, over which the Mayor presided, it was unanimously resolved to demand that the Government impose a poll-tax of £100 upon every Chinese immigrant, with an annual residence tax of £20. This would be virtually a prohibitive tariff on the Celestials.

Mr. Gladstone, replying to the address of 3,730 dissenting clergymen expressing sympathy with him in his efforts to reconcile Ireland with England, concluded with the expression of this bitter truth: "The object of the Government seemed to be to insult, exasperate and degrade the Irish people."

Propagation of the Faith.

From the recently published account of the receipts and expenditures of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, it appears that this country, in 1886, contributed 73,935,72 francs, and received from this society 279,705,85 francs. New York contributed the most, 12,143,85 francs, Boston giving 2,879,15. Natchitoches received the most, 23,000 francs; Charleston got 20,000; the Indian missions the same sum, and so on down to Louisville, Ky., which received a special gift of 957,50. In all, 26 American missions were recipients of the society's bounty, while 35 were contributors to it. France leads the world in contributions, giving 4,335,653,77 francs, while Ireland gives 186,714,95, about 23,000 more than this country.

Senator Blair's Folly.

The Georgetown College Journal has taken up Mr. Blair and disposed of his remarks by a graceful but unanswerable argument. "We wonder," says the Journal, "if Mr. Blair was conscious of the fact that Georgetown College, within hearing of the National Senate, was conducted by the Jesuits, and had been for a century; and that in 1833 the dignified body of which he is a member, passed a vote of thanks to the College for its admirable work in the cause of education. And when the Senator, in his tirade against the Jesuits, found it in him to thank God that the Jesuits were not the Catholic Church, and to say that he honored such of her sons as John and Charles Carroll, was he aware that Charles Carroll was educated by the Jesuits, and that John Carroll was himself a Jesuit, and founder of the Jesuit College of Georgetown?"

At the Naval Hospital in Rochefort, France, the President gave the Cross of the Legion of Honor to Sister St. Eloy, of the Order of St. Vincent de Paul. In handing it to her he said: "Let not your humility take alarm at this distinction, because, although you have won it by your charitable care of the sick here during so many years, I decorate the whole Order to which you belong in decorating you."

A Priest Made Deputy Minister.

FATHER LABELLE, a Catholic clergyman, has been appointed Deputy Minister of Agriculture in the Provincial Government. The Provincial Ministery is almost entirely French. Father Labelle has devoted his life to colonization schemes in Quebec, trying to bring back to the Province the million French Canadians who have settled in Massachusetts and the Eastern States.

MISS ROSA MULHOLLAND writes from Dublin: "The evictions proceed throughout the country with every variety of revolting circumstances, as persistently as if there were no human heart in man, and no God in heaven. News has just reached me of a case in which four children, sick with the measles, were lifted out of bed and thrown on a dung-hill. The father had begged for grace of a fortnight's time to allow the children to recover from their illness, but was refused. He had also offered to pay a year's rent down, and get security for the balance, but found no mercy. When everything had been thrown out of the house after the children, the door was locked and the key was taken away. No wonder men of noble temper have been raised up to suffer themselves the loss of every personal good, and to risk their lives in coercion prisons, in order to put an end to the daily recurrence of such disgusting scenes of barbarism." If that landlord expects to get the mercy he shows to others, he is looking forward to a good deal of suffering.

The Catholic Poles,

THOSE children of heroes and martyrs, have given a very significant answer to the Continental press, which sought to sow the seeds of distrust between them and the Holy Father. They sent to the feet of His Holiness a noble band of pilgrims, comprising their archbishops and bishops, and a number of their leading laymen, and through this imposing deputation they presented to Leo XIII. testimonies of filial reverence and affection. The address of the Holy Father to the pilgrims breathes the fullest confidence in their loyalty to the Holy See. The Catholic Poles now, as in the past, feel that Rome is their sheet-anchor in times of storm, and they pride themselves in being true and faithful children of the Sovereign Pontiff. As an inscription on a medal which they tendered to Leo XIII. had it, *Polonia semper fidelis.*

Father Mortara.

A CELEBRATED event in the modern history of the Catholic Church is called to mind by the appearance in Madrid of Father Mortara, a delicate-looking man, thirty-seven years of age, who has created a *furor* by his thoughtful, worn face, eloquent preaching, and marvellous knowledge of languages. He speaks and writes thoroughly twenty-two tongues. Madrid has gone wild over him, and his sermons have so moved the Queen, princesses, and ladies of the court that more funds than he can well dispose of have been subscribed for a convent chapel which he is building at Onate, in the Basque Highlands. This young priest is the same Edgar Mortara, a Jewish child, born in the States of the Church, whose education and alleged forcible abduction from his parents by Papal authorities caused such a sensation thirty years ago.

Sir Thomas Esmonde in Mexico.

ON the 12th of April an honor of the most exceptional kind was shown to Sir Thomas Esmonde, as a representative of Ireland, by the National Legislature of Mexico. On that day he was introduced to both Houses of the Legislature, in his National capacity, and addressed both bodies. It was the first time a foreigner ever addressed the Mexican Senate in session, and the second time such a thing happened in the lower House. Sir Thomas founded a branch of the National League in Mexico, all the papers expressing the most favorable opinion of the movement.

Good Shepherd House.

SOME time ago, friends of this Institution asked the Massachusetts Legislature to appropriate ten thousand dollars to aid in carrying on the good work done in the House of the Good Shepherd. The measure was defeated. The vote on rejecting the resolve stood 58 yeas to 51 nays.

Irish Landlords.

THERE are actually some sane people in the ranks of the Irish landlords, although most of the speaking at their convention, recently, would indicate the reverse. We find, however, that a Mr. Henry O'Brien, of Kilworth, county Cork, has sold his estate to his tenants at fourteen years' purchase of judicial rents, and wiped out all arrears besides. Mr. O'Brien is evidently a sensible individual, who feels that two or three years hence the great body of the landlords will be envying him for having made so good a bargain through taking time by the forelock.

A FIRE occurred in the printing-office of Messrs. Cashman, Keating & Co., on the morning of the 16th of May, which disturbed some of our arrangements. The fire fiend seems to follow us. But this time our MAGAZINE was not even scorched. The loss of Cashman, Keating & Co. was large, but was fully covered with insurance. A fire in a printing-office may be compared to a bull in a china shop. Everything was thrown into unutterable chaos. In a few weeks the firm will be in full running order.

RUMOR has associated the name of Rev. Father Lambert, of Waterloo, N. Y., a distinguished scholar and well known as a polemical writer, in connection with one of the professorships in the new American Catholic University. Such an appointment, says the New York Tablet, would be a vast gain to the teaching force of the University and would be an eminently suitable one.

Mother of Twenty-Five.

MRS. ROBERT MILLIGAN, of Bridgeport, W. Va., gave birth to her twenty-fifth child recently. The mother is forty-eight years old, and was married at the age of fourteen. Her children include five sets of twins. Of the twenty-five, twenty-one are now living. The oldest is thirty-three, and there are nine grandchildren. The family is in poor circumstances.

JUNE — Month of the Sacred Heart.

THE Rev. P. F. Carr, of Denver, editor of the Colorado Catholic, has been selected to deliver the commencement oration at Notre Dame University this year. From the ability with which the reverend gentleman conducts the Catholic, we have no doubt the oration will do credit to Father Carr.

WE are indebted to the Boston Daily Globe for the cut of the engraving of the New Catholic University, and that of its greatest benefactress, Miss Caldwell.

THE late William Wakeman, Sr., with the assistance of his three sons, of whom one Rev. Richard Wakeman is a professor at St. Charles' College, Elliott City, Md., built, paid for, and deeded to Bishop Keane, St. Joseph's Church, Columbia, Va.

THE reception given the Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Boston, after an absence of some months, was a fitting recognition of the respect and love of his parishioners. A purse of some three thousand dollars accompanied the welcome home.

VICAR-GENERAL KEEGAN has established a cooking class in his parochial school in the Assumption parish, Brooklyn, N. Y.

DIOCESIAN SCHOOL BOARDS of the Diocese of Detroit, Mich. From this report we should judge that the cause of Catholic education has progressed splendidly. Schools in the diocese, 52; schools building, 5; parishes without schools, 32; number of religious teachers, 167; lay teachers, (male), 12; female, 20; number of lay teachers, 32. Pupil, (boys), 5,487; girls, 6,040; total, 11,527. Very Rev. P. A. Baart, of Marshall, is secretary of the board.

St. Paul a Metropolitan See.

NORTHWESTERN CHRONICLE: The resolution of the Congregation of Propaganda, erecting St. Paul into a Metropolitan See, was presented by the Secretary of the Congregation, in the audience of Sunday, April 29th, to the Holy Father for his confirmation, and

was by him duly confirmed. The new ecclesiastical province, of which the Ordinary of St. Paul becomes the Archbishop — the thirteenth province in the United States — embraces Minnesota and Dakota. There are at present but two suffragan bishops, the Vicars Apostolic of Northern Minnesota and Dakota. Divisions, however, of existing episcopal jurisdictions are likely to occur in the near future, increasing accordingly the number of Sees. These evidences of the growth of the church among them will be to the Catholics of the North-West, a cause of great joy, and in thankfulness they will pray God to have always in His love and care the new province of St. Paul.

Never Despair.

THE following spirited lines were addressed to Thomas Francis Meagher the day their author was sentenced to death, and their authenticity is attested by the signature of Meagher, at Clonmel, Oct. 12, 1848.

Never despair! Let the feeble in spirit
Bow like the willow that stoops to the blast;
Droop not in peril! 'Tis manhood's true merit
Nobly to struggle and hope to the last;
When by the sunshine of fortune forsaken,
Faint sinks the heart of the public with fear,
Stand like the oak of the forest — unshaken.
Never despair, boys! oh, never despair!

Never despair! Though adversity rages
Fiercely and fell as the surge on the shore,
Firm as the rock of the ocean for ages,
Stand the rude torrent till danger is o'er;
Fate with its whirlwind our joys may all sever,
True to ourselves, we have nothing to fear,
Be this our hope and our anchor forever.
Never despair, boys! oh, never despair.

WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN.

AT St. Mary's Church, Lebanon, Pa., a short time ago, Rev. Henry Christ, recently ordained, celebrated his first Mass, assisted by his brothers, Revs. Adam and Peter Christ. The unusual sight of three brothers, each a priest at the same altar, at the same time celebrating the Holy Sacrifice, will live in the hearts of the congregation for a long time to come. The venerable parents of the clergymen, as also the brothers and sisters, were present, and received Communion from the hands of the new priest. In the evening Solemn Vespers and Benediction were given, with Father Henry Christ as officiating priest, assisted by Fathers Seubert and Kaul; Father Peter Christ delivering a touching and impressive sermon.

Why Men Drink.

THAT wonderful humorist, Tom Hood, once remarked: "There are five reasons why men drink! Good wine; a friend; because they are dry; or, at least, they may be by and by; or any other reason why." The last is, perhaps, the most common reason. James Parton once headed an article, "Will the coming man drink?" but as he failed to answer the query we will express a decided opinion: that, until the coming man learns to prize home, social family ties above all others, will he learn not to abuse his own organism. In March last a writer in the Medical Age made some practical remarks upon this subject, and offered a timely hint which prohibition advocates would do well to note.

He says: "As long as the imperfections of humanity remain unfitted to its surroundings and conditions, so long evil and misery will continue, and men seek refuge in strong drink. Increase the sum of human happiness by whatever means possible, lessen the burdens and ameliorate the woes of mankind, remove hunger, disease, and pain by a better physical and moral education, and you will have plucked out the fangs of that dire monster" — intemperance.

Among the worst morbid conditions resulting from the use of alcoholic liquors, as well as from improper food and customs of eating, are inflammation of the stomach, bowels, liver, kidneys, and brain.

It matters not in what part of the body inflammation exists, or how severe it may be, whether it takes the form of gastric inflammation, in dyspepsia, or as in bronchitis, catarrh, hay-fever, pneumonia, rheumatism, or as in common cuts and bruises, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment will conquer it, relieve the pain and prove to you that it is indeed an anodyne of mighty power, and unlike all others, as it is for internal as well as external use.

A good Baptist deacon told us not long since that "he had known Johnson's Liniment for sixty years, and had used it in his family for over forty years." I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., will send any person an instructive pamphlet free, telling all about this valuable household remedy, and how to use it economically. One teaspoonful properly used is worth a whole bottle used as some people use it.

JESUITS and fur-traders were the founders of Illinois. — BANCROFT.

The Catholic Hierarchy.

THE statistics of the Episcopate of the Catholic Church throughout the world, at the close of the year 1887, have just been issued in the official publication for 1888 of the *Gerarchia Cattolica*, printed every year under the sanction of the Propaganda of Rome. From this it appears that his Holiness, Leo XIII., is the 263d of the Roman Pontiffs. The number of Cardinals was then 61, but two of their Eminences — Cardinals Czacki and Martinelli — have since died. At the time indicated there were 4 Cardinal Bishops, 42 Cardinal Priests, and 13 Cardinal Deacons. The oldest member of the Sacred College is his Eminence Cardinal Newman, who is approaching the 88th year of his age. The youngest of the Cardinals is his Eminence Cardinal di Rende, formerly Papal Nuncio in Paris, who is only in his 41st year. Seventeen of the Cardinals were created by his late Holiness Pius IX., whilst 42 of the Sacred College are the creation of the present Sovereign Pontiff. Since the accession of Leo XIII., 50 Cardinals have passed out of life. In the Sacred College four of the members are natives of Rome, 27 have been born in other parts of Italy, and 28 are natives of other countries. His present Holiness has erected one Patriarchate, 19 Archbishoprics, 75 Bishoprics, 34 Apostolic Vicariates, one Delegation, and 11 Apostolic Prefectures. In all there are 13 Patriarchates, 185 Archbishoprics, and 752 Bishoprics. There are 56 Archbishops and Bishops of the Oriental Rite, 318 Titular Archbishops and Bishops, 20 Archbishops and Bishops without title, and five Abbots *nullius*. In all there are 1,254 dignitaries whose names are recorded in this official Roman Directory.

Grattan and Parnell.

A PERUSAL of the life of Henry Grattan discovers many interesting and remarkable parallels between the life of the Irish patriot of the ante-Union days and the great leader of the Irish people at the present hour. It is remarkable how exactly the dates of events in the life and political career of these two Irish statesmen of two different centuries in a measure coincide. Henry Grattan was born in 1746; Parnell, 1846. The former entered the Irish Parliament in 1775, and the latter the British Parliament in 1875. In 1779 Grattan established that body which enabled him to achieve the legislative independence of his country; while, in 1879, the present Irish Parliamentary Party was formed. In 1780, Grattan's Declaration of Irish Rights was vigorously attacked by the government, similarly with Mr. Parnell's programme in 1880 by means of a State prosecution.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS (American edition) is sold for ten cents at all the news stands.

A Modest Benefactor.

A LAYMAN, visiting Washington on the occasion of the corner-stone laying, who wishes his name to remain unknown, gave Bishop Keane a contribution of $100,000 for the University.

Catholics in the U. S. 100 Years Ago.

As to the number of the Catholics, we have information given in a letter of Marbois to Vergennes in 1785. "The number of Catholics in the United States merits, in fact," he says, "the attention the Holy See gives to it. There are in New England about 600; New York and New Jersey, 1,700; Pennsylvania and Delaware, 7,700; Maryland, freemen, 12,000, slaves, 8,000 — 20,000; in the States of the South, 2,500; at the Illinois, at Kaskaskia, and several other establishments, purely French, on the Mississippi, 12,000; total, 44,500." These statistics were given by Marbois in connection with the discussion which had arisen respecting the appointment of a Catholic Bishop.

"JUST a word with you, young man, before you go. You have been cultivating the acquaintance of my daughter for nearly four months, and I think it is about time to ask your intentions." — "That's just what I've been thinking; but Mabel doesn't seem to be able to muster up courage to ask me, or else she has forgotten it's leap year."

ARCHBISHOP FABRE, of Montreal, has issued a circular concerning the recent Papal rescript to the Irish Bishops. Among other things he says: "England, rich as she is, is yet too poor to purchase from the great and holy Leo XIII. one word or one line not worthy of himself and his tender love for his Irish children."

THE Methodist-Episcopal Church has established an order of "Deaconesses," to provide an outlet for the zeal of its female members. The title is rather awkward, but the object, to visit the sick and relieve the distressed, is commendable. It is, indeed, a faint imitation of our self-denying Sisters of Charity, and the closer the imitation, the more good will it effect.

COL. W. J. FINLAY, the millionnaire brewer of Toledo, Ohio, conspicuous for public benefactions, who died 30th ult., has left $25,000 each to the Home for the Friendless, St. Vincent's Catholic Orphanage, Protestant Orphan Home, and the Protestant Hospital, Toledo.

THE first Irish settler of Chicago was Michael Welsh, who became a resident in 1830.

REV. DR. JOHN S. FOLEY, of Baltimore, has been appointed to succeed the Rt. Rev. Caspar H. Borgess as Bishop of Detroit, Mich.

IT is thirty-seven years since St. Paul, Minn., was made a Bishop's See, and the Rt. Rev. Joseph Cretin its first bishop. That which in the year 1851, though called a diocese, was but a log chapel, with one priest and a few hundred communicants, is to-day a province, with 1 archbishop, 2 suffragan bishops, 350 priests, 350 churches, and 400,000 souls. The original See, St. Paul, has 200 priests, 200 churches, and a Catholic population of 225,000 souls.

AMONG the passengers on a steamer which recently arrived in Jersey City, were one hundred nuns from convents in Switzerland. They are members of the Order of the Sisters of St. Francis. They started immediately for convents in the West.

Push On the Reforms.

THERE are other reforms, of which we hope to see taken up in due course. One of these relates to the proximity of saloons to cemeteries. In point of expense, and in the greater point of scandal, this undeniable fact is a larger evil than even the abuse of flowers at funerals, says the Catholic Citizen.

RIGHT REV. BISHOP HARKINS, of Providence, R. I., has purchased four hundred acres of eligible land in the town of Cumberland, in the Blackstone Valley. The School of the Christian Brothers will be removed from Providence to that town. A retreat for priests will also be established there.

The Jesuit Collegiate Church

of St. John the Baptist, attached to Creighton College, Omaha, Neb., was dedicated May 6, by Right Rev. James O'Connor, D. D., Bishop of Omaha. A large number of persons attended the ceremony, filling the edifice to its utmost capacity. Being the first strictly collegiate church opened in the United States, unusual interest attached to the occasion.

A DUBLIN man has invented a method of blowing bottles by machinery. The old method, which was so unhealthy to the workman, of blowing glass by the mouth, is dispensed with altogether, a pipe being used which can be manipulated by the workman in a way to produce the required effect. The workmen by the new apparatus are enabled to blow two and a-half to three bottles, and in the same time and with less physical exertion than one bottle could be blown by the old process. It is expected that the company which is to be started with reference to the new apparatus will be the means of reviving a most important industry in the country. Something is needed that will give any kind of employment to the people.

REV. FATHER BARRY, of Hyde Park, Mass., has just purchased a lot in Readville for the site of a Parochial School to accommodate the children residing in the Readville district. The lot is situated at the corner of Readville and Albemarle Streets, formerly a portion of the Bullard estate. Ground will be broken next week, and the school will be opened in September.

THE oldest living man of the Northwest, and probably the oldest in the United States, is Patrick Clark, of Bozeman, Mont. He was born in the county Galway, Ire., in August, 1780.

LORD LANSDOWNE and suite sailed for England by the steamer Parisian from Quebec. The departure of the evicting ex-Viceroy was almost as unnoticed as that of any ordinary passenger on board. Not even his usual body-guard of "Young Britons" was to be seen. As Shakspeare said of another fallen potentate, "There was none so poor to do him reverence."

BISHOP POTTER, of New York, after having, rather hastily, taken to his bosom, and into that of his Episcopalian flock, Monseigneur Bouland, has begun to do what he should have done at the outset — appointed an investigation committee to examine into the serious charges made against the hopeful convert; and it is reported that they have found them but too well substantiated. Bishop Potter, and others, should know "weeds" when they see them.

A FEW Scandinavian women have taken to "preaching the gospel," to such effect, at Menominee, Mich., recently as to have outshone Small & Co., and the Salvation army. Their preaching, in a short time, drove eight persons insane.

AT last, after eleven years, Cardinal Ledochowski, the former Archbishop of Posen, has been granted an amnesty by the Prussian Government. The writ against him was issued on Aug. 10, 1877, and since that date the persecuted Polish Primate has been a compulsory fugitive from his native land. By grace of the Emperor Frederick the writ has now been cancelled.

THOMAS CAREY, the young man who, in Chicago, on April 3, while intoxicated, shot and killed Moy Ni Ting, Chinaman, as a harmless amusement, was sentenced last week to fifty years in the penitentiary for the crime.

Origin of the Litany.

A PRIEST, every night, whilst dusting the famous image of Our Lady of Loretto, recites the Litany, the people answering. It is said that the Litany of the Blessed Virgin thus arose: A priest, whilst dusting the image according to custom, every evening, used to salute Our Lady with salutations of love, the simple people answering, *Ora pro nobis.* These salutations were afterwards strung together, and thus the origin of the Litany of Our Lady being called of Loretto, and the custom still continues which the priest's private devotion introduced, and the Litany nightly recited during the dusting of the image.

Cardinal Manning's Silver Jubilee.

CARDINAL MANNING will celebrate his Silver Episcopal Jubilee on June 8, 1890. It has been proposed to present His Eminence on that auspicious occasion, a sufficient fund to wipe out the heavy mortgage on his cathedral, so that the consecration of the edifice might speedily follow the twenty-fifth anniversary of his own consecration. As the name and work of the great Cardinal are so venerated and appreciated all over the Catholic world, it is proposed that the appeal be not only metropolitan and national, but general, and to the English-speaking Christendom.

FATHER PHELAN, of the Western Watchman, of St. Louis, celebrated his silver jubilee, on May 30, by a solemn Mass at the Church of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. Health, benediction, and long life to our old and esteemed friend and brother editor.—*Irish-American.*

We give elsewhere a few of his "grape and canister," which show that he has lost none of his vigor in showing up the enemies of Mother Church and Fatherland.

Notes on Recent Publications.

"Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting, and profitable books. — *Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

BOOKS.

MIXED MARRIAGES. An Instruction Addressed to a Catholic Lady Contemplating a Mixed Marriage. Prices: 100 copies, $4.00; 75 copies, $3.25; 50 copies, $2.25; 25 copies, $1.25; 15 copies, $1.00; single copies, 10c; or 3 for 25c.

With an introduction by Rt. Rev. John Hennessy, D.D., Bishop of Dubuque, who says: "It is a clear and concise statement of the reasons for which such marriages are forbidden. It is calculated to do much good, especially, if it serve as an occasion to priests to multiply instructions on the same subject. I would be glad that every Catholic family in the diocese would have one or more copies of it. I beg the priests, who know so well the evils of mixed marriages, and who are responsible for the souls confided to their care, to use their influence toward this end, and to supplement this suggestive instruction by others of their own, and by exhortations and warnings, in season and out of season, against these forbidden and detested contracts." Address Rev. Chas. Carroll, D. D., McGregor, Iowa.

P. O'Shea, New York.

MORES CATHOLICI; Or, AGES OF FAITH. By Kenhelm H. Digby. Vol. I., containing books I., II., III., and IV.

The publisher deserves credit for his enterprise in issuing this great work. The volume before us makes a book of 845 pages, imperial octavo, is well printed, and on good paper. "The author was born at Geashill, King's Co., Ireland, A. D. 1800. He was the youngest son of the very Rev. William Digby, Protestant Dean of Clonfert. One of his ancestors was Protestant Bishop of Elphin, and another was Protestant Bishop of Dromore. His early studies in scholastic theology enabled him to see the errors of Protestantism, and soon after his graduation at Cambridge, he became a Catholic. A short time before this, when he was yet but twenty-two years old, he published the first edition of the Broadstone of Honor. In 1821 appeared the first volume of his Mores Catholici. It may be safely affirmed, says the preface, that this great work has made its author immortal. No other work in our language,— we believe we may say with perfect truth, no other work in any language,— presents so completely, so felicitously, from every point of view, the claims of the Catholic Church to the veneration, love, and obedience of every existing human being." Mr. Digby is also the author of some fifteen other books. He died at his residence, Shaftsbury House, Kensington, Eng., March 22, 1880, in the eighty-first year of his age. The American publisher hopes to receive sufficient encouragement to enable him to reproduce all Digby's works, in a uniform edition, worthy of their great merit.

John Murphy & Co., Baltimore, Md.

ZOE'S DAUGHTER. Price, $1.50.

STUDENT OF BLENHEIM FOREST. Price, $1.50.

FATE OF THE DANE; STORY OF MANUEL; A BRAVE GIRL; MAD PENITENT OF TODI. 4 volumes in one. Price, $1.50. By Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey.

The above stories are composed in three handsome volumes. The authoress is well known to the Catholics of the United States for the past half century. She was a contributor to the old Pilot some forty years ago. She still lives, and is writing for the press, particularly the Ave Maria. We strongly recommend these books to the Catholic public.

From His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons.

Mrs. ANNA H. DORSEY, *Dear Madam:*— Our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., has shown his high appreciation of your services to Catholic literature by bestowing on yourself and your works his Apostolic Benediction, and to the Benediction of the Holy Father, I most cordially add my blessing.

JAMES GIBBONS, *Abp. of Baltimore.*

MEMOIRS OF A SERAPH. By the Author of Memoirs of a Guardian Angel. Translated by Rt. Rev. Bishop Chatard, of Vincennes. One volume, $1.50.

The above books are gotten up in good style.

MUSIC.

White, Smith, & Co., Boston.

Vocal: "Adieu, Winter," by R. H. Shofton. "The Daylight Softly Fades," by Philip Greely. "No Evil shall Befall Thee," Female chorus, by Costa. "Ave Maria," by Moses Carpenter. "Lena," song for Male Chorus with Tenor Solo, by Leo R. Lewis. "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," by Carl Pflueger. "In Peace They Sweetly Sleep," by Harry Birch. "Dream Faces," Song, arranged for Guitar by Geo. W. Persley. "The Little Fishermaiden," Song, by Ludolf Waldmann. "My Lady's Bower," words by Frederic E. Weatherby, music by Hope Temple. "Our Nice Young Girls," words by Harry Linn, music by

J. S. McMurray. "Long Years Ago," Song, by Eben H. Bailey. "Hope Abides Forever," Duet, by C. A. White. "The Irish Soldier," Song and Chorus, by Chris Stevens. "Come We Again," Mixed Quartette, by C. A. White.

Instrumental: "Bouquet American Melodies Populaires, transcrit pour le Violin avec Piano, par H. Vieuxtemps." No. 2. "St. Patrick's Day." No. 4. "Garry Owen." No. 5. "Last Rose of Summer." No. 6. "Arkansas Traveller." "Soldier's Joy," Grand March, by Paul Keller. "Glen March," for 4 hands, by E. H. Bailey. "Bells of the Chapel," by Paul Keller. "Fairy Step Polka," by O. R. Blum. "Maiden's Heart Love," by Wm. Cooper.

Books: "Elementary Vocalises for Tenor," by F. Sieler. "Vespers in D with Magnificat," by James J. McCabe. A good set of easy and melodious Vespers. "Responses for Quartette or Chorus Choir," by C. C. Stearns.

SAFE AND PROFITABLE SECURITIES.

Removal of the Eastern Office of the Kansas Investment Co. to 101 Devonshire Street, Boston.

WESTERN farm mortgages are still growing in popular favor and remain among the most profitable and safe of investments. Investors would do well, however, to exercise the utmost caution, and deal only through companies of unquestionable responsibility.

The Kansas Investment Company offer debenture bonds paying six per cent. and farm loans paying seven per cent. secured by first mortgages on improved farms in the West. Interest is payable semi-annually, and together with principal is paid in gold, both being collected and remitted to investors without entailing upon them the least trouble or expense. No property is accepted as security for more than 33 1-3 per cent. of what it would bring under a foreclosure, a valuation so low as to preclude all possibility of loss to investors. These securities are the most inviting investment on the market to-day, being fully as safe as government bonds while bearing twice the interest. The officers of the company are:

President — H. E. Ball.

Vice-President — George C. Morrell.

Secretary — Bennett R. Wheeler.

Assistant Secretary — Percival T. Bartlett.

The main office is at Topeka, Kansas, while the Eastern office has recently been removed to No. 101 Devonshire Street, corner Water Street, Boston. The new office is one of the most centrally located in the city, and in equipment and arrangement leaves nothing to be desired. We will add in conclusion, that the company has never done a commission business, and scrupulously avoids all such methods. Six tried agents, who in experience rank among the best judges of real estate in the West, are employed to examine all property offered as security, and nothing is accepted that personal investigation has not shown to be unincumbered, and worth from three to five times the amount of loan.

The First Sister of Charity.

ST. VINCENT remembered to have met a poor girl at the village of Villepreux, and he selected her to be his first Sister. She had been employed in keeping cows. Almost without aid she had taught herself to read, and she would cheerfully impart her own scanty knowledge to the children of the village. This poor, but generous girl, was the first one whom St. Vincent invited to Paris, to undertake the work which the ladies found difficulty in performing. The peasant girl of Villepreux became, in fact, the first Sister of Charity. She worked wonders in more than one parish of the city. At length the spirit of self-sacrifice carried her so far, that she shared her bed with a poor, plague-stricken woman, from whom she caught the infection, and died. All that follow in her footsteps are like her.

The Souls in Purgatory.

THE Holy Father by decree *Urbi et orbi*, of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, under the date Jan. 17, 1888, graciously accords to all the faithful who, either in public or in private, perform the pious exercise of the month of November, in suffrage for the souls in purgatory: 1. The Indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines on each day of the said month. 2. A Plenary Indulgence on one day of the said month, at choice, under the usual conditions. The Indulgences are applicable by way of suffrages to the suffering souls.

AND now the city of Dublin is "proclaimed." It would be a good plan to proclaim the "Castle." That is where all the crooked work is carried on, says the Boston Daily Globe.

Obituary.

—"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

ARCHBISHOPS.

John Joseph Lynch, D. D., first Archbishop of Toronto, Canada, was born near Clones, in the county of Monaghan, Feb. 6, 1816. He died in that city on the 12th of May. He had thus passed his seventy-second year when overtaken by death. His early youth was profoundly impressed by the piety of his mother, affording another instance, of what has often been observed, that most men who have risen to eminence owe their success to the influence and early training of their mothers. His primary education was received at a school in Lucan, kept by a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin. During his school years it was his delight to roam amid the ruined abbeys and castles of the neighborhood, and muse on the struggles of his ancestors for faith and fatherland. In his day, however, the political education of the Irish people, which has since resulted in the agitation for Home Rule and a reformation of the land laws, had not yet begun, and he was often heard to say that it was only in France that he learned the history of his own country. At the age of seventeen he was attacked by typhoid fever, and was given up for death and prepared to appear before his Maker. This made an impression upon his mind and heart which was never obliterated, and which prepared him for future devotion to the service of God. He resumed his studies at the Academy of St. Joseph, Clandalkin, and passed from thence to the college of the Lazarists, then lately established at Castleknock. His biographer remarks that from this college went forth five humble missionary Irish priests, who never again saw each other till they met at Rome, in 1869, as bishops of the Cathlic Church, summoned by the successor of St. Peter to attend the most august assembly of modern times — the Vatican council. From Europe came Right Rev. Dr. McCabe, Bishop of Ardagh; from Asia, Right Rev. Dr. Finnelly, Vicar Apostolic, Madras; from Africa, Right Rev. Dr. Grimly, Cape of Good Hope; from Australia, Most Rev. Dr. Moran, Bishop of Domedan; from the United States, Most Rev. Dr. Feehan, then Bishop of Nashville, now Bishop of Chicago; and from Canada, Right Rev. Dr. Lynch, Bishop of Toronto. Could anything be more indicative of the universality of the Catholic Church and the ubiquity of the Irish race?

The young student proceeded in 1837 to the Seminary of St. Lazare at Paris, having made up his mind to become a member of that Order, whose official name is "The Congregation of the priests of the Mission." In June, 1843, he was ordained deacon, and a few days after, at Maynooth, he was raised to the priesthood by the late Archbishop Murray of Dublin. He at once entered upon his mission among his own people in Ireland. Afterwards he was chosen as a missionary to Texas, and arrived at New Orleans in June, 1847. From that time till the fall of the same year he labored zealously in Texas; but being prostrated by a severe illness, he was recalled by Bishop Odin, and as his health could not be restored in the climate, he was ordered to go North. Shortly afterwards we found him president of St. Mary's College, Missouri. Leaving there he founded the College of the Angels at Niagara Falls. From thence he was raised to the position of Bishop of Toronto, as successor to Bishop de Charbonnel, and requested Father Dowd, of this city, to become his coadjutor; but the offer was declined. From that time forward the late Archbishop was constantly in the public eye. His wonderful activity, tireless application to duty, his travels and labors in behalf of his people, have been a frequent theme for Catholic writers, and won for him that passionate love of his flock, which is one of the noblest proofs of his success as a missionary. He founded a great many charitable and religious institutions. As an Irish patriot he felt that next to God and his church came his country; and all are aware of his frequent and eloquent appeals on behalf of justice and freedom for his native land. He was a firm believer in the Apostolic mission of the Irish

race to plant the faith in other lands, and particularly among the English-speaking nations of the earth. In 1884 His Grace celebrated his jubilee at Toronto, on which occasion he was the recipient of the most gratifying marks of esteem from Protestants, as well as from the members of his own flock, and people in other parts of the world.

Now that he has passed away, after a life devoted to the service of God and for the welfare of mankind, nothing we can write may increase the tribute of veneration which all lovers of the good and true must pay to his memory. All that can be said is — "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of the Lord."

The funeral of Archbishop Lynch took place on the 16th of May. A Requiem Mass for the dead was celebrated by Cardinal Taschereau. The sermon was preached by Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo. In the procession there were Cardinal Taschereau, eight archbishops and bishops, ninety-four priests, the mayor, and the members of the city council, and a large number of citizens.

INTELLIGENCE has been received of the death of Archbishop J. S. Alemany, late of San Francisco, at Valencia, Spain. He died April 14. The Archbishop was a native of Spain and was seventy-five years old. He resigned his functions as Archbishop of San Francisco in 1884, and went abroad for the benefit of his health.

CLERGYMEN.

REV. EDWARD J. SOURIN, S. J., died Sunday, May 20, at Loyola College, Baltimore, aged eighty years. Father Sourin was a widely known instructor, and for a number of years had held a professor's chair at Loyola. He was pastor of St. John's Church in Philadelphia, and succeeded Bishop Kenrick as administrator of the diocese. He was also, at one time, president of St. John's College at Frederick.

AMONG the deaths recently chronicled is that in Rome, on March 28th, of the Very Rev. Fra. Joseph Maria San Vito, of Monopoli, late Master-General of the Order of Friars Preachers; he was sixty-four years of age. Also that of the erudite scholar, Canon Charles Werner, who expired in Vienna on April 7th. His three volumes relative to St. Thomas Aquinas rank as classic, and he was likewise author of monographs on Duns Scotus, Bede, Gerbert, and the History of Philosophy of the Middle Ages and of the Renaissance. He was formerly Rector Magnificus of the University of Vienna.

DEAR SIR: — I take the liberty of writing you to ask the favor of a notice in your valuable Monthly, of the death of an old friend of yours, — Rev. John McCarthy, formerly of your diocese. His death occurred at Sydney, Australia, on the 12th of last February, after a long and painful illness.

Father McCarthy was born near Timoleague in the county of Cork, Ireland, on June 24, 1822. From his earliest age he was intended for the priesthood, by his pious parents; his uncle being, at that time, Vicar-General, and afterwards Bishop, of the diocese of Cloyne and Ross. The young student having availed himself of the advantages of the best schools in his neighborhood, entered Maynooth for his native diocese, and was ordained in 1849. Having spent a year on the mission, in his native diocese, and witnessed the exodus of the people, and the great want for priests to minister to them, he volunteered, and came to the United States. Immediately upon his arrival in New York, he was adopted by Bishop Hughes, who appointed him to a mission on Long Island. While there he built churches at Green Point, Sag Harbor, and Smithfield. Thence he was transferred to Brooklyn, where he built the church in Debevois Street. His health now troubled him greatly, and he removed to the diocese of Boston. He there spent several years at St. James, in Albany Street, Boston, and after having been pastor at Woburn for a time, he was sent to Watertown, where he remained until failing health and the urgent advice of his physicians warned him to seek a more genial climate. He went to Florida and the Carolinas, but not being greatly benefited, he was advised to try California. Even that did not help him, and he sought health and strength in Australia, with no better success than elsewhere, for, after a long and painful sickness, he died as above mentioned.

To the many in the various parishes

in which he ministered, and who remember him as the genial, whole-souled Soggarth Aroon, that he was, the news of his death will, indeed, be sorrowful.

I have jotted down the place of his birth, and some other facts, that may not be known to you, not to be published thus, but that you may have the data.

With his labors while in the diocese of Boston, you will be more familiar than I can be. I have no particulars in regard to his death, as the letters simply announced the fact of his death.

Very truly yours,
TIMOTHY COHALAN.

ON the 22d of May, the remains of the Very Rev. John Duncan, P. P., V. G., Trim, were laid to rest in a grave in the parochial church of St. Mary's, where, for more than twenty years past, he has spent and ended the most useful years of an honored life. The Most Rev. Dr. Nulty, Lord Bishop of Meath, presided at the Office and High Mass, assisted by a very large number of the clergy of the diocese, as also some from the adjoining diocese of Kilmore. Numerous people visited the church while the remains were on view, to take a last look at the venerable face of the good old "soggarth aroon," whose love for Ireland and her people was proverbial.

WHILE the Rev. JOSHUA P. BODFISH was in Rome, he had a special audience with the Holy Father, and obtained his blessing for the congregation of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston. Father Bodfish was present at the magnificent celebration of the Pope's Jubilee at St. Peter's, at the beatification of John Baptist de Salle, founder of the Brothers of the Christian schools, and at the Jubilee reception of the St. Vincent de Paul Conference. Father Bodfish also visited the Holy Land, and stood upon the ground (Mount Calvary) where our Saviour was crucified. A lecture, the coming season, would be extremely interesting, and we hope some of our societies will invite him to deliver a lecture giving an account of his travels.

IT is estimated that among the population of the city of London, there are 2,428 wives who have left their husbands; 2,371 husbands who have left their wives; 4,750 divorced persons; 191,023 couples that live together in a state of incessant hostilities; 510,512 couples that are absolutely indifferent to one another; 1,050 couples that are apparently happy; 1,102 couples that are happy to a certain extent; and of couples that are really happy, 6.

THE well-known jeweller, Mr. WILLIAM B. PARAZINA, 32 Hanover Street, announces extensive additions to his stock, which, always complete, will henceforth be unsurpassed by any in the city. We would especially invite the attention of our city and suburban readers to his admirable assortment of wedding rings. Mr. Parazina, moreover, has a full line of watches and mantel clocks. As hitherto, he proposes to sustain his widespread reputation for standard jewelry and sterling bargains. We know not of any dealer in the business whom we could more confidently recommend.

RUBIFOAM, for the teeth, is a delightfully fragrant and healthful liquid substitute for tooth-powder. Try it. Large bottles, 25 cents. All druggists.

THE Pope condemns the "Plan of Campaign," not because it hurts England, but because it hurts the Irish people. The "Plan of Campaign" is not the only effective weapon in the armory of Ireland. Fenianism was wrong, but Gladstone admits it did much good. Dynamite was wrong, but it accomplished some good. The "Plan of Campaign," is wrong, but it has worked a world of good. Ireland is every day improving her weapons. She has achieved such wonderful victories over the landlords in the last few years, that, if forced to cast away her weapons entirely, she could smoke them out.

JAMES WASHINGTON, brother of General Washington's great-grandfather, John, went to Holland in 1650, and settled in Rotterdam. John came to America. The descendants of James in Holland are Catholics.— *Mag. American History*, 1879.

From the Boston Herald, Evening Edition, June 1, '88.

Donahoe's Monthly.

THE article, called "An Irish Commonwealth," with which this number opens, is one of much significance. It refers to Connecticut, and is intended to show that this State is rapidly passing into the control of the Celtic race. There was always an Irish element there; but it has been vastly increased within the last forty or fifty years, and it is the character of this increase that is notable. The aim of the writer, Mr. T. H. Murray, is to show that the leading blood in Connecticut has been Irish from the beginning of the settlement, and that it is likely in the future to control the State. Among the original articles is the sixth of Mr. W. F. Donovan's account of what a Bostonian saw in New York. These have been contributed by one of the young men who has grown up from the post of odd jobs in the Herald office to a higher position, until, by close application, he has not only acquired a good style and a pleasant way of putting things, but has so far developed his journalistic gifts that he is able to make interesting to the general reader a phase of life in that city which has been generally overlooked, and has shown in these contributions that he has genuine capacity to put together a good story by the right use of his wits. In a small way these letters have attracted a good deal of attention, and they have deserved it. The contents of this magazine are always instructive and helpful, and its appearance in an Irish home will be the beginning of better things.

REV. C. W. MORRILL, formerly Rector of St. James' Episcopal Church, Woonsocket, R. I., was ordained to the priesthood, in the Grand Seminary of Montreal, on May 26th, by Archbishop Fabre. Father Morrill has been teaching rhetoric at St. Mary's College for the past two years. He has been appointed assistant at St. Anthony's Church, Montreal. He celebrated his first Mass on Trinity Sunday at the Collegiate College of the Jesuit Fathers.

LEADING Nationalists are enthusiastic over the proposed change, and claim that the Papal rescript will turn out to be decidedly disadvantageous to the Tory party. Both Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell insist that Irishmen shall have equal rights and liberties with Englishmen.

IN accordance with the ruling at the recent Catholic conference in Baltimore, it has been decided to have a superintendent of Catholic schools in the various dioceses, and Archbishop Corrigan has appointed Rev. W. E. Degnan, D. D., assistant rector of St. Mary's, Grand Street, to superintend the Catholic schools in New York. The purpose is to introduce greater system.

THE ITINERARY of the first pilgrimage of Catholic Americans to the Holy Land, under the guidance of Very Rev. Charles A. Vissani, O. S. F., has been made out and printed. The pilgrims will sail from New York on February 22, 1889. After visiting the principal shrines in Palestine, they will be divided into three groups, to allow those who desire to prolong their tour to do so, while the others can then return. The trip will take eighty-four, ninety-eight, or one hundred and twelve days, and will cost from four hundred and twenty-five dollars to six hundred and fifty dollars.

An Irish Representative at Rome.

THE New York Freeman's Journal says: If Ireland is not better represented at Rome it is her own fault. England has four or five representatives there who are *au fait* of all occurrences. But Ireland trusts to anybody who may happen to be in Rome. Archbishop Walsh is authority for the assertion that a series of efforts have been made to bring the Irish cause under the unfavorable judgment of the Holy See. This being so, it becomes the duty of Catholics in Ireland to see that they are properly and continually represented at Rome.

BOSTON DAILY GLOBE: It is said that the Rand Avery Company has lost $200,000 by dishonest clerks and middlemen. Such employes should be "expurgated" *a la* Dr. Fulton's book.

DONAHOE'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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"THE future of the Irish race in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics.—RIGHT REV. DR. IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

How Does Old Ireland Stand?

No nation, perhaps, in the world can more justly feel proud of the genuine, tried, and undying patriotism of her children than Ireland. To the cause of Faith alone have Irishmen in all ages given precedence to that of Fatherland. But it is not unfair to give the palm for tender and genuine love for the old land to one class of Irishmen in particular,—those who have been Irish emigrants. We believe this statement has been satisfactorily proved by experience. We know how eagerly the Irishman outside of Ireland seeks information from the late arrival from the old land, as to "how is ould Ireland, and how does she stand," and that even oftener than "when his memory is wandering back to long-departed years," a time when the heart even of the dullest and most plodding is affected by tender emotions.

Now, there are many loving children of the old land under foreign skies who have not yet found their way to fulfil the promises they made, when saying adieu to the friends at home,—to come back to grasp their hands again, when the first struggle for success would be fought and won. And, during all this time, letters from unforgetting friends at home have kept them well informed of local home events; they may be able almost to give a paraphrase of many pages of the big book kept by the neighboring Registrar of births, marriages, and deaths; they have conned over countless columns of political information in their diligent study of the veering fortunes of the people of Ireland; speeches and political articles *galore* may have been devoured by them; and yet there is a sort of information which is but imperfectly, if at all, conveyed through such channels, and that is, on the changes that those years have wrought on the national character and the national opinions,—a not unimportant feature in the history of the time,—a stratum, so to say, accidental in its formation, yet becoming a very essential factor in the lapse of time.

We can imagine many a reader of DONAHOE'S lending an attentive ear to our brief and imperfect remarks on this subject, happily less attentive to the manner of speaking than to the matter to be stated.

Well, dear reader, you say you left Ireland many years ago; you have procrastinated the visit to the old country; you would wish to get an idea of the changes which would most directly strike you during your first month in a hypothetical visit to Ireland.

We may say, then, as the Irish poetess said many years ago: "The *place* is little changed, the day is bright as then." The fields are as green, the valleys as charming, the hills as inviting, the mountains as grandly sombre as ever; the thrush sings as gayly as ever, the shamrock blows as freshly, in "Ireland of the streams." Yet the *day* is hardly as bright. Whether it is the changed influence of the Gulf Stream or not, it cannot be denied that a great change for the worse had been felt in the seasons for ten years preceding the present. Instead of the old cheery, sunny summers and harvests, we had dull, heavy, damp atmospheres, with much rain; and instead of the snows and frosts of winter, continual fogs and rain. Those rainy seasons have had a sinister influence on the health of the people by tending much to the development of pulmonary disease. That they have had an opposite influence in another direction is evident from the fact that the cold, rainy seasons of '77 and '79 were more than an occasion for the establishment of the Land League.

You would soon come to enumerate among the *sad* changes in the old country the evil effects of excessive emigration. 'Tis still the disease of Ireland. Even if one of its results is the greater Ireland beyond the seas, with its great and generous heart beating in unison with that of home, its open purse and fervent prayer for the mother Ireland, you would say it is a result dearly bought. The bone and sinew of Irishmen have been for too long flying from a land where they could only hope against hope. You shall find, on your arrival, but a few of the boys and girls who went with you to games, to school, and to the chapel, — and, "tell it not in Gath," not even those you'd be gladdest to meet, — for the brave, generous, gay young people are, unfortunately, the best emigrants too. The schoolmaster's voice, or the chapel-bell that would collect them, now must be heard over a hemisphere. There are, in fact, too few in Ireland along with those who are younger and those who are elder than their manhood. This truth was forcibly expressed to the writer some time ago by an old man who lamented the exodus of the people. "Why, sir, in the chapel now, on Sunday, you'll see heads only peeping over the seats and old gray heads."

With the absence of the gallant, prosperous peasantry, the old country games have almost decayed. The crowds you saw gathering on Sundays, holidays, and patrons to the hurling-match, the weight throwing, the jump, the foot-ball, and the dance, gather no longer as they did some years ago; their existence in a few districts is kept up merely by the stimulants of organization and association.

We shall not dwell on gloomy pictures, soon to be removed and supplanted by cheery ones, under the fostering influence of national freedom, when we may pass on to those more pleasant. You would soon come face to face with evidence showing how the political events of those ten years have almost completely changed the character of the national mind. And, first, from a political point of view, there is enough, and more

than enough, to make the heart of the patriot glad and proud. The old, old tale of hopeless sorrow, might victorious over right, poverty, vain aspirations, and blighted hopes, that so long marked the history of our country, is changed forever. A new era of success, progress, energy, rights asserted, and aspirations reached, has opened in its stead, and has brought an indelible mark on the character of the people. When you left Ireland, long periods of misfortune, broken only by more distressing periods of baffled hopes and defeated efforts for amelioration, had left a deep impress of despair, apathy, and cynicism on the national mind. You left a people so long inured to misfortune, disappointment, and the canker of slavery, that they might have begun to ask, as Don Juan d'Aquila did centuries before, if Christ had died for them; a people forgetting that any duties remained to them but to cower, and suffer under their cruel governors and more cruel landlords; a people uneducated in their past history and their rights as a nation; disunited and an easy prey to the Panic faith of successive governments; a people whose true and trusted leaders had had a career truly touching; a people whose noble self-sacrifice and generous gratitude had been the tool and sport of demagogue rascality, of a motley gang of the Keogh and Sadlier type, who chose, by trafficking in the fortunes of a nation, to make or mar their own fortunes; a people whose history during the decades meant, first, a period of great energies for redress; then, a nation quivering in every nerve, full of tragic hopefulness; next, the faithlessness or infatuation of the leaders, with a shameful *volte-face* of the minister of government; then, the outbreak of a people's hate and suffering, with its sad sequel of transportation, exile, and despair.

You shall find a people with whom, thank Heaven, all this is changed. Ireland is no longer a land of jubilant, pledge-breaking, political scoundrels, and of persecuted, neglected, broken-hearted patriots. The despairing look and the slavish demeanor of the tenant-at-will is changed for one of manly independence and fearlessness. Irishmen have entered on a great struggle, and though the battle is not yet over, the enemy are flying; the landlord and his supporter, the Dublin Castle official, cannot longer afford to be insolent and tyrannical; the tenant understands that, after all, he must not be persecuted and robbed, that the landlord may be wallowing in extravagance; that he may speak to him with his head covered, and without a crouching demeanor. You will find a people who must have more than flouts and sneers from Parliament; united, so that the blow struck at the lowliest and most distant in the country shall be felt and resented by all; lastly, a people educated, who can resist the law within the law, who shall no longer be dupes of designing rogues crying *Popery, King William, and Communism*, a people who have benefited by the low-priced newspaper and well-developed communication.

And how has this change been effected? Who, at the question, will not turn mentally to the pure, patriotic, single-minded band who have gathered around Davitt and Parnell, with all the pure ardor and determination of the men who ages ago, for a different work, gathered around St. Ignatius of Loyola. It is to them, under Heaven, that our thanks are due. The history of our people shall never again, please God, portray such sad and touching careers as those of Meagher, Smith

O'Brien, Lucas, and Duffy; though these were the perhaps necessary forerunners of Davitt, Parnell, Dillon, and our present O'Brien.

What these leaders have done for the people of Ireland, and how the people hold and revere them, may only be glanced at here. They have had the almost Napoleonic prestige of unbroken victory; their unity and purity of purpose, their ability, their early helplessness, and poor resources, considered with their successes, have astonished the world. They taught the people to shake the slavish fears, opinions, and habits from their minds. At the monster meetings the speakers interlarded their addresses with *apropos* lessons in Irish history; they preached the doctrine of self-dependence by press and platform; they gave the example of suffering; the platform, the mountain ride, and the plank bed appeared to be all one to them, provided "on the cause would go." Their unflinching courage, warm ardor, and pure motives enlisted on the side of Fatherland every pure factor in the country in the making of the country's history: and thus have fused together many discordant elements that for the first time have simultaneously striven for the country.

Amid such circumstances the social character of the people has been necessarily elevated. They have begun to see properly and to root out its failings. Even so soon as at present, it is wonderful what an amount of cool judgment, *sang-froid*, and some salutary Saxon cunning has got its influx to the character of the people. Much of the teaching of the national leaders was aimed at this result, to raise the *morale*, and to lop off some of the old too poetical, infatuated, and unstable ways of the people. Their intercourse, too, by temporary emigrations with other peoples has contributed much towards adding ballast, so to say, to their character. Then, faction-fighting, Donnybrookism, *et hoc genus omne*, are as much of the past as last year's snow. At the earlier monster meetings of the land movement, the drunkard or the man who would raise the shibboleth of faction was expelled from the crowd; later on, he ceased to appear, and the people came home discussing the truths of the platform, instead of emptying bottles and breaking *shillelahs*. Thus the days are gone when factionism can retard the progress of the nation. This one fact speaks eloquently; it is a compendium of much that might be more fully expressed.

Is it not comforting, too, to reflect that amid all the turmoil of these later years, the religious feeling of the people never flagged for a moment? In good and evil report the good *soggarth* was hand in hand with the people, their "guide, counsellor, and friend;" and the papal envoy, who has lately visited Ireland, can report to his holy master that nowhere has he more faithful children than in this "grand old Catholic land."

TIERNAN.

SOME say that ever 'gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
A bird of warning singeth all night long;
And then no spirit dares to stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome: then no planets strike.
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time. — *Shakspeare.*

"Creeds, Old and New."

PART II.

THE absenteeism of the Irish landlords, we know to be one of the chief sources of the wretchedness in which the Irish peasantry find themselves. So, also, we have been lately accustomed to hear a good deal of the injury which Protestant churches suffer from absenteeism on the part of worshippers. From every quarter the painful tidings reaches us that the churches are half empty.

Some time ago, by actual calculation, it was discovered that only a quarter of a million in the metropolis of the country attend church on Sundays, and the greater part of that number are Roman-Catholics, leaving half a million of nominal Protestants who never go near a church.

The Philadelphia Times, a few years past, startled its readers by showing from actual count, how twelve Catholic churches had more of an attendance than seventy-six Protestant ones. The figures given for the twelve Catholic, 49,178; for the seventy-six Protestant, 24,007; less than one half! Out West things are still worse. Protestant Christians are warned, if matters go on as they are at present, the costly Protestant churches of Chicago, St. Louis, and other Western cities, will, in a short time, have to be handed over to the Catholics, whose edifices are always crowded, or be abandoned altogether to the owls, the bats, and the bitterns. Why Protestant pews are tenantless is a question very often asked, nowadays. The answer is, that the preacher fails to amuse or interest. He fails to do what caterers to the public amusement contrive to do, to "*draw;*" and then he makes up his mind that the world is going to the devil, because it will not come around to hear the minister get off his oratorical effort on some current topic of the day, with not a word about the Gospel of Christ, except what is to be found in the text, which is always made to suit any possible subject. The people who attend church, I find, are divided into three different classes: First, there are "the fair-weather worshippers." Those who go when the sun shines out brightly, when it is favorable for spring bonnets, and the display of finery of dress. Then there are "the go-as-you-please." We all know who they are. Those who go out for a walk and go in somewhere to see what is going on. Then again, there are what are called the "kickers," who go there to find fault with the sermon, the preacher, somebody, or something.

I have alluded to the kinds of discourses that are generally delivered from Protestant pulpits. Well, I prefer referring the reader to the muddle of nonsense he will find in the Monday morning papers. As a rule, the modern pulpit discourse, when it is not shockingly irreverent, is nothing, if it be not a tastefully prepared essay on the most sensational topic of the hour. The more extravagant the subject, the larger the crowd. The sale of the pews is regulated by the sensationalism of the preacher.

And what funny things will not some of them say? The other day I read an account of a Baptist preacher proving his creed of immersion after this fashion: —

He opened the Bible. The first verse that met his eye happened

to be: "The voice of the turtle shall be heard in the land." "Brethren," said he, "at first sight, one would not think there is much in this text; but on a little consideration you will see there is a great deal in it. Now, you all know what a turtle is. If you have been along by a pond you have seen them sitting on a log sunning themselves. Now, it is said the voice of the turtle shall be heard in the land. But the turtle has not any voice, so it must be the voice he makes in plunging off the log into the water. Hence we must conclude that immersion is meant, and that immersion must become universal."

Another chief cause of the rapid decline of modern creeds is to be found in the fact that a large number of Protestant ministers are avowed sceptics. This is evident from the number of trials which have taken place within the last few years, for heretical opinions taught openly from the pulpit. What is stranger yet, we find churches stand by and applaud preachers who broach the most flat-footed heresy. Such men are applauded for having the courage, as it is called, of their convictions. Preachers who have openly rejected the fundamental doctrines of the Christian religion, the divinity of Christ, the existence of hell, the nature of the atonement, the fall of man, the inspiration of the Bible, are still looked upon as safe religious guides. They receive, instead of letters of dismissal, the warmest approbation of the churches, higher salaries, and more crowded audiences. There is not a city in the Union that will not furnish the most conclusive evidence of this painful fact.

Another feature of our modern church life is, that there is no provision for that class whom the Founder of the Christian religion loved so much. His words, "The poor you shall have always with you," might as well be erased from the Protestant Bible. They have no meaning. A wall of separation is built up between the rich and the poor; an insuperable barrier, which the poorly clad can never hope to cross. The foremost churches of the country have long since been converted into club-houses, where the rich and the fashionable meet, with the high-toned minister as the central figure, to hold a mutual admiration meeting.

A clergyman, a short time ago, after preaching a moving discourse on "the recognition of friends in heaven," was accosted by one of his hearers, who said to him: "I liked that sermon very much; but I now wish you would preach another on the recognition of people in this world. I have been a constant attendant at your church for three years, and not so much as five persons have even bowed to me in all that time."

The next feature in the history of the development of Protestantism, as a creed, which I wish to notice, is its destruction of the Sacrament of Matrimony. This is another of the sad results which has logically followed from the primary principle of the Protestant Creed of Private Judgment. The first divorce case in modern times was that granted by Luther to the landgrave of Hesse; and from that day the number of divorces has gone on increasing in Protestant communities, until, in our day, the evil has assumed such magnitude as to threaten the very existence of society itself. We know the family is the foundation of society and government. Strike at it, and you aim a blow at all

government; destroy it, and we leave society without a foundation to rest on. Few realize the extent to which the divorce business has grown in this country within the last few years. The ratio of divorces to marriages in the New England States, the home of the Puritan Fathers, whose virtues have been so highly extolled, is as follows: —

In the year 1878, and there has been a marked increase since that date, Massachusetts had one divorce to every fifteen marriages; Vermont, one to every thirteen; Rhode Island, one to every nine; Connecticut, one to every eight.

The western reserve counties of Ohio, which are more purely New England in their population than any other section of the country, make even a still worse showing, the ratio being double that of the rest of the State; Lake County, the most Yankee in the State, showing a rate of one divorce to every six marriages (1 to 6).

A short time ago Judge Lord, of Massachusetts, received as many as thirty applications for divorce in two days from couples, none of whom had been married more than three years. With indignation, he at last exclaimed: "I am here to administer the laws; but God help the land giving such appalling evidence of prostitution." This divorce business has been brought to such perfection that a man may retire to rest at night a married man, and awake in the morning to find himself single, his better half having, in the meantime, secured the liberating documents.

I find that a special marriage service has been arranged for the convenience and protection of the preacher who is called upon to preside in the case of divorced persons. This is the rubic:

The persons to be married anew to second partners being present, with suitable witnesses, it is well that the minister should briefly exhort them to the effect that marriage is a serious business, and yet not so very serious after all; he should encourage them to be of good cheer, because mistakes are easily corrected. After which, he may read from Hosea i., 2, "Go, take unto thee a wife," &c., and (idem) iii. 1–3, "Go, yet love a woman beloved of her friend," &c. Then he will do well to omit the customary invitation to any present to show a just cause of impediment, and proceed at once to require of the bridegroom to show good reason why he has a right to be married, notwithstanding he has a wife living. Then let the man answer thus, or to this effect: —

"Here are the papers, all fresh and regular from the Court of —— County, Indiana. Cause: incompatibility of temper, and the assurance of Messrs. Quick, Gammon & Sharp that they have been procured promptly and without publicity."

And the woman shall answer thus, or to a like effect: —

"Oh, I am all right. Divorce from the Superior Court of Connecticut, Chief Justice Easy-Going presiding. Cause: intemperate habits of husband."

Then let the minister demand: —

"Who giveth the indemnity bond to the minister to secure him in case there should be any trouble arising out of this little affair?" And this question having been answered, then and there, by the execution of a good and sufficient bond, let the persons to be married take each

other by the hand, and let the minister say to the bridegroom, calling him by his name: — "You, John Smith, take this woman to be more or less your lawful wife, and you promise to render to her the duties that society expects of you in this relation, until some incompatibility of temper arises, or until the present arrangement is regularly dissolved by the divorce courts. This you promise, though, if you do not choose to keep your word, I do not see what in the world is going to be done about it."

Answer: — "With this understanding, I do."

Then let the minister say to the bride: —

"You, Juliet Jones, take this man to be, in a certain sense of the word, your lawful husband; and you promise, having taken all due and necessary precautions to secure your property in your own right, to show a proper respect to the conventionalities of society, until incompatibility or divorce shall part you. Thus you promise."

Answer: "It strikes me as safe to do so."

Minister: — "I pronounce you, therefore, in the sense in which the word is used in the statute, to be husband and wife. And, since your being joined together is in distinct contravention of the law of God, there seems to be no obvious reason why man should not put you asunder at his own discretion."

Prayer and benediction being manifestly inappropriate on such an occasion, the interesting ceremony may be concluded by the payment of a fee.

Ritualism. This is the latest and most fashionable phase of Protestantism. It is also the most ungrateful and wayward child in the large family of Protestant sects, since it is continually vilifying and abusing its parents. For instance, such choice expressions as the following are frequently in the mouths of Ritualists:

> "The first Reformers were a pack of unredeemed villains,
> Their boasted Reformation was a miserable apostacy."
> (Clerical Friends, Page 12.)

Now what does this Ritualism mean? Well, in truth, it is nothing more or less than a theatrical mockery of all religious belief. It so closely resembles, externally, the Catholic worship, that a distinguished clergyman was asked sometime ago, what precisely was the difference between the two. "Well," he replied, "the only difference I see is this; that one has the *Papacy*, the other the *Apacy*." Ritualism is likely to become all the rage. It is vulgar now to be a Protestant; a Roman Catholic is *nobody;* but the Ritualist, or, as they prefer to call themselves, a *Catholic*, is just the thing. Their ministers call themselves Catholic Priests, — Fathers. They celebrate Mass; they kneel and bow before the altar; why so, nobody knows; they use crosses and the crucifix; they have candles and incense, and a processional cross, and all the other "trumpery," as it used to be called, of the Papacy. They are continually crossing themselves, sometimes it is said with the left hand as well as with the right. Then again, and this may be set down among the list of modern miracles, they have, strange to say, introduced the confessional. What a phenomenon! Confession practised by Protestants to-day, after three hundred years of the most shameless and blasphemous abuse of that divine institution! Now, at length, the light

has come in upon them that this powerful engine of priest-craft is, after all, from God. However, the business is not very brisk with those Ritualist Confessors. As yet, they do not get many penitents.

Father Damen, the distinguished missionary, relates how a Protestant lady came to him while giving a mission lately, in one of our churches, and said "she wanted to go to confession." "Are you a Catholic, madam?" the priest asked. "No, sir, I am an Episcopalian."—"Well, then," said he, "why not go to confession to your own minister?"—"Oh," said the lady, "he is a married man."

Again, I ask, what is the natural result of this fierce conflict and wide divergence of religious views, to which the Protestant creed has given rise? I answer that it is a standing argument in favor of infidelity. The reply of the heathen to the Protestant missionary fully illustrates the force of the argument: "Agree," said the Pagan, "among yourselves first as to the truth, and then come and teach it to us." Most people feel a good deal like the man who had lost his way on the trackless prairie, and after wandering about in hardship and misery for many days, came at last to a place where there had been set up twelve sign-boards, each bearing the legend: "This is the way home;" and the man looked from one to the other, until he began to doubt whether he really had *any home at all*, or if there was any way of getting there, until hope was almost eaten out of his heart. So has the existence of the thousand sects of Protestantism, with their thousand varying creeds, eaten away the very principles of religious life out of the American heart. Never, perhaps, since the rise of Christianity, has the spirit of indifferentism and infidelity been so prevalent as now. Twenty-five years ago unbelief used to hide in corners; now it stalks abroad with majestic mien and fearless tread; now it organizes and proclaims itself; it forms societies; it publishes newspapers; it erects chapels; it scatters tracts; it has its paid lecturers. All classes, especially among our young people, who account themselves intelligent, have fallen an easy prey to its teaching. Clerks, school-teachers, ex-preachers, attorneys, physicians, clubmen, brokers, bankers, mechanics, are numbered among the disciples of Ingersollism.

And in the secular press, which is the echo rather than the guide of public opinion, the advocates of agnosticism, or infidelity, have found, in these latter days, a powerful and well-equipped ally. As a rule, these leaders of modern thought, who preach a daily gospel to the world, through the columns of the morning and evening journals, follow the growing fashion of the day, and are indifferentists in religion:—

"For these are the new Dark Ages, you see, of the infidel press,
When the bat comes out of his cave and the owls are whooping at noon,
And doubt is the lord of this dunghill and crows to the sun and the moon."
(Tennyson's poem—Despair.)

Those who have observed closely the tendencies of our modern social life have become alarmed at the revelations which every day brings forth. The drift seems to be downward to a lower and more sensual life, rather than upward to a higher and purer one. Incidents are constantly transpiring which strike a Christian soul with horror and shame.

"Religion blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And, unawares, morality expires,

Nor public flame, nor private dares to shine,
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine."

And here, I must stop to draw my conclusion, viz: that that great moral upheaval of the sixteenth century, which at one time threatened to engulf, if it were possible, the Church of God, has spent its force. Its influence as a religious factor in society is gone: its flattering creed, the fruitful parent of one thousand others, has almost totally disappeared; all that was false and fanatical in that so-called Reformation is passing away. To be sure it has opened wide the gateways of irreligion, and revived scores of exploded heresies to run anew their mischievous careers; it has attacked the very foundations of faith and morals, and has substituted to a most injurious extent the fantastic notions of man for the wisdom of God, as declared through His appointed oracles. However, because of the abiding promises of the Saviour of the human race, the vital doctrines of Christianity have not suffered, as no truth can permanently suffer from being submitted to the crucial inquest of doubt. The cross has vindicated its dignity as the noblest of spiritual symbols; and its increasing ascendency over the minds of men, as witnessed in the thousands who, to-day, all over the world, are returning to the church of their fathers, is a grand historical illustration of the survival of the fittest. And, now, as the smoke and dust of that long conflict of three hundred years are clearing away, earnest souls lift up their eyes and see once more the fair form of Catholicism.

"I have seen" (writes the English poet, Tennyson,)
"A pine in Italy that cast its shadow
Athwart a cataract; firm stood the *pine*,
The cataract shook the *shadow*. To my mind
The cataract typed the headlong plunge and fall
Of heresy to the pit; *the pine was Rome*."

Yes, the old Creed and the old Church alone survive the storm to join issue with error in new forms. Protestantism is no longer the foe she has to meet; she has to encounter a bolder and more daring antagonist, — the false science of the present day, which is the revolt of man's intellect and will against God.

She alone is ready for the conflict. Already she is assured of victory; she has the abiding promise of her divine Founder that she cannot suffer defeat. She carries about her the impress of her divinity, in that singular history and world-wide unity, for which the Son of God prayed.

See, to-day, when all outside is anarchy and confusion, what singular order and harmony are conspicuous in the grand old Catholic Church! Behold, how from every clime, from East and West, from North to South, from many a distant land, from far-off islands of the sea, from every nook and corner of the earth, — what a glorious spectacle to contemplate the countless number of every tongue and tribe of her children, strongly knit together by that triple bond of union, — Faith, Hope, and Love, — all reciting the same simple words of their baptismal creed: "I believe in the one, Holy, Catholic Church," and all sharing with one another and with their illustrious head, Leo XIII., in that victory which overcometh the world, our Faith!

MORGAN M. SHEEDY.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

The Kings of the East.

PART SECOND. The Star.

I.

THUS many to the stellar spaces
Soared up, nor saw the Star arise;
But others filled the vacant places,
Watching, with tireless glance, the skies;
And when their Maker's voice these hearkened,
And vanished from this earthly scene,
In pangs of death no doubt e'er darkened
The vision of their faith serene.

II.

But twelve remain unto them ever,
And patient wait the planet's dawn,
At night their vigils ceasing never,
In day by star-lit dreams smiled on;
Once, as they slept, their garments folded
Around them, in the evening dim,
A gleam unsealed their eyes, — behold it
Quivering on the horizon's rim.

III.

Their hearts throb with a yearning tender,
Their faces glow, as if 'twere morn;
The Orient portals flame with splendor,
The stars wax pallid and forlorn;
It comes, it flashes o'er the mountains —
A Sun, if we would name it right —
From out the everlasting fountains
Beside God's throne it draws its light.

IV.

Down on that mist-veiled hill it raineth
One long, unbroken stream of rays,
Not as the stars, whose glory waneth
In the noontide's meridian blaze:
It sheds afar o'er earth's dominions,
The light pulsating in its breast,
An eagle like that plumes his pinions
For flight upon some mountain crest.

V.

The twelve, upon that hill-top standing,
Break forth in tones of wonder shrill,
While, with new loveliness expanding,
The Star now in its course stands still;
A moment with the darkness dallies,
A moment sparkles in the dew, —
The sun shone out o'er all the valleys,
And yet the Star no paler grew.

VI.

In ecstasy of joy and terror
They gaze upon the wondrous scene,
As if reflected from a mirror
The sun its counterpart had seen;
It seemed to their enraptured feeling
As if the rival spheres did sing,—
As if a thousand tongues were pealing,—
"Go forth to meet the New-born King!"

REV. JOHN COSTELLO.

Irish Journalism One Hundred Years Ago.

THE Strabane Journal, or General Advertiser, Tuesday, April 11, 1786.

Such is the title of an old Irish newspaper now in the writer's hands, and a very interesting paper it is. Its typographical and literary "make-up" can compare favorably with many four-page papers published in the United States to-day. The heading is in beautiful German text, and between the words, "Strabane" and "Journal," appears the figure of an Irish harp, surmounted by a crown. It contains sixteen columns of reading matter, including advertisements, is twenty-two by twenty folio, and printed in bourgeois type. It was printed by J. Alexander, Strabane, but no name of editor or proprietor appears in its pages. There are no editorial articles or comments on any subjects, the news being given as received, and the editorial "we" is not once mentioned.

The town of Strabane, in which this paper was published, lies midway between the city of Derry and Omagh, and is the property of the Duke of Abercorn, who defeated the Parnellites during the last election. It was the birthplace of James Mee, the purser of Paul Jones' ship, the *Bonne Homme Richard*, who did good service by manning the guns, when the American gunners were shot down in the famous sea-fight off Whitehaven, England. Sir Guy Carleton, who defeated Montgomery at Quebec, was also a native of Strabane.

The Strabane Journal was first started by John Dunlap, a native of the town, who rose to the rank of colonel in the Continental Army, under Washington, and whose name is still a household word in Philadelphia. He it was who started the first daily paper in Pennsylvania. Mr. Alexander was his successor, and published the paper for many years after the American Revolution.

The columns of this old paper are very interesting. They contain the proceedings of the Irish House of Parliament, in College Green, for the month of March, 1786, and speeches from Grattan, Sir Boyl Roache, and other famous Irishmen are given. There is also a speech against the clergy of the Church of England, delivered by Mr. Montgomery (brother of Gen. Montgomery, who fell at Quebec), in which he declares that their tyranny has driven a hundred thousand Irishmen

to America. This probably accounts for the large number of Irish soldiers in the Revolutionary Army. In 1786 a bill was before the Irish House of Commons for the formation of a police force in Ireland, independent of the military establishment, and this bill was strenuously opposed by the patriotic members, who afterwards voted against the Union, and as strongly supported by the noble lords and their mercenary colleagues, who, in after years, sold themselves to Castlereagh. The debates are fully given, and form an interesting and instructive study for those who are taken up with the subject of Irish politics. By reading this bill, we are led to believe that Sir Robert Peel got his first idea of an Irish constabulary.

There were "Moonlighters" in the county Kerry a century ago, as national, aggressive, and rebellious against their petty tyrants as they are against the Landsdownes of to-day. The Journal says: "A letter from Moyvane, county Kerry, dated March 18, 1786, says, 'We are so pestered with Whiteboys in this county that we can attend to nothing else; not a night passes without a meeting of several hundreds. The Duagh boys, though the last to take up arms, have this week made a formidable appearance, under the command of Capt. Smart, Capt. Speedwell of Listowel, Fearnaught of Lifetin, Washington of this place, Steel and Slasher of Tarbert, and the entire subordinate to Gen. Critchall of Ballylongford, who make, I assure you, our gentlemen of fortune very serious. Be assured they have reason, for all law ceases but what the Whiteboys like; not a process to be served; not a cow drove; not a man to be removed (evicted) from his farm this season, on pain of hanging; a gallows is erected in the square at Listowel, another at Ballylongford, and one on the river at Moyvane.'"

Here is a cry against the union with England, which comes in a letter from Dublin. Its description of Ireland is as appropriate to-day as it was then: "When we consider seriously the progress of corruption in Ireland for two years past, — when we see all ranks, conditions, and orders of men bribed, placed or pensioned with the public money; when we behold places created without use, and Commissioners of the Revenues puzzled to find out names for them; when we see artists and manufacturers banished, and those that remain hemmed in and environed with barracks and mercenary soldiers; when we see the civil power and charters of our cities buried in one grave, and an armed police erected by Government — rising like a Colossus on the tomb of departed Liberty — do we not perceive the monster Union approaching with rapid strides to devour us, and spread devastation over the land? Be warned; be armed, and be united, O my countrymen, and you will not only baffle, but destroy, any power on earth that dares to enslave you."

The following are two English items: — "Lord Cornwallis will embark on an East India packet, for the Asiatic Continent, in ten days. Colonel Tarleton, we are assured, does not accompany Lord Cornwallis to India, as was asserted in publick prints." This was the Cornwallis who surrendered at Yorktown, and who afterwards participated in the suppression of the Irish rebellion of 1798. Tarleton was a cavalry leader in the English service during our Revolution, and was opposed

to Greene and Morgan in the South. The latter defeated him at the Cowpens, and elsewhere.

There are several paragraphs concerning America, which are given as the "latest news from that distant country." "General Washington has retired to his country-seat in Virginia, and disengaged himself from all publick concerns, and is now busy in making a communication between the two great rivers Potowmack and Ohio. Several of the Duke of Bridgewater's people have actually arrived there from England, who are carrying his plan into execution, under his own inspection."

The following blood-curdling news comes from the land of Penn:— "We hear from Philadelphia, that there never were known so many different Indian Nations to be confederated, as have now entered into an union against the United States of America; deputies from all the tribes inhabiting the lands of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, the Creech, Mosghes, and other nations inhabiting the back of Georgia and Florida, have lately assembled a Grand Council Fire, and there is every reason to suppose they will commence the bloodiest hostilities in the spring. Joseph, the Mohawk King, is the daring leader of the confederacy."

That our fathers were not very friendly to the British after the Revolution may be inferred from the following letter dated January, 1886: "A letter from a gentleman in Virginia to his friend in Glasgow, Scotland, says, 'I have now to acquaint you, that our assembly broke up last night, without passing any law respecting the payments of British debts. The gentleman who introduced and supported the bill, seeing that no efficient act would pass, and that it gave rise to much heat and animosity, gave it up, and it consequently lay unnoticed the remainder of the session. The only act which has passed, in the event of which British subjects are interested, is that for laying additional duty of 3*s*. 9*d*. per ton on all foreign vessels, those belonging to the States having a commercial treaty with America excepted."

The news from Constantinople is of an exciting character, and describes the rise and progress of an adventurer named the "victorious Shepherd," who claims to have had a personal interview with Mahomet, and to have received a command from him to put to death all who refuse to embrace the doctrines of the Koran. The "victorious Shepherd" is at the head of forty thousand Arabians. From London we learn that "a report is in circulation that the Prince of Wales, (George IV.) has been married to Mrs. Fitzherbert, and that a great cock fight recently occurred under the patronage of the Right Hon. the Lord of Mexborough."

The Journal had no funny column, but anecdotes are to be met with here and there, wedged in between "Parliamentary News" and "Letters from the Hague," etc. The following we find between the "Letter from a gentleman in Virginia," which we have quoted, and "A Letter from Gronningen," — "It is very common for people, in speaking of anything valuable, to say, 'tis worth a Jew's eye; a saying which few can define the origin or meaning of. The intrinsic of an Israelite's eye seems to have been settled a few days ago, by a bench of Justices in London, when a complaint was lodged by a Moses Isaac,

against an Irish chairman, for knocking out one of his (the complainant's) eyes. It appeared that honest Mr. Moses (to use a swindling phrase) had taken in the poor Irishman by *obliging* him *with a very good vatch* . . . a little more than the value. This roused the indignation of the poor Teague (when told of the imposition) insomuch that he swore 'by his showl, when he met with the pretty bristle faced jointleman agen but he'd give him a pop of his peeper.' A day or two after, cunning little Isaac was unfortunate enough to accost his friend with 'vill you by a nishe sheal for your vatch?' — 'Yes, my honey,' says Teague, 'but I'll pay you for the watch first,' and, without further ceremony, beat out one of his eyes. . . . The justices being informed of the particulars, fined the Irishman five shillings, and dismissed the case. — The Hibernian, on paying the fine told the bench, he thought Moses's eye so cheap, that he would give five shillings more to knock out the other."

Accompanying this number of the Journal is a Supplement filled in the same manner with news, anecdotes, and advertisements. The following is one of the comic paragraphs: — "*Poetic Robbery:* —Some time since a robbery of twenty-one geese was committed in the farm-yard of Mr. White. There was a gander attached to the flock, which was left behind, with a bag tied around his neck, containing 21 pence, and the following poetic excuse written on a slip of paper: —

"Dear Mister White,
We wish you good-night,
We are sorry we cannot stay longer.
We have taken twenty-one geese,
At a penny a piece,
And left the amount with the gander."

There are many unique advertisements in this old paper, and in the supplement attached. The greater part are regarding the sailing of packets to America and cock-fighting. The latter was then one of the national sports of England, and was common in Ireland, as we learn from the Journal.

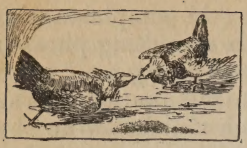
COCK FIGHTING
IN BALLYBOFEY.
To continue for five Years.

The second year's main, between the Counties of Donegal and Tyrone, will begin on Monday, the 24th April next, and continue for the week, for five guineas a battle, and 100 guineas the Main, or odd battle.
Dated the 20th March, 1786.

As seen by the "ads," a regular line of packet ships sailed weekly from Londonderry for Newcastle and Philadelphia, but none are advertised for New York. Philadelphia was the favorite landing-place for Irish immigrants previous to the Revolution, and continued to be long after independence was secured.

Here is a Journal advertisement whose typographical "make-up" will be a curiosity to the modern compositor.

A well Toned
SPINNET.
To be SOLD.
Enquire at the Printer hereof.



COCK FIGHTING
IN LOWTHERSTOWN.

Between the Gentlemen of the Barony of Lurrog and Lowtherstown. To begin on Monday, the 15th day of May, for forty guineas the Main or odd battle, and to continue the whole week. An Assembly on Wednesday, at the house of Lieutenant Trotter.
March 24th, 1786.

The old paper is faded by age, but is still in a good state of preservation. It is coarse in texture; but the print is as legible as when it came from the press one hundred and one years ago. On the whole, it is a remarkably intelligent sheet for the time. And when we consider the limited resources of a newspaper a century ago, it is astonishing to find any of them so bright and newsy.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

Ulster: Creed and Politics.

"If the question were to be left to Ulster, it would decide for Home Rule to-morrow." — *Lecture in Michigan University, by* JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M. P.

IT has always been the policy of anti-Irish writers to cast aspersions on our national character, to discredit our claims to past civilization, and to sneer at our just demands for independence; to misrepresent everything that redounds to the honor of our country, and to bring prominently forward every tittle of evidence that could be construed to her shame. From Giraldus Cambrensis, who, first of his class, prostituted his pen to falsehood at the instigation of Henry II., there has continued, age after age, an unbroken series of literary vilifiers; and, to-day, in the unblushing calumnies of the Times, the Standard, and the Mail, we hear the chorus again taken up, and see the pack still in full cry. Nothing is too sacred for their attacks; nothing too mean for their notice; no fact so evident that *they* cannot deny it; none so well known as not to leave room for *their* misrepresentations.

Thanks to such heralds as these, there is a feeling abroad which our enemies take pains to propagate, and to which the lie cannot be given too often, that Ulster is almost entirely Protestant; and that Protestantism and Anti-Nationalism are convertible terms.

Co-extensive with this, and in a manner as its compliment, is another impression equally false, and still more detrimental to political education, which induces the belief that the Catholics of this province are filled with a vindictive bigotry, and that the main-spring of their exertions for Home Rule is the hope they entertain of being able to vent their spleen upon, and domineer over, their Protestant fellows.

To those who make such statements it might well be replied, that "the wish is father to the thought," and, carried back in fancy, we recognize in the accents of that tongue which, in our own enlightened age, does not hesitate to utter the falsehood, the dying echoes of the cry, "to Hell or Connaught," that shocked the ears of civilization at a less happy, and not very distant, period.

But we have arguments other than retort; arguments cogent enough to extort assent even from our calumniators, and which, unlike

theirs, are not gratuitous statements, but are based on incontrovertible facts.

First, then, as the census reports clearly show, not only is Ulster not altogether Protestant, but the Catholics have actually the majority. If you do not credit the figures of the census returns, travel for yourself from Down to Donegal, from Derry to Cavan; note the Catholic places of worship as you pass, and you will find them at least equal, if not superior, in both number and beauty, to those of all other denominations. Count the schools, orphanages, and convents on your route; here again the largest proportion is Catholic. And lastly, if you would "make assurance doubly sure," go to the Alma Mater of the Irish priesthood, go to Maynooth College, — within whose walls the faith of the Irish people is focussed, — and you will there find in the number of students from Ulster, the exponent of the faith of their province, an argument which defies the power of fallacy to overthrow, to which scepticism itself cannot refuse assent.

Truly, Ulster furnishes a wonderful example of the fidelity of the Irish race to the faith of St. Patrick; it tells of a night of persecution, as dark as the darkest hour of the early ages of the Christian Church; and to-day, in its morning of resurrection, it bears on the bright shield of its faith, no breath to tarnish its primitive lustre.

In the second place, the idea of the Protestant opposition to Home Rule is equally false and misleading as that regarding their numerical superiority. In all ages of our history, since the foot of the Saxon first sullied the sacred soil of Ireland, Protestants have been active agents in the struggle for national independence; and it is very questionable, whether, at any period, that activity has been more fully developed than at present. Who were the leaders in all our revolutionary attempts? Principally Protestants. Silken Thomas, who, in 1532, made the Lords Justices tremble, as he flung down his sword before them, and declared himself a rebel; Lord Edward, another shoot from the same Geraldine stock; the martyred soul of '98, Robert Emmet, over whose, hitherto, nameless grave the Spirit of Freedom has ever wept. Wolfe Tone, O'Connor, Smith O'Brien, — all these were Protestants.

In bringing about our great successes, too, they played a very considerable part. The Volunteers, who won independence in 1782; Grattan, whose name is a watchword for all time, of all that is "noblest, bravest, and best" in patriotism; O'Connell's "head pacificator," "honest Tom Steele;" Swift, Molyneux, and Lucas, — these were Protestants.

And coming to more recent times, the names of Isaac Butt, John Mitchell, and John Martin, — the guiding lights of their co-religionists in Ulster, — are inscribed on the heart of their country in characters of love that shall never be effaced while the soul of Freedom lives in Ireland.

Approaching, now, to the real question at issue, let us see if the Ulster Protestants of our days have lost the prestige so nobly won in former times by their co-religionists all over Ireland. Reader, to reply to this question impartially, come with me, and we shall take a look behind the political curtain.

Here we find two parties actively engaged in opposite directions,

which, for the present, we shall call the party of Progress, and that of Opposition.

The former is divided into two bodies, quite distinct, yet bound together in unity of purpose, viz., the great Catholic body of Ulster, and the Protestant Home Rule Association. The party of Opposition, or, better still, the party of Self-Interest, is also divided into two classes, — the Orangemen, and the Landlord Party, among whom I also reckon those recreants whom his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin has named "the Orange-Catholics."

In addition to these two parties, and entirely separated from either, is a third body, whose number and influence can be estimated only during a general election, which, while holding the key of the situation, seems as yet to have taken up no decided position in present politics; and which, undoubtedly, is yet destined to work for good or for evil a great and lasting change in Ulster.

A word of explanation is necessary regarding each of these parties.

Of the great Catholic body I shall only say, that, animated with the spirit of their forefathers, they are acting up to their traditions as well; and that, emancipated from religious persecution, they seek, and are determined to win, civil emancipation also.

The Protestant Home Rule Association requires a little more attention. Few political bodies have been more bitterly sneered at, and few have produced, in so short a time, such important and praiseworthy results. "Curses, not loud, but deep," are showered upon it by the Orange and Landlord party, who, looking at it through their own distorted medium, see in it a dragon, to which they have no St. George to oppose. They therefore fly to falsehood for protection, and try to give it a secret stab by affirming that it has a mere nominal existence. But the events of the past few months confound them. Every division of Ulster in which there is anything like a large number of Protestants, boasts its branch of the Association. Every town in Ulster has incorporated in its branch of the National League many respectable and influential Protestants; and every district in Ulster can point out, as a result of the Protestant Association, gradual signs of conversion to the National cause. The process of political assimilation is taking place with a wonderful rapidity. Scarcely a week passes that we do not hear and read of meetings of the branches of this Association; now in Belfast, now in Derry; to-day in South Tyrone, to-morrow in East Antrim; at this time among the "guid people" of Ballycastle, at that among the men of Anaghlone; and all to join hands in friendship with their Catholic fellows, and to give a pledge of their assistance in winning back our native Parliament.

They are at last beginning to appreciate the worth of the doctrine which Grattan so earnestly preached, that since we cannot have a common faith, we can, at least, have a common interest. The spirit of the poet is enthusiastically caught up, and many a heart has throbbed responsive to the words,—

"What matter that at different shrines
We kneel unto one God?
What matter that at different times
Our fathers won this sod?

In fortune and in name we're bound
By stronger links than steel,
And neither can be safe nor sound
But in the other's weal."

The successful contest in West Belfast, and the large number of votes polled in favor of the National candidates in the other divisions, show what headway this association is making in the capital of Ulster, that centre of Orangeism; and the large majorities in the successful provincial divisions, and the close contests in the others, show that the credit of victory, and the burthen of defeat, does not all rest with the Catholics. Derry, the rampart of the "Prentice Boys," the "city of no surrender," is in the hands of a Catholic Nationalist, and bids well for his triumphant return next time; and our enemies themselves do not conceal their dread that South Tyrone and South Derry will fall in again at the first opportunity under the banner of Parnell.

Thus much has the Protestant Home Rule Association done already; what it will yet accomplish time and trial will show.

Let us now turn our attention to the other side of the picture, — to the party of Opposition.

This party has been well described by a writer to the Dublin Review — (Mr. George Whitley Abraham). Among other things he states that its principal feature is "a more than Corsican vitality of hatred" for the Irish people and their religion; that it is ready to inflict injury at every opportunity; to insult always; that it cares nothing for the blessings of peace, prosperity, education, unity; that it is a swine on the highway of progress.

Now, this party is, at present, represented by the Orangemen. Just a word about the origin of this society: In 1784 there was formed, in Armagh, an association known as the "Peep o' Day Boys." Its character may be given in the words of even the bigoted Sir R. Musgrave. In his History of the Rebellion, he states that "they visited the houses of their antagonists" (the Catholics) "at a very early hour in the morning, and, it is most certain, that they often committed the most wanton outrages, insulting their persons, and breaking their furniture." Such was their origin. As time rolled on they acquired more power, disowned their old appellation, assumed the more genteel name of "Orangemen," and, finally, came to be regarded as an "English Party" in Ireland. The supposed necessity for this party gradually disappeared, and the Orangemen were exposed in their true character no longer as holding the country for England, but for their own knavish ends.

In our own time they have again, chameleon-like, changed their color, and glory to-day in the name of "the loyal minority." If the words of Moore be true, if, —

"The tribute most dear to a head that is royal
Is love from a heart that loves liberty too,"

then, we do not think Victoria may prize very highly the loyalty of "the Lodges."

It is wrong to suppose that Orangeism is co-extensive with Protestantism. In fact, it is not identified with any religion at all. It worships

at the altar of Self-Interest; and lives in an atmosphere of powder, whiskey, and bravado. Its only talisman is "Papist blood;" its only watchword, "No Pope."

The cauldron, in which the "hell-broth" of this rabid bigotry is fermented, is continually replenished by such firebrands as the Revs. Kane and Hanna, who continually —

"Spout, and spout, and spout away,
In one weak, washy, everlasting flood."

They oppose Home Rule precisely because the Catholics are for it. The principal, and, in fact, the essential, characteristic of the Orange Society is bigotry, and since this is a certain mark of narrow-mindedness, it shows how almost impossible is their political education. With some notable exceptions, they are men, who either *cannot* understand, *will* not understand, won't believe when they've understood, or won't follow when they've believed. The whole blame of this bigotry, perverseness, and ignorance lies at the doors of the Tory and Landlord party. They know that if they did not fan the flame of party prejudice the Orangemen would soon see the blindness of the policy that they are pursuing, and would turn over to the popular side. The landlords know that their death-knell is ringing; that the pleading eloquence of the roofless cabin has, at length, found an echo; that the warning prophecy of Thomas Davis is about to be fulfilled; that their power will be crushed, like the head of the viper. They cling to their last entrenchment with the death-like tenacity of despair; and their greatest enemies do not envy them the sorry figure they cut, leading the forlorn hope of Orange intolerance.

With regard to that party which for so far has taken an independent part in Ulster politics, we have little to say except that the signs of the times seem to point to their gradual conversion to the National cause. They hear, on the one hand, the sneaking insinuations, and daring falsehoods of the Landlord party, the inane cries of the Orangemen and their leaders about "Popish craft," "disloyalty," and such like; on the other, they hear appeals to their reason and patriotism. The Nationalists say to them, as did Hofer to the Tyrolese: "Ye gather three ears of corn, and they take two: are ye contented? are ye happy?" They ask them another question: Do we thrive by the Union? Look around, and you will see nothing but ruined trade, paralyzed industries, and abject poverty: —

"Our glory as a nation gone,
Our substance drained away,
A wretched province trampled on,
Is all we've left to-day."

But, above all, they show them that the National party has truth on its side. "*Magna est veritas et prævalebit.*" Justice and our heaven-born rights, — these are the objects of our ambition, and no upright man can call that ambition dishonest.

From these facts the signs of the times may be seen, and he that runs may read — "Ulster has not forgotten her past glories, and intends to make her future as sacred to the memories of Freedom."

We have now arrived at the last, but by no means least, important part of our subject.

One of the chief agencies in the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill was the bugbear of Catholic tyranny. The piteous wail of the "Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union" filled the House of Commons, and re-echoed, with a thousand variations, through the length and breadth of the Three Kingdoms, and many a vote, aye, many a thousand votes, that would otherwise have been polled for Home Rule at the last election, were either given to the Tories, or left altogether unrecorded.

This cry of Catholic intolerance is by no means a new one. Grattan heard and despised it. O'Connell met with it at every step and flung it back, as he could do, into the teeth of its authors; the Young Irelanders struggled with it, reasoned with it, refuted it; history itself proves it false; and yet, to-day, its voice is still as loud as ever; and it still finds people credulous enough to trust its lying tongue.

But we shall first regard the calumny as if it were a just representation of fact.

Even if the Catholics of Ulster were filled with this vindictive spirit; even if they did not entirely banish the memories of other and darker days; even if they did not rush to overwhelm the "Peep o' Day Boys" with tributes of gratitude, who, I ask, could call them unreasonable, who could say they were acting unnaturally? Would it be very strange if they replied as Shylock did: —

> "Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
> You spurned me such a day; another time
> You call me — dog; and for these courtesies,
> I'll lend you thus much monies?"

Do the deeds of the Orangemen call with greater justice for gratitude than did the "courtesies" of Antonio? Let the student of Irish history reply.

But we absolutely deny that the Catholics entertain this unchristian prejudice. Such statements are the offspring of that unforgiving hatred that "rankles in the breasts of those who have done the wrong," the offspring, too, of fear—cowardly fear — of the consequences of their own and their forefathers' evil deeds. In this matter we may judge of the future by the past. We have the testimony of Protestants proving that the Catholics never abused any power they obtained. Taylor, in his History of the Wars in Ireland, praises the generosity of the Catholics in their successes; Grattan, too, again and again in his speeches vindicates Catholic tolerance and loyalty; and, indeed, so overwhelming is the proof in our favor that Chamberlain himself has declared the charge of Catholic bigotry groundless.

The Catholics have exhibited, since the beginning of the National movement, a spirit of magnanimity that might even put bigotry to the blush; and have held out, again and again, the hand of friendship to their Orange countrymen. Many a time have they braided their green flags with orange colors, and proudly followed this symbolic banner of unity; and many a time have they boasted that, at length, the hope of Davis was about to be realized, and that "Orange and Green would carry the day." But there are none so blind as those that *will* not see, and the Orange leaders are of this class. However, the sunlight of truth cannot long be shut out, and the darkest night has still its morn-

ing. When that hour dawns for the Orangemen of Ulster, they will discover in their Catholic fellows social feelings of trust and friendship, of which they were long kept in ignorance; and it is the wish of every true Irishman that that hour be not long delayed.

One thing, however, is certain: we are winning in Ulster. Catholic constituencies are being represented by Protestants, and Protestant constituencies by Catholics. Derry, which King James besieged in vain, has been carried by Justin McCarthy; Newry, that rejected the advances of Curran, has been won by J. H. McCarthy; and Down, so long regarded as the "own home" of Conservatism, has a Nationalist for its Southern division.

I have seen old men carried in their beds to record their votes for the Nationalist candidate, or, as they said, "for the ould flag." Now, indeed, we might say with truth, —

> "Joy! joy! the day is come at last, the day of hope and pride.
> And see! our crackling bonfires light old Bann's rejoicing tide;
> And gladsome bell and bugle-horn from Newry's captured towers,
> Hark! how they tell the Saxon swine, this land is ours, — IS OURS."

Yes, the day is come at last. The lamp of faith, which for ages flickered low and fitful, is beginning to send forth a brighter flame; the teaching of Grattan and of Davis is prevailing at last; "faction and feud are passing away;" the Spirit of Freedom spreads its wings, as of old, over the land. Ulster, long on her knees through dissension, rises to her feet in unity; the tear is dashed from her eyes, and a smile, as of old, plays around her lips; a halo, like the light of other days, encircles her head; in her right hand she grasps the banner of Liberty; and bowing in her august presence, we say to her with pride, *esto perpetua!*

F. J. O'HARE.

DUBLIN, 1888.

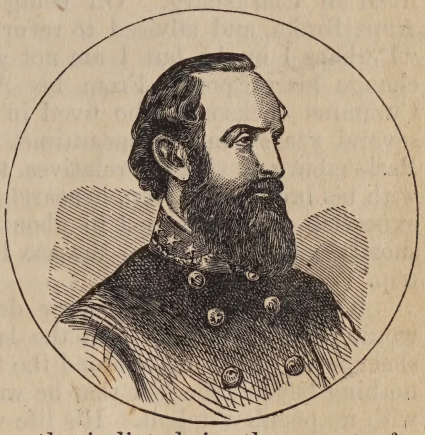
"Stonewall" Jackson.

IRISH ON HIS FATHER'S SIDE — HIS MOTHER A NEAL.

[Not one week before this paper was seen by the writer, he had a talk with Judge Draper Camden, of Clarksburg, W. Va., who now, at eighty years of age, is a hale and vigorous type of the Old Virginia gentleman. The judge is uncle of ex-United States Senator Camden of the same State, and who resides at Parkersburg, where relatives of the same name of Gen. Jackson reside. I have seen some of them, and they are certainly quite fine-appearing people, physically and mentally. While riding with Judge Camden, near Clarksburg, the conversation about the distinguished Confederate hero opened by the former pointing out to me where the Uncle Jackson's mansion stands, and where the orphaned youth lived with him. "All of the Jackson family," said Mr. Camden, "were remarkable in one way or another. Their ancestor was an Irishman, I think it was said from Tyrone, in that country. He married in England, and they shortly afterwards emigrated, and, being persons of some means, settled handsomely in Lewis County, in the old State. I cannot say whether Mrs. Jackson was Irish or English, but she had the intellect of a man. The elder Jackson had the reputation of being a very quiet member of the household; but she was ready at all points, according to the stories told in my youth, to contend for every atom of her real or fancied rights, in court or out of it." The uncle, as described, had all the reckless rollic of an Irish squire of the past century." It is singular how

things happen in this world," mused the judge; "it was by an accident young Jackson got to West Point." At my request he told of it; but, I regret to say, I have forgotten the name of the member of Congress who gave the embryo hero the appointment. "A young fellow, of good family, named Bootcher, went to West Point, and was admitted, after examination, into the ranks of the Plebes. He had forgotten his winter clothes, leaving them at home on his departure for the Hudson. Well, the place being up in the north of the State, a cold spell came on, and young Bootcher took a whim on account of the pinching air," said the judge, laughing, "resigned, and came home. Young Jackson heard of it, and, without any particular political influence to urge him on, he determined to seek the appointment. I was one of those who gave him a letter to be presented at Washington. Armed with some such papers, he went to Washington, although his means were quite scant. His determination secured him the appointment, and he proved a painstaking, but not deemed a brilliant, student." The judge made quaint comments on the turn of luck in life.

It will be seen that the illustrious STONEWALL JACKSON, on his father's ancestral line and his mother's, who were Neals, possibly of the blood of the RED HAND OF ULSTER, came of a race famed for their valor and genius in war. [STUDENT.



THE ancestors of Thomas Jonathan Jackson were of Celtic origin, his great-grandfather, John Jackson, having come to this country in the last century, and settled in Lewis County, Virginia (now West Virginia), near Weston. The Jacksons were a prominent family, being a high-spirited, ambitious race, and taking an active part in social and political affairs. They were also a race of fighters. Some of them enjoyed the reputation of being brave even to rashness, and one of "Stonewall's" uncles, Cummins Jackson, was also notorious for being frequently indicted in the courts for offences which were the outgrowth of his wild and daring spirit. It is related of Cummins that, having been indicted in the Federal Court of Clarksburg for some offence, he was released from custody by giving bail for his appearance at the next term of the court. At the time appointed he appeared, had his appearance noted in the order-book, and his bail bond discharged, thus releasing his bondsmen from liability. He was, therefore, in the custody of the officers of the court. After sitting in the court-room a little while, he deliberately rose, and, before any one divined his intention, walked out of the house; reaching the street, he started to run, and, being fleet of foot, reached his horse before the officers could overtake him, and galloped out of town, bidding "good-day" to court and bailiffs.

Jonathan Jackson, the father of "Stonewall," was a lawyer, and resided in Clarksburg. His wife was a Miss Neal, of Wood County, where her relatives of that name still reside. Thomas Jonathan Jackson was born in Clarksburg, in 1824. Two dates are assigned for his birth, Jan. 21, and Feb. 2. Unfortunately, the register of births of Harrison County does not go back to 1824, and I am unable, from other

sources, to determine the true date. The little brick house in which he was born was long an object of curious interest to visitors after "Stonewall" became famous. It was torn down in 1880, to make room for a handsome stone building.

Jonathan Jackson was a poor man, and, at his death, which occurred when Thomas was about three years old, left his family in straitened circumstances. His widow, a few years afterward, married a Mr. Woodson, and removed to Fayette County, where she died long before the war. There were four children by the first marriage, two boys and two girls. Elizabeth and Warren died in youth, and the other sister, Laura,* married Jonathan Arnold, of Randolph County, and still survives; her husband having died several years ago.

After the second marriage of their mother, Thomas and Warren went to live with an aunt, Mrs. Brake. Thomas not liking it, ran away and came to the house of his aunt, Mrs. Allen, wife of the late Ineze Allen of the Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia, who then lived in Clarksburg. On being remonstrated with for leaving his Aunt Brake, and advised to return, he firmly refused to do so saying, "Perhaps I ought, but I am not going to;" and no persuasion could change his purpose. From his Aunt Allen's, he went to his Uncle Cummins Jackson's, who lived in Lewis County. Here he remained several years; in the meantime, however, making a trip on foot to Parkersburg to visit his relatives, the Neals, and down the Ohio River, with his brother Warren, in search of fortune. Not succeeding as they expected, they returned in about a year. His brother Warren died shortly afterwards from disease brought on by exposure during this trip.

Young Jackson was very delicate and his friends thought he would die in youth. But the lad struggled against disease and by sheer force of will maintained the fight. His youth was remarkable for nothing beyond the fact that he was thought to be a very peculiar boy, with no peculiar talent. His life with his uncle was spent like that of most other boys of that day in similar circumstances. His uncle was a great sportsman, fond of horse-racing, which, in those days, was a very popular pastime. Thomas assisted in the training and care of the horses; but it is said that his uncle could never persuade him to take part in a race. His education was such as could be obtained in the occasional country school of that day, and was quite limited.

* Singular as it may seem, Laura Jackson Arnold was a strong Union woman. She loved her brother, and when she heard he had entered the Confederate service, she wept, because he had done *that*, and for the reason, as she said (I am credibly told), he was so determined in everything he undertook, he would be surely killed. Her husband was a Secessionist, and this, with other mental incompatibilities, made their latter years very unhappy. Only a ruin of their dwelling still stands, years ago the fine mansion being destroyed by fire and never rebuilt. The estate is on the outskirts of the town of Buckhannon, W. Va., and the ruin faces a huge nut-tree, under which Gen. McClellan's headquarters were pitched when he undertook the campaign of Rich Mountain and Cheat Mountain, which destroyed the first army of the Confederacy sent into West Virginia in 1861, its commander, Gen. Garnett, a classmate of McClellan's at West Point, being killed at Carrick's Ford, Cheat River. The above is said to be "LITTLE MAC'S" first encampment in the War of the Union. Mrs. Arnold now lives in Columbus, Ohio. — STUDENT.

In the hope of improving his health, he sought and obtained appointment as a constable, by the county court of Lewis County. Being only sixteen years of age, this appointment was certainly a compliment to his character and capacity. His duties requiring him to ride all over the county, gave him plenty of exercise without being a tax upon his strength. He was ambitious to get on in the world, however, and was on the lookout for something better. Learning that there was a vacancy in the cadet corps at West Point, to be filled by appointment from the Congressional district in which he lived, he sought the place, and, by aid of friends who interested themselves in his behalf, obtained the appointment. He was now about eighteen years of age. He was very deficient in his preparation, and there was great doubt expressed about his ability to maintain himself at the academy. He admitted the difficulty, but thought by hard work he could overcome it. At any rate, he was determined to try, he said, and believed that "one could do almost anything he would make up his mind to do."

To his sister-in-law, Mrs. Preston, he said, in after life, that his chief reason for seeking the appointment was the improvement of his health. He thought the drill and regular exercise would strengthen him, which they did.

An incident of his journey to Washington to receive his appointment, shows the early development of this distinguished trait of his character — his strict regard for truth and the performance of promises. He was to go to Clarksburg to take the stage to Washington, and had borrowed a horse to ride to Clarksburg, with the understanding that "it was to be left at a certain stable in that town." On arriving at Clarksburg he learned that the stage had passed. Being in some doubt what to do, a friend urged him to ride on until he should overtake the stage, and then send the horse back. Jackson cited the arrangement about the horse, and, despite the entreaties of his friends, who told him it could make no difference, and that the horse would be returned to Clarksburg before any one would come for it, left it at the appointed place, and, taking his saddle-bags on his shoulder, started off afoot, through the mud, to overtake the stage, which he did.

His first appearance at West Point is thus described by one of his classmates, Gen. D. H. Maury:

"In June, 1842, A. P. Hill, Geo. E. Pickett, B. D. Fry, and the writer, having passed our first week at the Military Academy, were standing together on the south side of the old South Barracks, at West Point, when a cadet sergeant came by us conducting a newly arrived cadet to his quarters. This new-comer attracted our attention at once. He was apparently about twenty years of age; was well grown; his figure was angular and clumsy; his gait was awkward. He was clad in old-fashioned Virginia homespun woollen cloth; he bore across his shoulder a pair of weather-stained saddle-bags, and his hat was one of those heavy, low-crowned, broad-brimmed, wool hats usually worn in those days by overseers, county constables, wagoners, etc. He tramped along by the side of the sergeant with an air of resolution, and his stolid look added to the inflexible determination of his whole aspect, so that one of us remarked, "that fellow has come here to stay."

His career at West Point was not of special mark, though here, as everywhere, his strong individuality and personal characteristics made him unique in that school of the soldier. He was very deficient in his studies and applied himself closely to "make-up." "All lights were put out at 'taps'; but just before the signal he would pile his grate up with anthracite coal, and lying prone before it on the floor, would work away at his lessons by the glare of the fire, which scorched his very brain, until a late hour of the night." He took a low position in class at the beginning, barely passing his first examination, and at the end of the first year stood No. 51 in his class. He gradually rose, however, and graduated No. 17. It was remarked by some of his classmates that if they should stay one year longer, "Old Jack" would graduate at the head of the class. By hard work and indomitable pluck he made good his assertion, that all a man needs to accomplish a thing, is to make up his mind to do it; and thus he has secured a good record as a student. Among his classmates, who afterwards became distinguished during the Civil War, were McClellan, Couch, Stoneman, Reno, Foster, and Gibbon, of the Federal army, and A. P. Hill, Pickett, Maury, Wilcox, D. R. Jones, and W. D. Smith, of the Confederates.

Jackson was once asked, whether he had ever deliberately infringed any of the rules during his West Point life. "Yes," he said, "I remember one overt act; but it was the only one in which I consciously did what I knew to be wrong: I stepped behind a tree to conceal myself from an officer, because I was beyond bounds without a permit."

Graduating in 1846 he was sent to Mexico as brevet Second Lieutenant of the First Artillery, under Gen. Taylor. He was not actively engaged until the campaign of 1844, when he took part in various battles and won deserved promotion. He was breveted three times; First Lieutenant, "for meritorious conduct," at the siege of Vera Cruz; Captain, "for gallant and meritorious conduct," at Contreras and Cherubusco; and Major, "for gallant and meritorious conduct," at the battle of Chapultepec.

The following incidents of his experience in Mexico illustrate some characteristics of his genius.

"His section had opened fire on the enemy's entrenchments and drawn upon itself a whirlwind of iron which tore man and horse to pieces. Men fell around the guns at every moment, and the fire of the enemy at last became so terrible that the bravest of the cannoneers fled from the pieces. Only Jackson and a sergeant were left, and dismounting, the youthful lieutenant took the sponge staff, and with the assistance of his sergeant, began to load and fire with immovable phlegm and coolness. He was thus engaged when Magruder rode up and ordered him to withdraw his guns; but against this Jackson strongly remonstrated. He could hold his ground, he declared, and if Gen. Worth would only send him fifty regulars, he would silence the enemy's batteries and render their capture easy. Magruder acquiesced, the men were sent, and Jackson immediately advanced his section, opening with a more rapid and destructive fire than before. The opposing batteries were silenced, the works were charged, and the American troops were soon occupying them.

"On another occasion, when his men ran from the pieces and

crouched behind a bank for shelter from a heavy fire of artillery, Jackson is said to have advanced into the open space, which was every moment being ploughed up with shot and shells, calling out with great coolness, 'Come on! This is nothing. You see they can't hurt me.'"

It was this incident, probably, which Jackson referred to long afterwards, in answer to the question, "Did you ever tell a lie?" He replied, "Yes; but only once, so far as I can remember. I was leading my men through a rank chapparal, infested by Mexican guerillas. The balls were flying incessantly, and the broad leaves of the tropical plants were being riddled through and through. The men became panic-stricken, and notwithstanding my repeated order for advance, hung back. Stepping some distance in front of them, into a narrow pass, where the bullets were whizzing around my head, and the foliage was being cut to ribbons, I called out: "Follow me, men! Don't you see there is no danger!"

Dedication of a Monument on the Field of Chancellorsville.

FREDERICKSBURG, VA., June 13. — Stonewall Jackson was the ideal soldier of the Southern Confederacy, and his surviving comrades never grow weary paying tribute to his memory. On the 13th of June they assembled on the battlefield near Chancellorsville, and reared a shaft of Virginia granite, appropriately inscribed, to mark the spot where he fell mortally wounded on the evening of May 2, 1863. The ceremonies attending the dedication were impressive, and were witnessed by several thousand people.

A GREAT RAILROAD.

IN his lecture before the Harvard Students, on "Railroad Management," Charles Francis Adams gave the following interesting statistics concerning the Union Pacific Railroad: "To show the magnitude of such a system," the lecturer said that "the Union Pacific, which I represent, runs through six States and four Territories. It covers five thousand miles with its tracks, crossing fertile plains, striking into the steep and rocky mountains, running through narrow defiles twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, then turning to the northward nearly to the limits of Canada, and finally crossing through the regions so well described in Washington Irving's 'Astoria.' Forty years ago the capital of the road was $1,000,000. Now $150,000,000 are represented by the securities of the thirty or forty corporations included in the Union Pacific. Its income is $25,000,000 a year; at times $400,000 a day. It carries 2,500,000 passengers yearly; it has relations with eighty or a hundred corporations; the pay-roll, $200,000 monthly; 555 locomotives and 12,000 cars form part of its rolling-stock; 25,000 tons of steel rails are used yearly merely for the wear and tear. Great as is this corporation, there are four or five greater in this country, notably the Pennsylvania Railroad. If these are the days of small things, if this is the growth of forty years, what will be the growth of sixty or eighty years? And it must be remembered that these combinations of labor and capital have but begun to develop their results."

St. Augustine's Mortuary Chapel: Its Founder.

I HAVE gathered the memoranda used in this sketch from the authors named in the text, and from original documents. The Rt. Rev. James Augustine Healy, Bishop of Portland, Maine, has supplied me with many points regarding the Chapel of St. Augustine, South Boston.

The following scraps of information concerning St. Augustine's mortuary chapel — the second oldest church building in Boston, and its founder — may prove of interest and value to the reader.

At the close of the eighteenth century the Catholics of Boston numbered about one hundred, and they met for divine worship in a small, rented building on School Street, originally occupied by the Huguenots.

In 1803 the first Catholic church was dedicated, on Sept. 29, by the saintly Bishop Carroll, and entitled the "Church of the Holy Cross." It had been projected in 1799, and on April 7th of that year the subscription lists towards building it were opened.

The various sums contributed by the Catholics of Boston and elsewhere, and by Protestants, shortly amounted to $16,153.52. (Fitton, p. 108.)

The church was built by Father Cheverus, afterwards Bishop of Boston, and subsequently Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux in France. It was eighty feet long and sixty feet wide, of the Ionic style of architecture, and fronted on Franklin Square.

Fitton gives a picture of the old church as frontispiece to his History. This was the first Catholic church in Boston.

Fifteen years after, in 1818, was erected the second place for Catholic worship, by Rev. Philip Lariscy, O. S. A., an Augustinian Father. In the History of South Boston, this second church is styled "The Franklin Street Church;" but this title seems to be a misnomer for the Church of the Holy Cross, which was on Franklin Street or Square.

The church, or rather chapel, of 1818, was erected in the middle of a lot of ground on Dorchester Street. Father Lariscy had it dedicated in honor of St. Augustine of Hippo, the illustrious founder of his Order. He first built what is now the rear wing of the present sacred and time-honored structure, and in 1833, after his death, was added the rest of the building, presumably by Rev. Thomas Lynch.

The original Chapel of St. Augustine served for divine worship * for fourteen years, from 1818 to 1833. It was not a parish church, but what is called a chapel of ease. Around it were buried the early Catholics of Boston; the chapel lot, with the lots adjoining, were the first Catholic graveyard, and was styled "St. Augustine's Cemetery."

In the Catholic Herald, a few years ago, appeared a series of sketches of the Catholic churches of Boston, signed by Charles S. O'Neill. In one on the new St. Augustine's Church I found the following data concerning the old chapel. Mr. O'Neill says that the cemetery

* Fitton (p. 133) says, that "the Church of St. Augustine was originally erected for a mortuary chapel, and was used as such at interments, which were made by passing over what is now (1870) called Dover Street Bridge from the city proper to South Boston."

property (St. Augustine's Cemetery) was purchased some years previous (to 1818), and at one time it was designed to locate the Ursuline Convent (afterwards built on Mt. St. Benedict) on it. However, the death of Father John Thayer occurring while he was engaged in collecting the funds for the establishment of the convent, necessitated the delay of the undertaking; and, in the meantime, the need of the Catholics for a suitable place of sepulture led Bishop Cheverus to devote the property to this purpose.

Father Lariscy subsequently built a wall around the cemetery by voluntary and volunteer labor. It seems that the chapel was built by him at his own expense; for, on the front end, or wall, of the chapel, he erected a memorial tablet of marble, with an inscription reading,—

"EGO FRATER JOANNES LARISCY HANC SACRAM ÆDIFICAVI ÆDEM PROPRIIS MEIS SUMPTIBUS."

That is, "*I, Father John Lariscy, have reared this sacred building at my own expense.*" I give the inscription as it has been communicated to me by one who saw it and copied it. But I am inclined to think that, first, it is incomplete, — it has no date — and secondly, that the copyist made a mistake in giving Father Lariscy's Christian name. This was not John, but Philip, as appears from his own handwriting in the parish registers at St. Augustine's Church, Philadelphia.

I take the opportunity to note another error in writing his family name. The Rev. Dr. Power, editor of the Laity's Directory, for 1882 (p. 106), writes it Larissy, and Father Fitton, in his History (p. 160), Larasy. Both are wrong. His name was Lariscy — Philip Lariscy.

After Father Lariscy's death, probably in the year 1833, while the chapel was being enlarged, the tablet was displaced and put up at the opposite end of the chapel, in the new portion. But even here it was not destined to remain. It has long since disappeared, probably during subsequent restorations, and no one has been found to tell where this old monument may be found.

In 1833, St. Augustine's Chapel was enlarged to meet the needs of the Catholics in its neighborhood, and was, for the first time, recognized as a parish church, with Rev. Thomas Lynch as its first rector. In 1841, the cemetery, too, was enlarged by the purchase of the lots adjoining. Father Lynch remained from 1833 to 1836, and was succeeded, in February of this year, by Rev. John Mahony, who had charge until his death in 1839; from 1839 to 1840, Rev. Michael Lynch was in charge; and from 1840 to 1844, Rev. Terence Fitzsimmons.

During these years the Catholic congregation of South Boston had increased so much that the little chapel was unequal to the demands made on it. In the year above (1844), Father Fitzsimmons having completed the new church of Sts. Peter and Paul, on Broadway, and the old parish having, by authority of Bishop Fenwick, been merged into the new one, the chapel of St. Augustine was now abandoned as a parish church.

This event may be said to have closed its first epoch. For this time onward it was suffered to lie comparatively neglected and unused, except for mortuary purposes, until 1868. In this year the old parish was again established, under the rectorship of Rev. Denis O'Callaghan, and the

old mortuary chapel again fitted up for divine worship. From Sept. 6, 1868, Mass was again said in it regularly on Sundays and holydays, until the basement of the present magnificent and new church of St. Augustine, also on Dorchester Street, was ready for service, when the old chapel was again abandoned, and from that time to this has been used solely in accordance with its original destination, as a "mortuary chapel."

O'Neill, in the Catholic Herald, says: "The old chapel is a small, low, plain, brick structure, embowered in trees, and without architectural embellishment. Both exterior and interior exhibit the utmost simplicity of design. The front portion, which was built in 1833, is much the larger part of the building, and is about forty feet long and thirty wide, the height to the ridgepole being about twenty feet. The rear part, or wing — the original chapel — is about twenty feet wide and thirty long, and the height the same as the more modern portion. Tablets sacred to the memory of the early pioneers of the church adorn either the interior or exterior walls." O'Neill names several who have thus been commemorated. Among them is the venerated Cheverus.

This ends my sketch of St. Augustine's Chapel. I have styled it the second church in Boston. Some have claimed for it priority over Holy Cross; but this claim I have shown, fully I think, to be unfounded.

There is another error afloat no less misleading concerning the early church in Boston, and this is that the first priest to minister there was a certain Frenchman, the famous, or rather, infamous Claude Florent Bouchard de la Poterie, who styled himself in a pamphlet he issued at Boston as "Apostolic Vice-Prefect and Missionary, Curate of the Catholic Church at Boston." This was towards the close of 1788.

Father Finotti, in his Bibliographia Catholica Americana (p. 224), says "he was the first Catholic priest to minister in Boston." If by this expression Finotti means that de la Poterie was the first regularly appointed curate or missionary rector for the Boston Catholics, he is probably right, and this is what I am inclined to think he does mean. Father Finotti was too painstaking to be easily led astray, and he has shown himself so reliable in his literary work that he may be trusted implicitly in all his statements.

Nevertheless, it has been alleged that de la Poterie * was the first priest to officiate in Boston, although any one, with only a smattering of historical reading, can easily see that as early even as a hundred and fifty years before his arrival in Boston, Catholic missionaries, Jesuits chiefly, visited there. Before de la Poterie's time was also one of Father Lariscy's own Order, an Augustinian named de la Motte.

Little, however, is known of this missionary. In February, 1779, Father H. de la Motte, O. S. A., chaplain on a French vessel of war, was captured in Chesapeake Bay and brought to New York. Like other officers of the vessel he was paroled, but afterwards drew upon himself

* Father Fitton says he had been a chaplain of the French navy. Dr. Pise in his Appendix to Darras' History of the Catholic Church," (vol. IV., p. 618, note), calls him "a most abandoned character, an intriguing, crafty and ill-disciplined priest." He seems to have aimed at creating a schism among the Catholics of Boston. Father Finotti (p. 224) says, "He imposed on Dr. Carroll so far as to have himself appointed Missionary in Boston. He was not fit for the position, for he had already been suspended by the Archbishop of Paris." He was afterwards suspended from the sacred ministry, May 29, 1789, by Rev. William V. O'Brien, of New York, who had been sent to Boston by Dr. Carroll, the Superior of the Missions in the United States, to examine into the charges preferred against him. "In 1790 he left Boston for the West Indies," (Fitton p. 80) and disappears from view. Fr. Finotti (pp. 224-5) gives a list of the works he published in Boston and Philadelphia.

the vengeance of the British for saying Mass at the request of the few Catholics then in New York. He asked permission from the commandant; but seems to have misunderstood his refusal.

He was arrested and put in close confinement, in all probability in the old Sugar House, or the Dutch Church near it, in Liberty Street, then called Crown, until he was exchanged. Here the good priest expiated his offence of saying Mass. (So far according to Rivington's Royal Gazette, New York, July 17, 1779.)

Papinian, in Rivington's Gazette, approves the treatment of Father de la Motte, and says that he was exchanged and sent to Boston, "where," he adds, "I presume he exercised his functions without any interruption."

The arrival of Father de la Motte in Boston antedated de la Poterie's by ten years about. Father de la Motte opened a mission among the Penobscot and the Micmac Indians of Maine.

But to return to St. Augustine's founder. Father Philip Lariscy was a native of county Tipperary, Ireland. He was educated at St. John's College, Waterford, Ireland, and, it is said, was ordained there. Previous to his coming to America, he was stationed, it is said, at the Augustinian Friary at Cork.

With Father Timothy Brown, a very learned, pious, and exemplary fellow religious, Father Lariscy emigrated first to Newfoundland, where they were given a mission at St. John's. Here Father Lariscy stayed for a few years, while Father Brown, through some disagreement with the bishop, left the diocese, went to Rome, Italy, and then to Grantstown, Ireland, where he died about 1850 or 1851. Father Brown had been a fellow student at Coimbra, Portugal, with the famous Dr. Doyle, O. S. A., afterwards Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin.

In 1818, Father Lariscy came to Boston, and, as I have told, built St. Augustine's Chapel. He stayed in Boston about three years, and then was given charge of various missions in New York and New Jersey.

Father Fitton * says that Father Lariscy was the first to minister at New Bedford, in Massachusetts. After leaving Boston, Father Lariscy probably was sent by his superiors to Philadelphia. His name appears on the church registers at St. Augustine's, first, on July 26, 1822, when he administered the Sacrament of Baptism, but is rarely met with afterwards. From this I am led to think that while technically a member of St. Augustine's Convent, he was, as a rule, engaged elsewhere on missionary duty. Shriner, in his History of the Catholic Church in Paterson, N. J., says "the first priest who placed his foot within, what are at present the corporate limits of the city of Paterson, was Father Philip Lariscy, a Franciscan monk [this is an error for Augustinian], who came from New York. The year is not known. The first Mass was in the residence of Michael Gillespie, Market Street. . . . He visited Paterson every few weeks." (Pp. 6, 8, 15, 43.)

I find mention of Father Lariscy's missions in New York in the

* The earliest information we have of any permanent settlement made by Catholics at New Bedford was in 1820, when attended occasionally by Rev. Father Larasy [*sic*] they erected a small frame building, small in reality, as we remember it, located among rocks, and enclosed with a high board fence, and, as it appeared to us, the last desirable spot in the town. Father Larasy, who was a priest of the Order of St. Augustine, having left Boston for Philadelphia, the few Catholics residing at New Bedford, were attended in 1828, and had Mass offered for their spiritual benefit once in every two months, by Rev. R[obert] D. Woodley." (Fitton, pp. 160, 214.)

Laity's Directory for 1822. Herein is stated that "Rev. Philip Larissy [*sic*] attends regularly at Staten Island and different other congregations along the Hudson River." It has been stated that Father Lariscy nsed to attend Newburgh, on the Hudson River.

Mulrenan, in his Historical Sketch of the Catholic Church on Long Island (pp. 8, 9), says: "Rev. Philip Lariscy said Mass for the Catholics at Dempsey's Hotel and Purcell's house, long before St. James' Church was built." St. James Church was built in 1823.

This is about all I have been able to ascertain regarding Father Lariscy's missionary labors in Newfoundland, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. Apparently it is not much, still it is enough to show the activity of the old-time pioneers of the church. If Father Lariscy kept any journal or diary, as was not unusual among the old-time priests, it has disappeared long ago. Not even a letter, nor a scrap of paper in his handwriting, is known to exist. The only written evidence in his hand are the few entries he has made in the parish registers at the Augustinian Church in Philadelphia.

His first marriage in the registers at St. Augustine's, Philadelphia, is dated March 13, 1823, and his last entry a baptism, Feb. 15, 1824.

He died April 6, 1824, aged forty-two years, and is buried at St. Augustine's Church, Philadelphia, along with his brethren, in the vault of the Order at the rear of the church.

Very little, if anything, more than has been told above, is known of this missionary. It is said that he was somewhat eccentric in his ways, yet beloved and venerated by the congregation of St. Augustine's, and that his death, preceded by many troubles of one sort or another, was truly a happy release for him.

On July 3, 1824, the year of his death, letters of administration of his estate were issued to Philip McGuigan, of Philadelphia, storekeeper; William Lariscy, of Augusta, Ga., accountant; and Joseph Robinson, of Philadelphia, constable. William Lariscy was probably a brother of Father Philip. The inventory of his effects, made by his administrators, showed assets amounting to \$135.56½, divided as follows, viz.: wearing apparel, shaving apparatus, etc., \$31.48½; a watch, \$3; gold buckles, \$14; and money in bank, \$88.08.

T. C. M., in American Catholic Historical Researches.

Villanova College, Pa.

A Comparative Exhibit of the Catholic Population of Boston from the year 1790 to 1829, with the number of Baptisms, Marriages, and Deaths for the several years as noted.

[The figures given below for the several years are taken from The Jesuit, vol. I., p. 156, Jan. 19, 1830, and from Fitton's History of the Catholic Church in New England, pp. 104, 118. The figures marked with a star (*) are from The Jesuit, those with a dagger (†) from Fitton, and those unmarked at all, are given by both.]

Years.	Baptisms.	Marriages.	Deaths.	Catholic Pop.	Years.	Baptisms.	Marriages.	Deaths.	Catholic Pop.
1790	28* 30†	2* 1†	4	160*	1798	59†	26†	34†	
1791	23†	3†	4†		1799	77†	18†	8†	
1792	15†	4†	2†		1800	77* 54†	9	7	280*
1793	28†	12†	11†		1805	94†	20†	32†	
1794	42†	5†	18†		1810	93* 15†	17* 15†	18	720*
1795	40†	5†	9†		1815	160†	26†	25†	
1796	47†	11†	6†		1820	207* 112†	47* 44†	53* 17†	2,120*
1797	60†	11†	10†		1829	536*	127*	176*	7,040*

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles; the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out. — *Swift.*

Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries.

It is not with much credulity that I listen to any when they speak ill of those whom they are going to plunder. I rather suspect that vices are feigned or exaggerated when profit is looked for in the punishment. An enemy is a bad witness, a robber is a worse.—EDMUND BURKE.

DE MAISTRE said truly that history for three hundred years has been in conspiracy against the Catholic Church. The Protestant historians of Germany, France, England, and Scotland, have written a mass of falsified history and falsified biography, which reigned supreme and unchallenged until our day. A reaction at last set in. In Germany, Schlegel, Hurter, Ranke, Dollinger, and many more; in France, Montalembert, Ozanam, de Broglie, Rohrbacher, and others; in England, Lingard, Tytler, Hallam, and Friedmann, have broken the spell of historical falsehood. Maitland, in his book on the Dark Ages, was the first to expose the persistent unfaithfulness of anti-Catholic historians, who handed on, with continual embellishment and exaggeration, a multitude of traditional fables. Perhaps no greater example of this immoral practice can be found than in the history of the dissolution of the monasteries in England.

With this view Father Gasquet has written the first volume of his work on Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries, a book of singular and standard worth. It has three distinct qualities of excellence, of which the first is its wide researches. Father Gasquet, for the last few years, has been a laborious student of the edited and unedited records of the British Museum. He has also industriously examined the MSS. of the Record Office, and has drawn his matter from sources hitherto not consulted—namely, Episcopal Registers, as of York, Bath, Wells, &c. He is careful to acknowledge the great courtesy and kindness which he has uniformly received from all the public officials of these archives. His work, therefore, is solid, authentic, and trustworthy in its matter. Secondly, he has made his history tell its own tale. The profuse citations from all manner of documents, public and private, and from the innumerable letters of the prime agents in the dissolution of the monasteries, make his book not so much an impeachment against them, as a spontaneous confession of their guilt. They appear before us bearing each the rod or the halter of their own sentence. In this his work may be compared to Paul Friedmann's "Anne Boleyn." A third and last excellence of the book is the disappearance of the author. The history speaks for itself in clear, simple, and good English.

It is not easy to give any adequate representation of a work so full of facts, events, and characters; nevertheless its outline may be traced as follows: The purpose in view is to clear the monasteries of England of the multitudinous crimes which for three hundred years have been laid to their charge. To do this, the author has examined the quality of the witnesses, the veracity of the documents, and the character of the chief agents. He sums up his case in the words of Edmund Burke, who said: "It is not with much credulity that I listen to any when they speak ill of those whom they are going to plunder. I rather suspect that vices are feigned, or exaggerated, when profit is looked for in the punishment. An enemy is a bad witness, a robber is a worse."

Father Gasquet has wisely begun his task by tracing out a series

of events which rendered possible the despotic acts of Henry VIII. He begins by pointing out the vast change which passed upon the social state of England by the ravages of the Black Death. Though one hundred and fifty years had elapsed before Henry VIII. came to the throne, nevertheless its effects were still perceptible. In the years 1348–9 about one-half of the entire population were swept away. In Norwich alone 57,304 people, besides religious and beggars, and 863 incumbents of livings, were said to have died. Out of 799 priests in the county of Norfolk, 527 died of the plague. The bishop obtained from Clement VI. power to dispense with sixty clerks, who were then only twenty-one years of age, and allow them to hold livings; one thousand livings had been rendered vacant; two-thirds of the clergy of England had been carried off by the Black Death. The effect of this was to produce a crisis between the laborers and their employers. The permanent retainers of the nobles and the monasteries had disappeared, and the modern system of letting had been introduced. Peasant proprietors were greatly reduced in number, and the people were no longer bound to the lords of the land by the old ties. This destroyed the power of the nobles and exalted that of the king. The poverty and distress following upon the diminution of labor and of agriculture, and the suspension of religious care and teaching caused by a sudden removal of a great multitude of the clergy, had disastrous effects. Upon this followed all the evils of thirty-five years of warfare between the Houses of York and Lancaster. The power of the nobles was finally broken, and the power of the king became sole and supreme. Two evils followed upon this. First, the creation of new peers in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, who had no sympathy, by birth or training, with the traditions of the past; and secondly, the rise of a new race of men — namely, the "Officials," adventurers, ill-paid, restless, discontented, and grasping. Their whole hope and dependence was in the king, and they became ready tools of his despotic will.

All these preludes made it possible for such a career as that of Thomas Wolsey. As the favorite of the king and Lord High Chancellor of England, he gradually clothed himself with all the powers of the State, and by the favor of the king he obtained all the highest powers of the church, one only excepted. He was Archbishop of York, and held Winchester and other bishoprics *in commendam*, together with the Abbey of St. Albans. He was Cardinal and Legate, and, during the imprisonment of Clement VIII., he obtained faculties for himself and for the King of France to confirm all kinds of ecclesiastical matters with a *quasi* Papal authority. For the first time in the history of England such civil and ecclesiastical powers were united in one person. The transfer of the same *in globo*, afterwards to Henry VIII., followed almost as a matter of course by the Statute of 1534.

It must not be forgotten that at this time the minds of men had been so distracted by the great Western Schism, by the frequent subtraction of obedience, by the doubtful election of Popes, and the simultaneous existence of two, or even three, claimants to the Holy See, that the supreme Pontifical authority had become a matter of academical discussion *hinc inde*. Nothing but such preludes could have instigated even Gerson to write on the thesis *de Auferibilitate Papæ*. This

throws much light upon the singular fact attested by Sir Thomas More, in speaking to the jury and the judge, by whom he was condemned, when the verdict of death was brought in against him. "I have, by the grace of God, been always a Catholic, never out of communion with the Roman Pontiff; but I have heard it said at times that the authority of the Roman Pontiff was certainly lawful and to be respected, but still an authority derived from human law, and not standing upon a divine prescription. Then, when I observed that public affairs were so ordered that the sources of the power of the Roman Pontiff would necessarily be examined, I gave myself up to a most diligent examination of that question for the space of seven years, and found that the authority of the Roman Pontiff, which you rashly — I will not use stronger language — have set aside, is not only lawful, to be respected, and necessary, but also grounded on the divine law and prescription. That is my opinion; that is the belief in which, by the grace of God, I shall die." Already in those days the name Papist was used as a reproach.

Wolsey was the first at that time to set the example of suppressing monasteries, for the purpose of founding a college at Oxford. The king followed his example, in asking to suppress monasteries for the foundation of new cathedrals. Men were, therefore, prepared for such a policy.

Whatever faults may be charged against the career of Wolsey, there is a grandeur about it, both in his prosperity and in his fall. Few things in our history are more pathetic than the suddenness with which he fell. The tyranny of Henry VIII. was Oriental. His favor was life, his displeasure was death. Surrounded by enemies, watched day and night by spies, betrayed by those he trusted most, the great Cardinal and Chancellor found himself in a day stripped of all power, banished from court, and a prisoner in his own house. Mr. Brewer has written this history with a worthy compassion. The few months of Wolsey in the Archbishopric of York, visiting his churches, confirming children, and living among the poor, were a beautiful picture of Christian humility, and the best preparation for the end that awaited him at Leicester, on the way to the Tower. The fall of Wolsey was the fall of an ecclesiastical period. The next Lord High Chancellor of England was Thomas More, and with him came in the lay world which has reigned more and more until this day. It is strange that the first layman that kept the king's conscience, should have died a martyr for resisting the royal lusts.

The martyrdom of Blessed Thomas More made way for a man as bad and as base as the king and the times demanded.

Thomas Cromwell is said to have been the son of a blacksmith at Putney. He was, it seems, for some offence thrown into prison, and obliged to leave the country. Then he was a common soldier in Italy. He was, as it was believed, in the army of the Duke of Bourbon, which in 1527 sacked Rome and imprisoned Clement VII. It is said that among those who outraged Rome was "an Englishman of low, vicious habits and infidel principles, who afterwards became of terrific importance in the Church of England." Cromwell told Cranmer "that he had been, at one time, a ruffian." Then he became a merchant, a scrivener, a money-lender, a lawyer, a member of Parliament, a courtier, and dependent of Wolsey, a dealer in "Boston Pardons," and a disciple of

Machiavelli, whose works he studied while he was in Italy. The history of his rise and iniquities verifies the Italian proverb, —

Inglese Italianato
E Diavolo Incarnato.

Henry VIII., when at cards, if a knave was dealt to him, used to say, "I have Cromwell."

When Wolsey fell, Cromwell had to take care of himself, for the people had already consigned him to the gallows. It was believed that he saved himself by destroying his master — that is, by stealing and delivering to the king the royal permission, under the great seal, whereby Wolsey had exercised his legatine powers. Certain it is that Wolsey, not being able to produce this document, was in *præmunire*, and compelled to throw himself on the king's mercy. This was final and fatal. All the Cardinal's possessions were forfeited; but Cromwell retained, by royal leave, the administration of them. In this office he made himself profitable to certain nobles; and from that time his rise was rapid. He became Master of the Jewels, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Master of the Rolls, Secretary of State, Vicar-General of the king in ecclesiastical matters, Lord Privy Seal, Dean of Wells, High Chamberlain. In 1533 he was knighted, then made Earl of Essex. In 1534 the king had made himself, by Act of Parliament, Head of the church in all matters spiritual and temporal. In all this usurped power Thomas Cromwell was Vicar-General, and, in fact, the sole executive of this twofold supremacy, ecclesiastical and civil.

The suppression of monasteries was, as we know, no new thing in England. Edward I. and Edward II. seized the alien priories; Edward III. re-established them, but took them into his own hand; Henry V. finally suppressed them all. William of Wykham founded New College with ecclesiastical property. Winchester, Eton, and King's College, Cambridge, were likewise endowed by suppressed religious houses. Out of suppressed houses Chicheley endowed All Souls in Oxford; Waynfleet founded Magdalen College; Bishop Alcock founded Jesus College, in Cambridge. Bishop Fisher advised the dissolution of Brome Hall, in the diocese of Salisbury, and Lillechurch, in his own diocese of Rochester; but all these suppressions were made with the sanction of the Holy See. In like manner afterwards, Wolsey suppressed many monasteries for the purpose of founding Christ Church in Oxford and a College in Ipswich. Henry VIII. at first opposed Wolsey's suppressions, but afterwards, to supply his own needs, followed his example; and this he carried out by the instrumentality of Thomas Cromwell. Wolsey had before employed Thomas Cromwell with Dr. Allen for the same purpose, so that the work was not new to him. But he added to it all the aggravations of corruption, cruelty, and hypocrisy. The royal treasury was empty, and no readier source for its replenishment than the robbery of the monasteries was at hand. The Vicar-General, therefore, in the year 1535, began by issuing injunctions, which it was impossible for the monasteries to accept, for the purpose of driving them either to rebellion or to surrender. The first article of these injunctions was the acknowledgment of the king's headship over the church. Finding the Carthusians

and the Franciscans firm in refusing this act of apostacy, every form of persecution, from the intrusion of strangers into their community, the violation of rule, the sowing of dissension between subjects and superiors, and finally imprisonment, with torture, the rack, and the axe, were inflicted on them.

Then, for the visitation of monasteries throughout England, four memorable persons were appointed by Cromwell as his agents — viz., Layton, Legh, Ap Rice, and London. The insolence, avarice, and servility of these men are proved by their own letters to Cromwell, of which sufficient proofs will be given hereafter.

When this iniquitous mockery of a visitation was drawing to a close, the Parliament was assembled to carry the Act of Suppression. The writs for the election of members were sent out with the names of the persons to be elected. In the election at Canterbury two burgesses were returned contrary to the pleasure of the king, and the mayor was compelled to cancel the election, and to send the two royal nominees. In like manner in summoning the House of Lords, peers that were not of the king's mind were passed over. Tunstall, Bishop of Durham, was advised, on account of his age and infirmities, not to expose himself to the long journey from Durham. Nevertheless, he set out; but on his way was met by a royal letter that sent him home again. But even this packed parliament would not do the king's pleasure: —

> On Saturday in Ember week the King's Grace came in among the Burgesses of the Parliament, and delivered them a Bill, and bade them look upon it, and weigh it in conscience. He would not, he said, have them pass it nor any other thing, because his Grace giveth them the Bill; but they to see to it if it be for the common weal to his subjects, and have an eye thitherward, and on Wednesday next he will be there again to hear their minds.*

The preamble of the Bill asserts that, in consideration of the evil lives of those in the smaller monasteries, the King's Most Royal Majesty . . . having knowledge that the premises be true, as well as by the *compertes* of his late Visitation, as by sundry credible informations; considering also that divers and great solemn monasteries of this realm, wherein, thanks be to God, religion is right well kept and observed, etc. . . . Whereupon the said Lords and Commons, by a great deliberation, finally be resolved that it is, and shall be, much more to the pleasure of Almighty God that the property of these Religious should be converted to better uses, and "the unthrifty persons so spending the same should be compelled to reform their lives;" therefore they pray the King to take all the property of monasteries having an income of under £200 a year. And even this limited submission was not obtained without threats, which destroyed all liberty of action. Sir Henry Spelman tells us as follows: —

> It is true the Parliament gave them (*i.e.* the monasteries) to him, but so unwillingly, as I have heard, that when the Bill had stuck long in the Lower House, and could get no passage, he commanded the Commons to attend him in the forenoon in his gallery, where he let them wait till late in the afternoon; and then coming out of his chamber, walking a turn or two among them, and looking angrily upon them, first on the one side and then on the other. "At last I hear," saith he, "that my Bill will not pass, or I will have some of your heads." †

* Henry VIII., p. 300. † Henry VIII., p. 311.

And here we have an example of a tradition which has been handed on without hesitation and with much embellishment by anti-Catholic writers, for which no foundation in history can be found. It has been said by all writers, from Burnett to Dean Stanley, that the "Black Book," detailing the crimes of the monasteries, was laid before the Parliament in the Chapter House of Westminster. Dean Stanley tells us "that on the table of the Chapter House was placed the famous 'Black Book,' which sealed the fate of all the monasteries of England, and sent a thrill of horror through the House of Commons when they heard it." Now, no such book has ever been found, and there is not a shred of contemporary evidence to prove that such a "Black Book" ever existed. The preamble of the Act of Suppression cites the "knowledge of the King, the *compertes* of the Visitation, and credible informations." The following is the summary of the evidence against the monasteries: —

In the *comperta* and letters which report as to the monasteries of a considerable portion of England, scarcely 250 monks and nuns are named as guilty of incontinence. In the same districts the religious must have numbered many thousands. Of these 250, more than a third part can be identified as having subsequently received pensions upon the dissolution of their houses, a fact which even Burnett would consider as disproving the charge in their regard. Of the entire number of convents of women visited and reported upon by Layton and Legh in the North, they are able to relate very little amiss. Only some twenty-seven nuns in all are charged with vice, and of these seventeen are known to have been afterwards pensioned. Further in their whole visitation, extending over thirteen counties, they only report that some fifty men and two women were anxious to abandon the religious life, even under the restrictions imposed by Cromwell's injunctions.*

This summary accumulates the worst that can be found in the Reports of the Visitors. All those who have had experience of what popular allegations are worth will know how to estimate the figures and the charges above given. But where, in all this, is the "Black Book?"

The wealth of the English monasteries was undoubtedly great. It had accumulated for centuries by the gifts of the devout as their free-will offerings, and by the penitent in reparation for their sins, and for the relief of the poor. The monasteries were a thousand in number, and they possessed a third of the land in England. In the reign of Edward I. the soil of England consisted of 67,000 knights' fees, of which ecclesiastics held about 28,000. They were, as a rule, good and kind landlords. It was a proverb that "it was better to be under the crosier than under the lance." The tenants of the abbeys and priories were a contented race; and the abbey gate was ever open to the needs and the sufferings of the poor. It is a mistake to say that the poor were provided for by the doles of the monasteries, for they were to be found only in a third of the land of England. But they were a thousand centres of constant beneficence; and in the other two-thirds of the land, the palaces of the bishops, the homes of the clergy, the castles of the nobles, and the houses of the faithful, maintained all the year round the Christian law of almsgiving. There was poverty in England, because there were old age and sickness, and the vicissitudes of life and

* Henry VIII., etc., pp. 252-3.

fortune. But there was everywhere the faith which honored the poor as the brethren of Christ, and the charity which spontaneously administered to Him in them. Then came the robbery of God and His poor. By the Act of Suppression —

> The monasteries were given to the King and his heirs only "in as ample a manner" as they were possessed by the religious superiors. These were trustees for common purposes, and never regarded their property in any other light than as held for the support of religion and the poor. Further, the purpose for which the monastic property was diverted by this Act from its possessors and given to the King is stated to be "that his Highness may lawfully give, grant, and dispense them or any of them at his will and pleasure to the honor of God and the wealth of this realm." . . . It was further enacted that on the site of every dissolved religious house, the new possessor should be bound, under heavy penalties, to provide hospitality and service for the poor, such as had been given them previously by the religious foundations. . . . The repudiation of these rights of the needy by those who became possessed of the confiscated property, is one of the greatest blots on our national history. It has caused the spoliation of monastery and convent to be regarded as the rising of the rich against the poor.*

It has been the fashion of political economists to describe the demoralization of the poor by the alms of the monasteries, and to cite in proof of the statutes against "sturdy beggars" and the like; but we have it upon a high economical authority, "that the fifteenth century, and the first quarter of the sixteenth, were the golden age of the English laborer, if we are to interpret the wages which he earned by the cost of the necessaries of life." † When the greater monasteries had been plundered and wrecked, and the church had been robbed, the poverty of England began. The faith and charity, that is, the Christianity, of the people had so rapidly declined as to need the intervention of public law. The bishops and clergy were commanded to stir up the charity of the rich to help the poor; but with so little result that an Act of Parliament (5 Eliz. c. 3) made the relief of the poor compulsory, and England for the first time had a Poor Law. For two centuries this law was administered with a recognition of its natural justice; but for the last fifty years it has been the butt of all kind of denouncement. Nevertheless it has saved the land laws of England until now, and perhaps few are conscious how powerfully but surely it has guarded our social peace. The foresight of St. Thomas of Canterbury made him defend the goods of the church as the patrimony of the poor. We see at this day the twofold poverty, temporal and spiritual, which the Tudors inflicted upon the people of England. It was not so much the church as the poor whom they robbed of their inheritance.

Cromwell's tyranny lasted eight years. His account-book shows the immense wealth accumulated by private and public extortion. "Archbishops, bishops, abbots, priors, nobles, commoners, officials, unknown laymen, towns, colleges, cathedral chapters, all sent fees and new year's donations to propitiate the favor of the great man." ‡ For instance, in January, 1539, £9,000, — gifts of £10, £50, and £300, and £100, and £266, came from all over the country; for the elections at Fountains, Gisboro, Whitby, and many other places, large bribes are

* Henry VIII., etc., pp. 310-11.
† Six Centuries of Work and Wages (p. 326), by James Thorold Rogers,
‡ Henry VIII., etc., pp. 413, 414, 420.

offered for nominations. "If he will make a certain monk Abbot of Vale Royal, he will be contented," writes Sir Piers Dutton, "to give you £100 in hand, and further to do you as much pleasure as any man shall." * William Penison wishes to be Receiver at the dissolution of Reading Abbey, and presents a diamond, "set in a gold ring, meet to be set in the breast of a George." The Abbot of Miravale writes: "That he learns from Dr. Legh that Cromwell is looking for the £40 promised to you, for his trouble in my regard. I have already paid £100." The Abbot of Pipwell "will do all that a poor man can to gratify your lordship with £200." To avert the dissolution of Colchester he was offered £24,000. The Abbot of Leicester sends £40. His successor had to pay a yearly tax of £240 — and so on, for pages. As for presents: of a brace of fat oxen, and a score of fat wethers; fish from Croyland; apples from King's Langley; partridges and pheasants from Harrow; Irish hawks from Bath; and £40 from one John Hunter "towards furnishing your cellar with wine" in recompense for Cromwell's part in a law case relating to the property of John Hunter's wife. Then again, "money in a purse," "in a white leather purse," "in a crimson sateen purse," "in a handkerchief," "in a glove," "at Arundel in a glove," "in a pair of gloves under a cushion in the middle window of the gallery." "A chain melted for my lord worth more than £5,000." His note-book shows as follows: "Item, to remember Warren for one monastery. Mr. Gostwyke for a monastery. John Freeman for Spalding. Mr. Kingsmill for Wherwell. *Myself* for Lunde. Item, to remember John Godsall for something for he hath need; and Item, to remember to know the true value of the goods at Castle Acre *for my part thereof*." †

Then follow cups and ewers and trenchers of gold, platters and dishes and salters of silver by the dozen, and the gold cross of St. Albans worth £106. But this is endless. Maitland writes that he was "the great patron of ribaldry, and the protector of the ribald, of the low jester, of the filthy ballad-monger, of the ale-house singers and hypocritical mockers at feasts, — in short, of all the blasphemous mocking and scoffing which disgraced the Protestant party at the time of the Reformation.

The fall of Wolsey was full of dignity, and moved men to compassion. The fall of Cromwell had no sign of dignity, and no man wept for him. We have it in all its details. "By a Nemesis of fate he passed to the scaffold suddenly and almost untried, and certainly unheard in his own defence." This was probably by an Act devised or obtained by himself.

On June 11, 1540, the French Ambassador wrote that he had heard, an hour before sending his despatch, that Cromwell had been sent to the tower. On June 23, he gave full information. He says that Cromwell was altogether unprepared for his downfall. When the Lieutenant of the Tower entered the Council Chamber at Westminster, and informed him that he was ordered to take him prisoner, Cromwell, moved with indignation, threw his hat on the floor. Some of the Council called out that he was a traitor, and must be judged by the laws he had himself made. The Duke of Norfolk tore the Order of

* Henry VIII., etc., pp. 414–15. † *Ibid.* p. 420.

St. George from his neck, and the Garter was also taken from him. Before the news spread, he was already in the Tower, and the people knew of his arrest by seeing the king's officers enter to search his house. By the next day the king had already begun to distribute his fallen favorite's offices, and sent an officer through the streets of London, publicly forbidding any man to call him Lord Privy Seal, or by any other title or dignity, but simply Thomas Cromwell, cloth carder; saying that the king had taken from him every privilege and title of nobility which he had ever granted him. His attainder declares him to be a false and corrupt traitor, selling for manifold sums of money various grants, even to foreigners and aliens. And further, that as Vicegerent under the Great Seal, he licensed divers persons, detected and suspected of heresy, openly to preach and teach, saying that he would fight even against the king to maintain these heresies. His arrest was so sudden, that he could destroy no papers. On the morning of June 10, 1540, he was supreme in England; in the evening he was in the Tower. On June 28 he was brought to the scaffold on Tower Hill.

Such was the end of the master; it only remains to give the end of the minions. They had not even the dignity of the axe. These were Dr. Richard Layton, Thomas Legh, John Ap Rice, and Dr. John London.*

It is not impossible, says Mr. Blunt, a Protestant, in his History of the Reformation, that even such bad men may have told the truth in this matter. But the character of witnesses must always form an important element in estimating the value of their testimony, and the character of such obscene, profligate, and perjured witnesses, as Layton and London, could not well be worse. These men were not just Lots, vexed with the filthy conversation of the wicked, but filthy dreamers, who defiled the flesh, despised ecclesiastical dominion, and spake evil of dignitaries in the very spirit of the Evil One.

Dr. Layton was a pluralist by the favor of Cromwell. Cromwell was invited by him to his rectory at Harrow in these words: "Surely, Simeon was never so glad to see Christ, his Master, as I shall be to see your lordship." He offered Cromwell £100 to make him Chancellor of the Diocese of Salisbury; and when made Dean of York, he pawned the plate belonging to the Minister.

It is evident from Layton's letters to Cromwell, that he had made up his mind beforehand what he intended to find in the monasteries that he visited. Moreover, it was absolutely impossible, in the time given by the visitors, to hold any inquiry, worthy of the name, in the numberless monasteries, especially in the North, which were visited in the most hurried way. The insolence, violence, and falsehood of Layton and Legh made the Pilgrims of Grace demand their instant and condign punishment.

Next we find Dr. Layton scampering over Sussex, and writing to Cromwell as follows: "On Friday night I came into Sussex to an abbey called Durtford, it might better be called Dirtyford. Then to an abbey . . . towards Chichester, because of their poverty not able to lodge. These two poor priories we will dispatch on Monday by the way. And so on Monday at night we shall be at Chichester."† He then describes

* Henry VIII., etc., p. 443. † Henry VIII., etc., p. 268.

his treatment of the Abbot of Waverley. He took away the keys of office from all the monks, and made new officers, "perchance as stark knaves as the others. It shall be expedient for you to give the Abbot a lesson, and tell the poor fool what he should do amongst the monks." *

Of the monastery of Lewes, Layton reports: "At Lewes I found the monks morally bad and traitors, and, having intimidated the Prior on his knees with the worst words I could devise, I ordered him to appear before you, and you will be able to do what you like with him." †

From Lewes he went to Battle. He writes as follows: "The Abbot of Battle is the 'Varast hayne bette,' and buserde and the arants chorle that ever I see. In all other places whereat I come, especially the black sort of devilish monks, I am sorry to know as I do. Surely, I thynk they be past amendment, and that God hath utterly withdrawn his grace from them." ‡

Dr. Layton sums up his own worth: "Praying God that rather I may be buried quick than to be the occasion why the King's Highness should diminish any part of the affiance of your proved mind towards His Grace."

So much for Dr. Layton — by his own showing, a bad, insolent, and unjust man. We come next to Dr. Legh.

Ap Rice will save us trouble. He wrote to Cromwell a full indictment against his fellow commissioner. "First in his going he is too insolent and pompatique. . . . Then he handleth the Fathers when he cometh very roughly. . . . The man is young and of an intolerable elation of mind. . . . For the election of the Prior of Coventry he took £15 — at Revell, £20, besides his costs, which is, in my opinion, too much. . . . He maketh them to send after him such rewards as may please him." He went about with twelve men in livery besides his brother. After sending this letter, Ap Rice was frightened, and wrote next day to Cromwell, begging him not to tell Dr. Legh. "Forasmuch as the said Mr. Doctor is of such acquaintance and familiarity with many rufflers and serving men . . . and I having commonly no great assistance with me when I go abroad, might take perchance irrecoverable harm of him or of his ere I were aware. Please keep secret what I have said." §

Sanders, writing almost at that time, says: "Lee (Legh), indeed, in order to discharge correctly the duties laid upon him, tempted the religious to sin, and he was more ready to inquire into, and to speak about, uncleanness of living than anything else." ‖

No wonder the nuns were terrified at Mr. Doctor Legh, the familiar of rufflers, a prurient talker, an accuser, if not also a tempter of the innocent.

As to Ap Rice, little need be said. He had the reputation of being an unfrocked priest. Legh accused him of some discreditable acts, and it appears that he never received any spiritual promotion for his services.

Dr. John London's case may be speedily summed up. Even Cranmer called him "the stout and filthy prebendary of Windsor."

* Henry VIII. &c., p. 268. † *Ibid*, p. 269 ‡ *Ibid*, p. 270. § *Ibid*, pp. 262–3. ‖ *Ibid*. p. 266.

He and one Simons, a lawyer, "that set traps for others were catched at length themselves." They were condemned to ride through Windsor, Reading, and Newbury, their faces to the tails of their horses, and to stand in the pillory on a market-day, with a paper on their heads proclaiming their offence.

Once more, Mr. Blunt, with his usual justice, says: "A dean, twice detected in immorality and put to open penance for it, and afterwards convicted of perjury, is not the stuff of which credible witnesses are made."

We have learned the worth of this precious quaternion from two safe sources — first, from their own words; and next, from what they said of each other.

Fuller says that the Catholics accused the visitors of employing profligate young men to tempt the nuns to sin; and tells a story of two young men going to a convent near Cambridge, but without success. Mr. Blunt says again:

> The story has too much *vraisemblance* to be set aside. And in addition to this, the tone of Layton's letters to Cromwell are of such a kind as to make one fear that some nuns were, indeed, wickedly seduced, and others not less wickedly accused falsely. Those, however, who duly appreciate the character of their countrywomen, will believe that among these evil-entreated innocents there were not a few who passed through the scorching fire of temptation scathless, under the protection of their heavenly bridegroom. For, the English daughters of the nineteenth century, whom we see around us, are sisters to the English nuns of the sixteenth, of whom we know only by vague tradition.*

Such then, most hastily and inadequately, is Father Gasquet's detailed impeachment of Thomas Cromwell and his accomplices in the sins of sacrilege, robbery, cruelty, falsehood, incontinence, and perjury, whereby they spoiled and wrecked the monasteries of England, until the judgment of God fell upon them. The Black Book of their own crimes was written by themselves. If ever men were self-condemned they are. They stand for the first time at the bar of the just judgment of England. Father Gasquet has appealed from the falsehoods of distorted history to the *ipsissima verba* and mutual recriminations of this abandoned crew. He will obtain a verdict from all honest men. His pleading is too powerful in evidence to need passion or indignation. He has cited Cromwell and his tools to judgment, and out of their own mouths, and under their own hands, they stand convicted of falsehood, injustice, avarice, servility, and immoral deeds.

Upon the evidence of such wretches the highest sanctity and the noblest intellects of England were blackened and martyred. But upon the oaths of such men no just man would take even the life of a dog.

HENRY EDWARD, CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP,

in Dublin Review.

* Reformation of Church of England, vol. i. p. 316.

"GOOD-MORNING." — A cheery "Good-morning" often sends a ray of sunshine streaming through the innermost recesses of a household, resting there all the livelong day, and again follows hastening footsteps into the marts of business, lighting up and brightening "the

ways of the world" as it goes. A hearty "Good-night" often soothes many a troubled mind to rest, and heals the wounds which have either come anew to a struggling soul, or been reopened by the harsh words or deeds that are spoken or done, in season or out of season, as the daily battle of our life progresses.

"Good-morning," with the heartfelt wish for blessings in the tone of its utterance, cheers the heart of faint and fearful ones, and softens many a hard spot that has place, by inheritance or cultivation, in the breasts of humanity. The love light that beams from the eye with such good words lights many a weary spirit to a chamber of rest and peace, and to a land of pleasant dreams. And words of salutation are in order at all hours of the day and in every corner of the household.

The home where "Good-morning" and "Good-night" are carefully and lovingly said to one another, are the homes of the world, where good thoughts are generated, where good deeds have place, and from whence go out good lives.

ADVICE TO COUNTRY GIRLS.

City life is not all that it is painted. It has its pleasures and conveniences, but it also has its serious drawbacks. Before making the plunge into life in the city, country girls should ask themselves what is really to be gained by it. Perhaps in their quiet rural homes some stray advertisement has reached them, promising to young women high salaries for light work. Hundreds of advertisements are framed for the very purpose of deceiving the unwary. They accomplish their purpose, however, and large numbers of young girls rush up to the city, dazzled by the generous profusion of promises. A girl from the farm answers one of these advertisements. Life may have been slow at home, but there was always good food and in plenty, and there was some one to care for in the old farm-house. When she goes into the big city she finds that the "light work" consists in working all day in a badly lighted and ill-smelling workshop, where scores of other girls and women are employed at wages hardly high enough to keep body and soul together. We know what often comes next. The girl has left home; she is ashamed or unwilling to return, and she must take the consequences, ofttimes one of two things — shame or suffering. Many a girl finds first in the frivolities, and next in the iniquity, of the streets, that excitement by which regrets and remorse may be deadened. If she is too strong in principle, too pure and elevated in tone thus to sink down to one of the pitiable women of the street, she may find herself in some cold garret, lonely, overworked, despondent and miserable. Better remain at home than risk the failure which attends so many girls who go to the city in pursuit of high pay for light work. It is the saddest of all ventures, forsaking a country home for the illusions and deceptions of a large town.

To know how to say what other people only think, is what makes men poets and sages; and to dare to say what others only dare to think makes men martyrs, or reformers, or both.

A Bostonian in New York.

VIII.

On either side of the Battery are wharves, where steamers leave for islands a short way out, and which, in many cases, can be seen from land. Among these is Governor's Island, which has been brought into much prominence in recent years as being the headquarters of that brave soldier, Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock. The Island is shaded by trees, covered with a luxuriant growth of grass, and well guarded by a stone castle, filled with guns and other safeguards, all in readiness for the attack of an enemy, and is, in itself, quite an ornament to the bay. In one part the ground is covered with cannon-balls ranged in pyramids, and a great number of guns are lying about ready at any time for shipment. Here are also Fort Columbus and Castle Williams. In the centre of the Island is the parade-ground, a lovely little piece of greensward shaded by trees, and surrounded by the residences of the officers. Bedloe's Island, which I have before mentioned, is not far away. Then there is Ellis Island, a small spot belonging to the United States Government, and used as a magazine. Staten Island can also be reached by a steamer which leaves the Battery, and is a pleasant little sail on the boat for a quarter of a dollar. The Island is large and hilly, and its shores are dotted with the villas of some of the wealthiest men of New York, who make it their place of residence all the year round. Base-ball is played here by the amateur league clubs, and the ball grounds are beautifully laid out with a splendid grandstand. A beer saloon is erected at the entrance to the grounds, and during the game young men in white aprons make their appearance, with trays covered with glasses containing lager beer, and go among the base-ball enthusiasts selling their goods like lightning, and repeating their trips many times. There are a number of forts situated about the harbor in this vicinity, and in case of war the enemy would have a difficult time getting access to land. There are Forts Lafayette, Lee, Schuyler, Wadsworth, all named after patriotic soldiers and statesmen, in close vicinity, besides other forts in other places, thus giving the metropolis good protection.

Bowling Green, the cradle of New York, is just north of the Battery. A statue of George III. stood on the Green at one time, long, long ago, of course; but the people of New York were too patriotic to have the statue of this individual in their city long, and in 1776 the statue was overthrown and melted into bullets, it being made of gilded lead, and used for the Continental army. In this vicinity houses stood that served as headquarters for such men as Lord Howe, Gen. Clinton, Lord Cornwallis, and Gen. Washington. Talleyrand once lived near here, and Fulton died near by, while Benedict Arnold and Gen. Gage had their headquarters within a stone's throw.

Leaving the Battery, we step upon Broadway, the great business thoroughfare of the city, which begins at Central Park and ends at the Battery, a distance of five miles. Omnibuses were formerly used to carry the people up and down Broadway; but they are now replaced

by the surface railway, which, although resisted for many years, was at last accomplished, the result of which sent aldermen to prison and exile, and Jake Sharp to his grave. It is a long ride in these cars for five cents, made still longer by the long waits the cars are obliged to take on account of the tremendous traffic going on in the street, which not only delays car and passengers, but makes crossing for pedestrians an art, that calls for much courage, and not a little presence of mind. It is only a few minutes' walk from the Battery which brings the pedestrian to Wall Street, a long, narrow thoroughfare, that is known all over the civilized world, and has a history such as no man can adequately relate.

At the head of Wall Street is Trinity Church, the oldest in New York, as well as the wealthiest. This is a great business centre, and all around are immense tall buildings, the offices of bankers, brokers, and other business men. This street is where the greatest gambling dens in the world are running in full blast. If a man rushes into a store and taps the till and goes to Canada, that paradise for American embezzlers, he can be brought back and punished; and if a man plays poker in a friend's house, the officers of the law can burst the apartment open and scoop players, paraphernalia, and all; but in the offices and exchanges on Wall Street, where this genteel, so to speak, gambling is going on, the players go unharmed, so far as the officers of the law are concerned, and play a game that is as uncertain, at times, as cards — where the players are likely to sleep at the Hoffman House, or walk the streets, where, in time, they may rise to the dignity of having millionnaire prefixed to their name, or lose every cent, and, in their desperation, do what many have done, and are still doing, and will ever do, — take their own lives. The history of Wall Street must be an interesting one. The lives of such Crœsuses as Vanderbilt, Gould, Sage, and others, could not be told without the frequent mention of this street, and while they and many others have prospered, and risen to the power, which, after all, wealth can only give, others have fallen by the wayside and sunk into premature graves, — the result of dickering with mines, railroads, and hundreds of other investments. The way to make money at gambling, is not to gamble at all; but it goes on, and is likely to continue for all time. State Street, in Boston, is the Wall Street of our city; but a very small amount of business is done here as compared with New York. But, after all, these things are well known to the ordinary individual, and it is needless for me to go on in this strain.

There are places on Wall Street well worth seeing, and below will be found the mention of some of them. The Stock Exchange, the market for the buying and selling of stocks, bonds, and securities, is a five-story building of white marble. On the floor of the Exchange members only are allowed, and to be a member, costs the snug little sum of twenty-five thousand dollars. The advantage of being a member, as near as I can find out, is, that it entitles you to stake your money on all the important things in the market, gives you a chance to make yourself rich, if you are skilful at the game, and also helps you in getting into society, which they say in New York is the one requisite, and a ticket of admission to get your name in the society journals, and the bigger the roll the bigger the owner, and the more is he courted by

the fair sex. The business begins at the Exchange at ten o'clock in the morning, and closes at three o'clock in the afternoon, and members are forbidden to dabble in stocks in or near the Exchange outside of those hours. I, like all greenhorns who visit the city for the first time, applied at the entrance for admission; but as the doorkeeper did not recognize in me the owner of a twenty-five thousand dollar seat, he politely told me, what he no doubt tells many others, to go around on Wall Street, to the gallery entrance. I soon reached the gallery, and on my way to this elevated spot heard a noise that nearly frightened me, and as I got nearer and into the gallery the noise grew louder and seemed to be endless. Looking down on the Exchange the scene was a most peculiar one. The floor was literally covered with men standing at little counters yelling at the top of their lungs, and a crowd around bidding as loudly. The place reminded me of Bedlam, with all the inmates let loose, and the noise was too great for me to remain long, and I soon left the place.

The average transactions on the Exchange are enormous. Here two hundred and fifty thousand to three hundred thousand shares of stock change hands daily, and the value of bonds dealt in is from two million dollars to three million dollars, and millions dealt in privately by members besides. There is one great advantage about owning a seat in the Exchange. Seats are transferable, with the consent of the Committee on Admissions; and in case of the death of a member, his seat is disposed of by the committee, and after settling any claims the balance is given to the heirs. In addition to this, a gratuity fund is established, which pays to the heirs the sum of ten thousand dollars, without any deductions. A member failing to keep his contract, or becoming insolvent, is suspended, and cannot be admitted until he has settled with his creditors, and if he fails to do this, his seat is sold for their benefit. There are, at the present time, over one thousand members. The 15th of September is what is called White Hat Day, and the smashing of white hats, worn by members during the summer, is well attended to, and is to the gods in the gallery a great sight.

The Custom-House is on Wall Street, and is, by all odds, the dirtiest big building I entered while in New York. The outside is all right, a high pile of Quincy granite; but the inside is a wretched-looking place. On entering you see a semi-circle counter, with clerks of some kind seated around the enclosure, a desk being cut into the counter for each clerk or official. When I entered the building most of the officials were reading newspapers, lounging back in a rumpled and apparently tired condition, while a few were writing and engaged in conversation with men on the outside of the bar. I call it a bar because it suggested a beer bar very much, and the individuals behind it were, in many cases, typical bartenders in appearance, while the crowd on the outside were tough-looking customers. The floor was a mass of papers, cigar stumps, and burnt matches, with streamers of tobacco juice used as decorations. A few waste-baskets and cuspidors were placed around, I know not for what reason, they appearing to be entirely ignored, and, as a gentleman jokingly said to me afterwards, "They evidently have such a holy horror of baskets and cuspidors, that, if the whole floor was one of either of these, they would throw their refuse out of the window;" and I think they would too. There is a vast difference in the appearance of the

officials in this Custom-House and those in the stone building on State Street. The thought occurred to me, "what would most of these Custom-House officials do if a Republican goes to the White House in 1889," but it was too much of a conundrum.

Another building, which the visitor looks at with some interest, is the large granite structure used by the United States as a Sub-Treasury. This building stands on the site of the old Federal Hall, in which Washington was inaugurated first President of the United States. At the entrance on Wall Street there stands a statue of the Father of His Country, placed on the identical spot where he took the oath of office, April 30, 1789, nearly one hundred years ago, to serve his country in peace as he so grandly did in war. On the pedestal of the statue is the very stone on which Washington stood when he took that oath. In the building, as might be inferred from its name, is stored millions of dollars in gold, silver, and notes of all denominations. The interior suggests a rat-trap, only that it is stronger, — the entire building being furnished with steel window-shutters and doors, and in every way made secure against the members of the light-fisted and help-yourself gentries. There is little fear of any thieves getting an admission to this building, even the watchers having their watchers.

Wall Street is one of the narrowest thoroughfares in the city to-day; but in ye olden times it had its attractions which brought the money-making-by-way-of-lightning men to this neighborhood. The street is about half a mile long, and derives its name from the fact, that, in the days of the Dutch settlers, the city wall ran along it. The financial institutions of the city gradually concentrated here, because nearly all the government buildings stood on the street. The City Hall was for a long time here; the courts, and the first Congress of the United States sat in the Sub-Treasury building above alluded to. Detectives from the office of Inspector Byrnes, the modern Vidocq, are spread around the street, and if they recognize a thief in this locality, he is immediately carted to police headquarters, where he must give a good reason for his appearance in this moneyed locality, or else he will be obliged to serve the county for some time. The thieves know this, and seldom so far forget themselves as to be seen in this neighborhood. Broad Street, the home of speculators and brokers, is near; and running from this is the narrow and busy Nassau Street; and a little further is seen a quaint old edifice, which was built in 1723–26, for the Middle Dutch Church. During the Revolution it was used as a prison for Americans. In the steeple of this church Franklin developed his theories of electricity.

Leaving Wall Street, and going up Broadway a short distance, Park Row is reached, better known as Newspaper Row, or Printing-House Square, most of the important and great dailies of New York being clustered here. None of the buildings are so beautiful as those of the Boston Herald and Globe; but it is not the buildings that make the paper, but men with brains and push, and the newspapers of New York are well supplied with such a class, many of them having attained world-wide reputations, and their names are familiar in every household in the land. A bronze statue of Franklin is placed in one part of the Square, thrown in the middle of the street, it would seem, where teams,

cars, and crowds of people are constantly passing, its position reminding one of the statue of Gov. Winthrop in Scollay Square, in Boston. The statue is after the style of the one in front of the City Hall, on School Street, in this city; and it seemed to me that it was an appropriate place to put it, for hundreds of printers work every day and night within its sight; and this statue of Franklin, who, we all know, was a printer in Boston, may serve as a pleasant reminder to them of how one of their trade rose to so great a position, and encourage them to work with a greater zeal, and possess a high and honorable ambition. A statue of Horace Greeley will soon be erected near that of Franklin.

The Herald, founded by James Gordon Bennett, is one of the oldest; and although it is issued to-day from a large marble building, it had its birth in a cellar, where the elder Bennett had, as a desk, a plain wooden board placed across two empty barrels. The paper has lost much of its prestige in recent years; yet it is a great journal to-day, and hesitates at no expense to serve news from all over the world to its readers.

The Sun, which shines for all, is a breezy, bright, and newsy paper, not so large in size as some of its contemporaries, but with the splendid faculty of giving the news in a smaller space than that devoted by most papers, and the best of it all is, that they do not fail to give it all. Charles A. Dana is the head of this paper, and, as an editorial writer, probably has no equal in this country. The Sun, too, has lost considerably in its circulation and standing during the last few years, one of its greatest mistakes, and most costly ones, too, being its failure to support Cleveland in 1884, and its support of Butler, in the hope of putting Blaine in the White House.

The World is probably the greatest illustration of newspaper achievement in the history of modern, and, in fact, all times. From a decayed and imbecile sheet, it was propped up and resusticated by Joseph Pulitzer, and with his nursing it rapidly grew robust, and is, to-day, one of the greatest newspapers in this country, its circulation being at the present time 288,970 daily and 286,130 Sunday. When Mr. Pulitzer bought the World in 1883, its daily circulation was 33,541, and on Sunday the number was 16,750. This rapid increase in circulation, and it is *bona fide*, too, must have made some of the editors of the other papers, — notably the Herald and Sun, — weep, and decreased their princely incomes considerably. The World has been a terror to evil-doers in New York, and never hesitates in showing them up in its columns, no matter how high or influential they may be. It has been the means of bringing many thieves and corrupt persons to justice, and many of them are, to-day, as a consequence, serving the State in Sing-Sing and other prisons.

The Tribune is like the Journal of Boston, being Republican to the backbone, and accepting the choice of the G. O. P's. candidates whether it suits the editor or not. It holds its own, and is a clean, reliable, and healthy newspaper. It was founded by Horace Greeley, who grew up from the position of printer's devil to the greatest editor of his time, and was also a prominent and distinguished statesman, being, in 1872, the candidate for the Democratic party for the highest office in the gift of American citizenship. The Tribune is ably managed

to-day by Mr. Whitelaw Reid, a stanch friend of the Plumed Knight, and a Republican every time.

The Times is a splendid newspaper, and is considered by many to be one of the best in the country. In tone it resembles somewhat the Transcript of Boston. This paper had, as its founder, Henry J. Raymond, another great editor. Raymond, Greeley, and Bennett were the three great editors who made themselves felt in their time. Pulitzer, Dana, and Reid is the trio of editors who are most prominent in New York to-day, and cartoons of them, of the most ridiculous kinds and transformations, appear in those two funny papers, Puck and Judge, quite frequently.

There are many other daily newspapers, weeklies, monthlies, etc., published in and near Park Row. Some of the other papers deserving of mention are the following: Commercial Advertiser, Post, Graphic, Mail and Express, News, Catholic Review, Clipper, Frank Leslie's, and the Harper's, Irish World, Judge, Life, Puck, Staatz-Zeitung, and hundreds of other papers, in different languages, and for different tastes, from the Baptist Weekly down to the Police Gazette.

About seven o'clock every week-day evening, in this, the season of base-ball fever, the Sun and World have their base-ball editions, such as the Record has in Boston. They attract considerable attention by the striking of gongs, *a la* fire-engine. Pretty little teams, loaded with papers, go tearing from Park Row up town, stopping at different sections of the city, where little newsboys crowd around, as if by special appointment, and buy their papers from the driver, who acts in the triple capacity of driver, counter, and receiver, with a quickness in each that is quite remarkable. Then, for some time, the boys will flock around, crying out "World and Sun — all about the base-ball games." The demand for these by the national crank is, it is needless to say, as great as in Boston; but New York being larger there is a greater number of cranks, and thus more papers are sold.

Opposite these great newspaper offices is the Post-Office, City Hall, and Court House, three buildings in which an immense amount of work is done. In the centre is a pretty little park, where the constituents of aldermen and councilmen can wait for their representatives when they are in search of employment, instead of hanging around the corridors of the Hall as they do in Boston. The Post-Office is an immense and imposing granite structure, and probably more business is done in this building than in any other Post-Office in the country. The City Hall faces it and is built of marble, although when I was there it did not look very white. It comes as near to that color as the dome on Beacon Hill does to being gilt. There is in this building what is known as the Governor's room, and on the wall are hung the portraits of many New York worthies, and the table on which Washington wrote his first messag to Congress, and the chairs of the first Congress and of Washington are preserved in the Aldermen's and Mayor's rooms. Behind this building is the Court House, also built of marble. It is said that the cost of its construction was about eight hundred thousand dollars; but at that time the Tweed ring run things, and the bill was about twelve million dollars. For years the Court House was a mine of wealth to this famous ring, whose career of wholesale plunder was

without parallel in the history of the world. The newspapers got after these thieves in time, and many of them were sent to prison, and others fled. "Boss" Tweed, who, it is said, made twenty million dollars out of his several years of plunder, was sentenced in 1873 to twelve years' imprisonment in the penitentiary. After serving a couple of years at Blackwell's Island, a new trial was granted him, and he was placed in Ludlow-Street Jail under heavy bonds. While out riding with the sheriff one day, he was allowed to visit his wife at her house. While there he escaped from his custodian and fled to Spain, where he was subsequently captured and brought back to Ludlow-Street Jail, where he died a miserable death in the very apartments so long occupied by Ferdinand Ward, now in Sing-Sing, and Jake Sharp, now in the grave. After all their wealth and power they fell, and the example they have left should stand as a strong illustration of the homely but true old maxim that "Honesty is the best policy," and of that later truism that "Public office is a public trust."

WILLIAM F. DONOVAN.

CAPE DIAMONDS.

JUDGING from present appearances, there seems very little probability of the diamond mines in South Africa becoming exhausted. That prediction finds utterance from time to time mainly on the ground that the Kimberley mines do not yield so abundantly as they did a few years ago. But the fields at De Beer's, Du Toit's Pan, and Bultfontein are, according to the latest returns, steadily increasing their outturn, the second now nearly equalling the Kimberley in productive capacity. During the three years ending on the 31st of August, the value of diamonds exported from South Africa averaged about £3,000,000 per annum, a very handsome sum to be absolutely made in the colony by labor alone, without any help from the outside world. Every diamond washed out of the *debris* represented a clear gain to the wealth of South Africa. This is not all, or nearly all, the profit, however, which has come to that part of the world from the accidental discovery of the fields. White labor has been attracted to the spot; the enhancement of prosperity has facilitated the construction of railways; great districts which were formerly left uncultivated, owing to the immense expense of conveying the produce to market, are now under the plough; and the steamer service with Europe has undergone commensurate improvement. The diamond might well, therefore, have a a statue erected in its honor at Cape Town as the greatest benefactor of South Africa. But for its benevolence, Cape Colony would still be, in all probability, the same Sleepy Hollow as in the pre-diamond days.

THE race of mankind would perish did we cease to help each other. From birth till the moment when some kind assistant wipes the dew of death from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid have a right to ask for it of their fellow-mortals, and no one, who has it in his power to grant, can refuse without incurring guilt. — *Sir Walter Scott.*

Ethics of Boxing and Manly Sport.

PART II.

It is amusing at times, oftentimes painful, to behold the hysteric efforts of our author in his weak and insincere attempts to cry down the prize-ring, while he is heroically eloquent in his description and defence of the thing he would condemn.

In his chapter, entitled "A Lesson Even in a Fight," we have a description of the famous "set-to" between King and Mace for the English championship in 1862. No man who reads that Lesson can fail to see the true animus of the author, which is neither more nor less than an open defence of the prize-ring. If this were candidly admitted there would be little left to be said. But no; while the prize-ring is thinly and weakly condemned in some parts of the book, in other parts it is stoutly contended for in terms stronger than those of implication.

Mace, we are told, was the favorite in the fight for the championship, and for ten rounds he had the best of it; fifteen rounds, and no change; at the nineteenth, King's friends knew he was beaten. Says Mr. O'Reilly: "He was fearfully punished about the head, his face was swelled, he could not see. *He had to grope for his man.* But he came up doggedly to receive the smashing fist of the champion."

Next came the usual gambling, or betting, on the brutal fight. "No one would take the freely-offered odds of thirty to five against King; ten to one was called, and no takers. Then the crowd shouted to Mace to finish him. And Mace smilingly (these prize-fighters are always smiling) and confidently prepared. The blind man came staggering toward him with the same awful courage and determination which had upheld him so long; and Mace threw out his left, preparatory to giving him the *coup de grace* with his right."

Then the bloody scene changes, and King gave his opponent a slashing blow.

"It was worth all the blows of the fight massed into one."

We are assured of this, and the assurance must elevate the reader into a perfect heaven of ethics on boxing and betting.

"Mace fell as if he had been struck with a mallet, bleeding from mouth, eyes, and nose. He lay like a log for some seconds!"

How beautiful the Lesson! Its value, we are told, was to teach Englishmen that "beating and bruising, and even blinding a man, do not defeat him, if his heart be true and strong." "— This is the fascinating secret, this is the line to look for — this unbroken, golden thread of pluck, of manly fortitude, of secret, heart-whispering confidence."

Is not this plainly and distinctly a defence of the prize-ring? Could the author go further in its defence? Is not the language of the defence eloquent and poetical? Why, one would think that the author was writing a Lesson for young men about to enter on the battle-field of life.

Alas, no!

It is only a Lesson to inspire men who fight; men, who have their faces swelled with blows, and are blinded; whose heads are fearfully punished, and have blood streaming from eyes, mouth, and nose, to try

and continue their work of human butchery, in the hope that they may win by maiming and destroying their opponent in the fight.

Sickening, let us hope, over this description, the author regrets the "bruises, and the scars, and the blood; but they are the price of a precious and beautiful thing — the sight of manly qualities under the severest strain."

"A precious and beautiful thing!"

"Manly qualities under the severest strain!"

A very large majority of common-sense people will fail to see anything of the kind in this infamous and bloody encounter between two prize-fighters.

There is nothing either precious or beautiful in this class of "manly qualities."

How could the author use, or rather abuse, such terms as "precious" and "beautiful," in such a debasing connection?

"Manly qualities" found in the degradation of the prize ring?

"Manly qualities" in the lowest and most brutal ruffianism that ever defaced the fair fame of society?"

Such language and such thoughts, used for a LESSON, should cover the author with a sense of shame and confusion for such an outrage on civilization.

True men cannot, will not, close their eyes to the effects of such Lessons.

When men descend to a certain depth of depravity, they lose all moral consciousness, and their best efforts are put forth, not to reform, but to find a deeper depth of hell, into which they may descend.

It was by this means that savagery first came into the world; and savagery — remember it — was a descent of mankind, your evolutionists to the contrary notwithstanding.

Low and degrading as is the prize-ring, those who are habituated to its savagery learn to go lower and lower. Like tigers that have tasted human blood, and are furiously mad for more, these men will go into a pit to witness, with the appetite and relish of beasts, a fight between a "man" and a bull-dog, the "man" fighting the nobler animal for a stake of rum! By the rules of the ring, the "man" in the pit must go down on all-fours, and fight only with his head and teeth.

For the sake of outraged humanity let it be known that such scenes as these can be witnessed only in England, the home of the prize-ring.

Enough of this.

Those who have investigated this sort of fight distinctly proved it to be the natural and legitimate outcome of the prize-ring.

It is another of our author's unbroken, golden threads of pluck. Strange golden threads are these!

That fight between the "man" and the dog was surely an exhibition of "manly qualities under the severest strain." We may regret it; but it is the child of that "precious and beautiful thing," the prize-ring.

Brutal, you say.

Nonsense! You slander all the brute creation by such a remark.

Another very brutal custom, — the outcome of the English prize-ring that has so many fascinations for our poet-author, — is what is known

as Lancashire wrestling. In this wrestling match the men come into the ring with wooden clogs for shoes. The clogs are shod with iron, just such clogs as workingmen and workingwomen wear in the English manufacturing districts, except that they are made specially tipped with iron at the toes. The "scientific points" are made by the men kicking each other on the bare shins. For this purpose the contestants, who have caught each other by the shoulders, and are bent forward, endeavor to pull one another into a straight position, so that they may counter and cross-counter with the feet at each other's legs.

Talk of cuts, bruises, scars, blood, and fainting spells!

But what of all these in view of the manly qualities of the wrestlers, under the severest strain?

That is the place to pick up your unbroken, golden thread of pluck.

The punishment these wrestlers administer to each other is simply frightful, and its effects remain for life. The skin and flesh are peeled off the shins, and not unfrequently the bones are smashed and the sufferers taken to a hospital. This is where the kicks are like the mallet-blows so graphically described by Mr. O'Reilly, in his account of the King and Mace fight for the championship.

The blunting of the sensibilities by participation in prize-ring fights, and "man" and bull-dog fights, and Lancashire wrestling, leads the participators into the practice of wife-beating, so prevalent in England. This again leads to, or rather, intensifies the habit of gross and heavy drinking, by both men and women, and not infrequently terminates in the murder of babies by their parents, in order to secure the few shillings which come from some penny beneficial society to bury the child.

All this is the direct result and outcome of prize-ring fighting, which obtains more largely throughout Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the Black Country than in other parts of England.

So true is it that one evil follows in the train of another, that vice begets vice, and that the patrons of the prize-ring, like the Marquis of Queensberry, a noted crank of exceeding eccentricities, but lead the lower herd to ruin.

Just think of the rising generation of American youth taught to look for a "Lesson Even in a Fight."

Truly there is sufficient evil in human nature without adding to its errors, vices, and follies, that of a love for the prize-ring.

As the author of the Ethics of Boxing is a professed admirer of boxing for "scientific points," let us lay before him a report of a match of that kind which appeared in the New York Sun of May 21.

For Scientific Points Only.

"The Scottish-American Athletic Club of Jersey City gave a sparring exhibition in the club rooms last night. The event of the evening was a ten-round contest between Patrick Cahill, the Scottish-American Club amateur champion of 1888, and James H. Robinson of the Eagle Athletic Club of Brooklyn, amateur champion of 1887, for the middle-weight amateur championship of America and a medal said to be worth $500.

"The contest was announced to be for *scientific points only.* The men fought with two-ounce gloves in a sixteen-foot ring. Robinson wore blue kneebreeches, and Cahill blue tights. Both were bared to the waist. Cahill

stood five feet seven and a half inches, and weighed one hundred and forty-five pounds. His opponent was the heavier by eleven pounds, and is five feet ten inches tall.

"The first two rounds of the fight were very tame, and not more than a dozen blows were struck. When time was called for the third round close fighting began on the part of both men. They had no sooner put up their hands than Robinson went at his man like a bull at a red rag. Cahill eluded him, but Robinson would not be denied. He smashed Pat on the top of the head and drove him into a corner. Cahill ducked away, and as Robinson went after him he swung with his right and caught him on the side of the neck. The blow was a stiffener, and Robinson half reeled into his own corner. He was almost dazed, but he returned to the charge. In the close fighting that followed, which on Cahill's part was fast and furious, Robinson had all the worst of it, and he mechanically threw back his head to escape the rain of blows. This was an error fatal to his chances. Like a flash Cahill drew his right half way back and then like lightning shot it forth. It was Mike Cleary's half arm jolt and it caught Robinson right on the point of the chin. As though stricken by electricity he fell as stiff and as motionless as a corpse. The back of his neck rested on the lower rope, and it made a pillow that kept his head from striking the hard floor. With his arms fully extended along his sides, and his hands unclinched, Robinson was perfectly senseless. His eyes were open and fixed, his lower jaw relaxed, and there he remained insensible to his surroundings."

Remember that this fight was one of those ardently advocated by the author of Ethics of Boxing. Many men will be found sufficiently blind, and fail to perceive where the ethics of boxing come in here. Indeed, it would seem that fighting for "scientific points," and fighting a regular prize-fight have characteristics so common to both that only the purely ethical can distinguish the one from the other.

Yes; there *is* a Lesson even in a fight, and it is to be hoped that the young men who read this review of Mr. O'Reilly's book will take the lesson of this fight, for "scientific points," thoroughly to heart, and learn to shun such sights as they would shun a plague of the most dangerous type.

While such reports are necessarily introduced here, the reason for their introduction is obvious: To deter those who read them from the companionship of those who would lead them astray, and to rebut the evil that comes from Mr. O'Reilly's teaching of a "Lesson Even in a Fight."

YOUNG MEN: — From the first line of the first page of the first volume of this MAGAZINE to the present number, you have met with nothing in these pages that was not instructive, interesting, amusing, useful, edifying, elevating in its tendency, designed and directed for your whole good, and calculated to make you happier and better every day of your lives.

What think you?

Is such matter preferable to lessons in fighting — fighting even for "scientific points?"

The judgment you would be likely to render in such a case can be easily anticipated. You feel in your very instincts that from the days of your earliest memory, that you had something within you that taught you and warned you to shun all manner of fighting, as contrary to God's holy law, disgraceful to your character, and an evil that would bring shame and sorrow to your parents, friends, and good companions.

In a hot moment of just passion, and when laboring under the rankling sense of insult, or assault, you may have struck a blow at the offender, and punished him. This natural and impulsive use of the fists, while not the best way of manifesting resentment, is certainly not to be altogether condemned; but neither is such action to be classed as fighting for "scientific points," nor has it the remotest connection, whatever, with the deadly slaughter and disgusting methods of the prize-ring.

Let me tell you about a fight I saw, the part I took in it, and what became of it.

A few days ago on one of the most public thoroughfares of New York City was a crowd of youngsters just let loose from school. I was watching them from an office door, and soon I saw two little fellows, neither over seven years of age, coolly lay down their slates and school books on the sidewalk and fall to a-fighting.

"Say, Bill, your brudder's a-catchin' of it," were the words addressed to a tough-looking specimen of a boy of about fifteen, who was arguing some point with another like himself. The boy thus addressed looked around, and while continuing his argument with his companion, sidled over toward the young combatants and carelessly threw his arm under the chin and around the neck of the child his little brother was fighting with. This act bent back the child's head thus rendering him powerless to see his opponent or to use his hands. This cruel act of the big fellow enabled his little brother to maul away at the head and face of the child thus garroted. Soon the blood came from nose and mouth of the poor little prisoner, and then his captor seeing this let him go, giving him a parting kick that sent the child into the gutter. I hurried to the scene, and was just in time to give that fifteen-year-old tough a swinging box in the ear that staggered and threw him as completely as the child had been thrown.

What was all this conduct of the little ones but the outcome of the spirit of boxing that Mr. O'Reilly would laud to the heavens, and try to teach us to believe was the only thing destined to make America great, and its citizens independent?

We trust for the good of our common country that Mr. O'Reilly's judgment is in error, and his expectations not well founded.

Personal bravery as we find it exhibited by soldiers on duty; by sailors, and those in the life-boat service in saving human lives at the risk of their own; by firemen in their heroic efforts to save life and property; by locomotive engineers and others filling perilous positions in moments of grave danger; in fine, for every brave and manly act performed by man, the whole nation stands ready to applaud and to reward with its highest and noblest favors.

But as for boxing, or prize-fighting, the whole nation, except the loafers and drunkards, the gamblers, sports, outlaws, thieves, and pimps of every description, has nothing but execrations for the brood of blackguards who live by and encourage the wretched boxers in their short, pitifully spent lives of vice and shame.

Glance over the following, and hear in it the howls of demons mixed with the anguished cries of a heart-broken father, and realize, or try to realize, the enormity of the scene and its surroundings of passion and despair.

No conception in Dante's Inferno, no life-struck picture of Doré, could make more manifest in direful realism such an account as this. It is condensed from the Sun of May 5th, and is headed

Too Savage to Look at.

"A match between two one-hundred-and-sixty-pound Waterbury bruisers was made in the Boston Police News office several weeks ago; five hundred dollars a side in stakes and a two years' grudge were the incentives to a prize-fight which, for the terrible punishment inflicted, must go down as one of the severest in the annals of the ring. Mike Burns is a red-haired, chunky fellow of twenty-eight years. He is five feet seven and one-half inches tall, and stripped a little over one hundred and sixty-five pounds. Pat Sutton is a dark-haired lad of twenty-four, with pleasing manners and (before the fight) an intelligent face. He is five feet seven inches tall, and scaled one hundred and sixty pounds. He is almost a novice, having fought but once before, when he won.

"'Time.'

"Two solidly-built, fairly *scientific men*, in perfect health and passably trained, put up their gloved hands. And those gloves! The Sun reporter captured the one the victor wore on his left hand, as a trophy. They were heavy driving gloves with the fingers cut off. The seams on the back of the joints were whip-cords, that could cut into the flesh like knives.

"A few careful measurings, and Sutton let fly his left. Burns stopped it splendidly. The red-haired man, whose forte was cross-countering or work with the right, which is not supposed to be the highest development of the science" [this is in direct contradiction to the teaching of Mr. O'Reilly], "sent in his right in a second. The spectators cheered as the fearful smash caught Sutton bang on the neck. Sutton fell back, and then tried his left again. This time it caught his opponent on the chin, and knocked his head back. Burns again let go his heavy right. 'First blood for Burns,' cried Jack Files, and the referee couldn't fail to see the crimson tide that gushed from Sutton's left cheek. Bang, bang, went Sutton's left, and spurts of blood came from Burns' mouth and nose in answer. Before the end of the round the auburn man's lips were swollen and turned inside out. They fought to the ropes, and then Burns banged Sutton back to the centre. Terrific left-hand thumps from Sutton and two or three surprising failures of Burns' knock-out right to land brought the men on the ropes in Burns' corner. The second round was even worse. If Burns didn't chance to land a finisher with his right, Sutton's good left-hand jabs would surely bring him out a winner. The eyes of both men looked as if they longed to go in for the early closing movement at the finish. Sutton's face had been decorated with another gash half an inch in length, while Burns' lips bled a stream in spite of the efforts his seconds had made to stanch the flow, as they came up for the third round.

"'My God, I can't stand this!' said Sutton's father, as his gamey son, early in this round landed a smash on his adversary's bread basket, only to get a terrific cross-counter on the temple, from which the blood gushed in a great rivulet down his face, throat, and breast. It was not stayed by his woollen breeches, and made a little pool on the floor at his feet. Sutton kept away from Burns, on his second's advice, for a moment after this, but soon threw caution to the winds and went banging in, while Burns responded in a manner that threatened to end the fight in short order. Three terrific rallies of this sort of work made each glad to spar a moment for wind. Burns was first to renew. He forced Sutton to the ropes because Sutton broke ground, and got out of such right-hand attempts as he could not dispose of by left-hand jabs on his opponent's mouth when he saw them coming. Burns became wild with rage, and cross-countered terrifically.

"Each was now as blind as a bat, in the left eye, and the question was reduced to which should lose both eyes, or get in a clean knock-out blow. The fifth and sixth rounds were full of desperate exchanges, and blood flew over seconds, referee, time-keepers, and spectators alike. Exaggeration of the frightful appearance of the men is impossible. They resembled the cari-

catures of prize-fighters sometimes published. Burns fought like a tiger in the seventh round, which, impossible as it seemed, even excelled the other rounds in desperation. Two terrific rights Sutton got back from. Then he essayed to stop the next blow of this kind before it got to him, by jabbing his opponent with his left as he came in, according to his second's directions. Once he failed and caught the blow on the angle of his jaw, which swelled at once. The next time, though, he sent in a left-hander, landing with a shock that loosened every tooth in Burns' head. He ducked his head a little, too, and Burns' right hand was smashed on it."

"The seconds had to do their utmost to send the men up again. Their tongues were scraped with bent pieces of whalebone, sharpened on one side. Brandy and lemon juice were plentifully administered, and strong ammonia was held to their noses. Sutton's second ordered him to go in and force the pace. Betting was now $100 to $80 against Burns, whose face was a frightful sight. Sutton had lost a terrible amount of blood.

"'Make it a draw, will you? The Burns side will,' said the referee, who, fighter as he was himself, was heartsick at the terrible spectacle as the men faced for the eighth round. Sutton's father, who had left the ring side, coming back at this moment, caught sight of his boy's terrible plight, and had to *grasp a post to support himself.* The noise and confusion as the men fought the last rounds were terrific. There was no interference, but there wasn't a spectator who wouldn't have given all he was worth to end the slaughter then and there. Cut, bruised, and dazed, one side of his head twice as large as it should be, lips and nose a caricature, his right eye closed so tightly it couldn't have been pulled open, and the other fast going, Burns came gamely up for the tenth and last round. Sutton was as clean as a whistle when he left his corner; but the blood from the half a dozen desperate cuts the terrible gloves had torn in his features made one stream, and formed a pool at his feet when he stopped an instant in the centre before rushing at his foe."

Yes; there is, indeed, a "Lesson Even in a Fight," and he who fails to learn that lesson after reading the above is more to be pitied than censured.

"Every boy in a free country ought to be instructed in boxing," says Mr. O'Reilly.

For what purpose pray? To know how to fight is to encourage fighting. If for health exercise there are means far superior and in abundance everywhere around us.

If the boys of this country were so instructed we should certainly have more prize-fights than now; but would not the country get along just as well with fewer prize-fights and fighters? And could not every boy in a free country be instructed in something better, nobler, than boxing? What if they were instructed in trades and farming? The country would surely gain as much from boys learning these pursuits as it would gain if they were instructed in boxing.

What is good for boys should be good for girls. Why but Mr. O'Reilly advocates instruction in boxing for girls as well as for boys? A nation of male boxers and Amazons would be a big thing, and ought to satisfy the demands of even such a stickler for boxing as the author of the Ethics of Boxing.

Strangely out of place in a book like this, but welcome to every Irishman, are the chapters on the physicial resources and mineralogy of Ireland, which Mr. O'Reilly gives us in his Ethics of Boxing. Such chapters were evidently intended for some other class of work; but the same not being forthcoming, and probably lying on the author's hands

for some considerable time, these dissertations on the mineral resources of Ireland were pitchforked in here to swell the size of the present book, having the same relation to it that mineralogy has to boxing.

At least a hundred like circumstances are present throughout the book; indeed, it is full of matter, and good matter at that, totally at variance with the Ethics of Boxing and Manly Sport, and having no bearing whatever, not even the remotest, upon the subject of the book. But this is a matter, while sufficiently legitimate for treatment in an ordinary review, concerns the public very little. It is altogether for our author's consideration in regard to his future literary position.

The whole purport of this notice of Mr. O'Reilly's book is manifest in what is here said of it. It is the spirit and evil object of the book's teaching that is combated, together with an exposure of the tricks resorted to for the purpose of pandering to a vicious craze that society will not tolerate. Not even the apotheosis of the human animal, Sullivan, will serve to make Mr. O'Reilly's book of consequence after the proverbial ten days' wonder has expired. Train children in the "art" of boxing, and when they become men they will be fighters, then prize-fighters. I recall, just here, a very sad incident, that has a particular bearing on this subject.

Subsequently to the famine years in Ireland, a large number of Irishmen, unable to find the means of emigrating to America, went forth to Scotland and England, in pursuit of the work denied them at home. Many of these had settled down as colliers and miners, in a village called Dalry, in Ayrshire, Scotland. The men worked hard and honestly, and made good wages. They were paid only once a month, a practice that led the workers into many an evil way. When payday came, there was generally a good deal of drinking and fighting, and the priest, who ministered to those settled in Dalry and its vicinity, had often more than his ordinary duties to attend to in the way of preserving the peace among his people. The young men used to have boxing matches, just that class of "sport" so strongly commended by the author of the Ethics of Boxing; but the invariable termination of such "sport" was a regular "set-to," in an improvised ring, in an open field.

Rev. Father William Burke, the zealous missionary priest who had charge of these people, deplored these vile practices, and worked hard to uproot them, but without avail until the occurrence I am about to relate put an end at once and forever to the "sports."

Standing in front of the altar one Sunday this good priest said: "I understand there is to be a repetition, to-morrow, of those wrestling and sparring bouts by some of you who now hear me. You are well aware of their disgraceful character, and of the evil that springs from them. I hereby caution you to avoid these things; and, by the power given me by God, I hurl my malediction upon each and every one who dares to engage in them, whether as participators or onlookers; and if any there be who now hears my voice of warning and disregards it, I shall excommunicate him when I shall stand in this place again before you."

Next day the fight took place. There were but five men present and the two combatants. The first and only blow was struck. One

of the men reeled, tottered, and fell, impaled upon the stump of an old thorn tree. His bloody entrails covered the spot where he fell. His assailant fled terror-stricken from the scene. The dead body was removed to the wretched home occupied by the wife and family of the murdered man.

The priest again stood in presence of the altar of God. He was as pale as marble. When the time came for him to speak he stood dumb and motionless for some minutes. There were not half a dozen dare raise their eyes to look upon him. He was the living personification of an avenging angel. The veins of his face were swollen; large drops of perspiration rolled down his cheeks; and before he uttered a word he extinguished the candles on the altar, closed the missal, and violently rang the altar-bell, a prelude to the dreadful words and scene that followed, and which I purposely forbear to describe.

Let it be borne in mind that the sparring and wrestling which led to those disgraceful scenes in Dalry were precisely of the kind suited to our author's tastes and teaching. To be as accurate as possible, I do not think that gloves were used on those occasions. It was not a single fight that followed those "sports" that finally terminated in homicide. The fights were numerous; and for the first time during a long public life as an Irish and Catholic journalist, I have to make the confession that the lives of the Irishmen at that time in Scotland, especially in the mining districts, were a shame and a scandal.

It is barely necessary to add that fighting leads to drinking and drinking leads to fighting, particularly among Irishmen, and that every well-wisher of his country and people is anxiously desirous to see these twin evils abolished rather than encouraged by such teachings as are to be found in the Ethics of Boxing.

The nondescript class of smart young men who have never done an honest day's work in their lives; those who wear tight-fitting clothes, loud neckties, horseshoe scarf pins, and who carry canes under their arms, are the patrons of boxing and manly sports. The gilded haunts of those men in Boston and New York are just the places where nude pictures and other abominations are plentiful. Mr. O'Reilly's book should have quite a run in those marts of the devil. And the whole of that lazy, worthless, gambling class of loafers and blackguards should feel grateful to Mr. O'Reilly, not for defending them, but for advocating boxing which is to them as the breath of their nostrils.

It is always a pleasure and a comfort to bestow praise for intellectual performances when deserved, and it is equally painful to blame for errors of judgment, bad taste, faulty construction in diction, and mischievous and misleading teachings, even if unintentional. If our gifted author could only view his work on boxing in the true light in which it should be viewed; if he could but extend his vision as to the probable results of his evil monitions, and recall his errors, not for rectification but to stamp them out of existence, he would serve a good purpose for the benefit of himself and others.

The responsibilities of authorship are not to be assumed by those whom the public favor, either in moments of levity or for the purpose of following a popular craze. The dignity of authorship should prevent such a prostitution of natural or acquired abilities, and no cause, gain

included, should prove sufficiently strong or attractive to draw an upright mind into a false position, when the moral lives of others become endangered by that position and all that flows from it. It is the very heartlessness of mockery for Mr. O'Reilly to attempt to condemn the prize-ring, and yet betray such an amazing strength of feeling and sympathy in its defence. Indeed, it is almost impossible to believe in his sincerity in pursuing such a course. The chief condemnation of that course has been selected from his own thoughts, and the language he employs in giving them expression.

New York. PETER MCCORRY.

A Hibernian Empire: The Irish in Chili.

ISRAEL KOHN, at present of Sante Fe, N. M., but who for many years was a resident of Valparaiso, Chili, where he was largely interested in mines, arrived in St. Louis, recently, and is visiting friends. Falling into conversation with a Post-Dispatch reporter, at the Planters' House, Mr. Kohn said: —

"For nearly twenty years, from 1863 to 1882, I lived on the western coast of South America, making my home at Valparaiso during most of that time, but travelling over the entire country in pursuit of my business. In this way I became intimately acquainted with the various nations that, as a rule, are on the western coast, and I think I understand the cause of the preponderance of power held by the poorest of the South American Republics — Chili. The population of the entire western part of South America is similar, consisting for the most part of half and quarter-breed Spaniards, the Indian blood predominating, with a very considerable amount of black blood in the North. Many Germans are met with and a few Americans; but the natives of both nations are mere sojourners, and should not be considered as belonging to the true population. In Chili alone is there a strong element of European blood infused into the people, and this has enabled them to take their present commanding position.

Talk about New York being governed by the Irish! No city in the world is so much under Hibernian control as Valparaiso, and that city governs Chili, and, in consequences of the victories gained by that country, Peru also. The Irish in Valparaiso, however, occupy a very different position from that held by them in the United States, as they do not govern by force of numbers but by force by character, forming by count but an insignificant portion of the population, but ruling the rest. The Irish in Chili occupy much the same position that is held by the English in India, and their rule has proved fully as beneficial to the country in which they have made their home. The beginning of the Irish influence can be dated from the arrival of Admiral Cochran, the famous Lord Dundonald, who really did more than any one else to release South America from the Spanish yoke. Although an Englishman, nearly all his companions and fellow-adventurers were Catholic Irish; and after he surrendered command of the fleet and left the country, those who had accompanied him remained and made their homes in Chili. These men

and their descendants formed a regular military oligarchy, and have, in reality, governed Chili from 1840 to the present time.

After the Civil War in the United States, a large number of Cleburn's Irish Brigade made their way to Chili, and organized its army on the model of that of the Southern Confederacy. For years they were engaged in a sort of guerilla warfare with the Patagonians, which resembled greatly that waged against the Indians in the United States. A few of Cochran's old sailors organized the fleet, and brought its vessels to a high state of discipline and efficiency. The country was poor, the mines having generally failed, and for years Chili attracted little attention even in South America. But suddenly the trouble with Peru culminated in war, and the Chilian troops had a chance of showing what they could do. Even in Valparaiso the feeling was that the nation was entering into a contest in which the chances were greatly against it, and a successful termination was hoped for rather than expected. But the first battle showed the results of the Irish blood and training. Although far outnumbered, the Chilian troops, by sheer desperation of valor, swept the Peruvians from their front, one small regiment, formed exclusively of Irish-Americans conquering more than five times their number. The Peruvians, led by half-breed officers, ran like sheep before the furious Irish onslaught, and the country was overrun within a few months. To emphasize the cause of the astonishing victory of the Chilenos, several engagements took place between forces commanded by native officers on both sides, and the result in every instance was, that the Peruvians won. But when Irish officers commanded the Southern Republic was always victorious, and as to the Irish regiment, the Peruvians, after the second combat, never dared wait its attack, but fled precipitately as soon as the drums beat the charge. Even on the ocean, where the brave German Admiral Grau had command, the fight went against the Peruvians, and they were soon reduced to a condition of helplessness, entirely owing to the Irish in the Chilian service.

These men were almost deified by the natives, and ever since the Peruvian war have held complete control of Chili, which, under the form of a republic, is, to-day, really an Irish empire, the only one in the world. The names of Pratt, McGilroy, who, by the way, was the only Protestant who ever rose to a high position in South America, Reille, the Spanish for O'Reilly, O'Beirne, and others of the same Hibernian derivation, are, to-day, the most beloved and honored among the Spanish-Indian population, and a visiting Irishman is regarded as an aristocrat, a position he occupies nowhere else on earth. I have often wondered why Irish emigrants did not turn their attention to Chili where they would meet a better reception than anywhere else in the world, and hope that this will catch the eye of some of them, and lead them to move to that country, where almost certain success awaits them. — St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

RUSKIN was asked the other day to contribute to the liquidation of an iron church belonging to a sect of Evangelical Protestants in England. He refused, saying: "Of all the sects of believers in any rulin gspirit — Hindoos, Turks, Feather Idolators, and Mumbo Jumbo,

Log and Fire Worshippers — who want churches, your modern English Evangelical sect is the most absurd and entirely objectionable and unendurable to me. All which they might very easily have found out from my books — any other sort of sect would — before bothering me to write it to them."

The Republican Ticket.

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

LEVI P. MORTON.

THE Republican National Convention held at Chicago, after a stormy session of seven days, on June 25, nominated for President, Gen. Benjamin Harrison, of Indiana, and for Vice-President, Hon. Levi P. Morton, of New York. Mr. Blaine's name was withdrawn by his especially cabled demand, after the seventh ballot, and Gen. Harrison was nominated on the eighth by a vote of 549 out of 830. Mr. Morton was nominated for the Vice-Presidency on the first ballot.

Gen. Harrison is a native of Ohio, aged fifty-five, and a grandson of President William Henry Harrison, "old Tippecanoe," who was elected in 1840 after the famous "log cabin and hard cider" campaign. Gen. Harrison served in the war from 1862 to 1865, attaining the rank of brigadier-general in January of the latter year. He served one term as United States Senator from Indiana; but made no mark in the upper House of Congress, and was defeated when he ran for re-election last year. He is a lawyer by profession.

Levi P. Morton, ex-Congressman and Minister to France, is a native of Vermont, aged sixty-four. He was the son of a poor country minister, and has made his large fortune in the dry goods and banking lines. He entered political life only ten years ago, being elected to Congress from New York. President Garfield appointed him Minister to France in 1880, and he filled that position until the inauguration of President Cleveland. The following incident shows that Mr. Morton

knows how to dispense his well-earned money in large and noble charity: —

When the government put at the disposal of the charitable, as a means of conveying food to the starving Irish, the frigate *Constellation*, Mr. Morton wrote to the New York Herald, offering to supply a quarter of the cargo, and asking that his name be reserved. His generous offer, which was made at an expense of many thousands of dollars, fired the hearts of the mercantile community, and in a single day the entire cargo of the *Constellation* was pledged. It was only recently, through the indiscretion of a friend, that Mr. Morton became known as the chief benefactor. This is but one of hundreds of broad acts of philanthropy on his part, most of which will never be known, as Mr. Morton does not speak of them.

The platform in its declaration of principles says: —"The Republicans of the United States, assembled by their delegates in National Convention, pause on the threshold of their proceedings to honor the memory of their first great leader, the immortal champion of liberty and the rights of the people — Abraham Lincoln; and to cover also with wreaths of imperishable remembrance and gratitude the heroic names of our later leaders who have more recently been called away from our councils — Grant, Garfield, Arthur, Logan, Conkling. May their memories be faithfully cherished. We also recall with our greetings, and with prayer for his recovery, the name of one of our living heroes, whose memory will be treasured in the history both of Republicans and the Republic — the name of that noble soldier and favorite child of victory, Philip H. Sheridan. In the spirit of those great leaders and of our own devotion to human liberty, and with that hostility to all forms of despotism and oppression which is the fundamental idea of the Republican party, we send fraternal congratulation to our fellow-Americans of Brazil upon their great act of emancipation, which completed the abolition of slavery throughout the two American continents. We earnestly hope that we may soon congratulate our fellow-citizens of Irish birth upon the peaceful recovery of Home Rule for Ireland."

THE LATE THOMAS MOONEY.

THOMAS MOONEY, known to Irish World readers as "Trans-Atlantic," was born in Ireland eighty-nine years ago. His extraordinary length of life, and the excellent health with which he was blessed through the whole of his long life, he was fond of attributing very much to the fact that, during his youth and manhood, he was a total abstainer from alcoholic stimulants as from tobacco in any form. In his letters he used to frequently exhort Irishmen to boycott tobacco and whiskey, both on sanitary grounds, and because of the serious injury such a policy would inflict on the revenue of the enemy. Thomas Mooney was a young man before Catholic emancipation. His father could tell him, from personal knowledge, about the bloody laws under which

"They bribed the flock, they bribed the son,
To sell the priest and rob the sire;
Their dogs were taught alike to run
Upon the scent of wolf and friar."

A Wonderful Bed.

If the account of a patent bed lately made for a Parisian millionnaire be true, then his couch is one of the most luxurious pieces of furniture yet heard of. Indeed the description of the bed makes one envy the fortunate possessor. The bed itself is a model of comfort; and the following devices have been adopted to render rising from it as little unpleasant as possible. When it is time to get up a chime of bells ring. The occupant continues to sleep. Suddenly a candle is lit by a clever mechanical arrangement. The sleeper rubs his eyes, and an invisible hand proceeds to divest him of his nightcap. By means of electricity a spirit lamp, with coffee-roasting apparatus affixed, next begins to burn. The water soon boils, and the smell of coffee fills the room with a delicious fragrance. Luxuriously revelling in a crowd of agreeable sensations, the occupant, now just beginning to awake, is soothed by sounds proceeding from a costly music box. At length the bells ring out another merry peal, and at the foot of the bed a card with "Levez-vous" (Get up) inscribed on it appears. If this invitation is without effect, a powerful mechanism lifts the occupant bodily from his bed and deposits him on the floor.

Gen. Phil Sheridan.

The general has so far recovered, that he has been removed to his summer residence. When he was seriously ill, the whole country was watching the issue with painful suspense. This anxiety is not confined to any section or party, as the noble soldier has never been identified with party strife, and has stubbornly refused to compromise his military position by pronounced political views. During the period of reconstruction he made himself obnoxious in the South by some harsh military measures; but the hostility his energy awoke has long since passed to the ledger account of the country's profit and loss. Sheridan drops into the funeral train of our great men rather before his time, but not too soon for his well-rounded and imperishable fame. We do not wish to speak of him as a soldier, for that phase of his life is known to the whole world. It is more pleasant to review his career as a Christian and a Catholic; especially after the country has been so cruelly scandalized by the pagan death beds of so many of our great men. Garfield died like a stoic. Arthur died like an epicurean. Tilden died like a pagan. Hancock went to his death without prayer or clergy. Conkling died like an infidel. Death comes to the gallant Sheridan, and he at once prepares himself to meet his Maker. He sends for his confessor, makes his confession, and receives the last sacraments; his only concern at the supreme moment being to make his peace with Heaven. The example of such a death is of more value to the present generation than all the fame he achieved on the field of battle, and makes him dear to every Christian in the land. The greatest cavalry general of ancient or modern times, and the head of the armies of United States, prepares for death

with the simple faith of the humblest of Catholics. We remember an incident in his career that was told us by the late Bishop Foley of Chicago. He came to announce the approaching marriage, and to take such steps as were necessary to perform that solemn act as became a Catholic. He said he wanted to make a good confession. He went to confession, not once or twice, but three several times before he would consent to receive Holy Communion. When the morning came for him to receive, the bishop stood before him with uplifted Host, and he assured us the great leader, the heroic commander of fifty bloody battles, trembled with awe and reverence and shook the altar railing with the power of his mastering emotion. He declared that he was never more edified in his life. When Gen. Sheridan was in Chicago he always had a pew in his parish church, and was always to be seen in it at one Mass on Sunday. In Washington, Sheridan's pew is known to everybody because he is seen in it every Sunday. Even when he was in command in New Orleans he secured a pew in the nearest church before he was in the city a week, and was known for his regular attendance at Mass. Yet Gen. Sheridan was not a pious man, as is Gen. Rosecrans and others of the old and present army. He has the solid Irish faith of his people, and always recognized his obligations to the church. For this we feel proud of him. When religion is fast becoming a word of three syllables, with the accent on the penultimate, it is consoling to see a truly great man, and one of the busiest men living, finding time and preserving the strong purpose to save his soul. We hope he may live to wear the new honors created for him by his grateful country. Western Watchman.

Religio et Patria.

RELIGION and country are two words which bring up from the deep well of the soul emotions varied and lasting. Without religion, no country can long maintain her morals uncorrupted, and without morality to infuse life and efficacy into the law, the country declines and falls, and then vanishes from the geographical map, as a distant nationality.

The possibility of a country of infidels has been imagined by a few charlatan philosophers; but such a country has never existed. When the atheistical philosophy of France began denying all authority, except natural season; bore its blossoms and fruits of negation; taught that the savage was the primitive state of man; and, with old Lucretius, held that "fear made their gods," and all the other vagaries taught in the schools where Religion is divorced from Philosophy, France became, temporarily, a people of infidels, and the horrors, orgies, hecatombs, and saturnalia of blood, of '92, followed. There was a country, which, on the map of the world, was as much a country as it ever was, yet a country without religion, — a country, where regicide, murder, guillotine, and divorce, were common; for the human mind, puffed with the pride of intellect, is terribly logical; and where religion is not ever present to furnish first principles, and to keep the ever-fomenting mind in the right channel, the inexorable logic of Passion will always carry false principles to their last logical conclusion.

Whence we conclude, that no country will ever play her prominent part in the passing panorama of history, however great her men, if religion is not first to exercise her moral and restraining influence, or where the literature and thought of the country is not mellowed by the Christianizing power of religion.

Religio et Patria, these two words show what we love, — country, — and, what is necessary to its preservation, — religion.

New Orleans Morning Star.

The Battle of Bannockburn.

BANNOCKBURN is a village in Sterlingshire, Scotland, whose name is imperishably associated with one of the most memorable events of British history. In its immediate vicinity was fought the celebrated battle between the English under Edward II. and the Scotch patriots under Robert the Bruce, which terminated in the total defeat of the former and the salvation of Scotland from the worst curse which can befall a people — the domination of another nation.

It is remarkable that Bruce was, as it were, forced by circumstances, as much as led by ambition, to seize on the crown of Scotland and fight in its defence. Bruce, Baliol, and Cumyn were joint claimants for the Scottish crown, and Edward I. of England made use of their differences to establish himself as Lord Paramount of Scotland with the consent of the rival claimants, who did homage to him in this character, hoping thus to secure his aid against their competitors. John Baliol was first made King of Scotland by Edward; but was afterwards deposed and imprisoned. It is said that Cumyn was more favored than Bruce; and the rivals happening to meet accidentally in a church, hot words arose between them, and Bruce, in a passion, stabbed Cumyn to the heart.

For this act he was excommunicated by the Pope and outlawed by the King, and he was obliged to live a rowing life for some time in the fastnesses of the Scotch Highlands. Here all the disaffected kept in communication with him, and sturdy patriots kept joining to his party until he found himself at the head of a formidable array. The despotism of the English tended to swell materially the ranks of Bruce's followers; for, as action is followed by reaction, oppression must engender resistance. History gives many examples of this fact. The state of affairs in Scotland became so serious that the English King resolved to encounter Bruce in person, and for that purpose led a numerous and splendid host of the flower of the English troops across the border. They met the Scotch army at Bannockburn, and the battle was commenced with discharges of arrows which produced no noticeable effect on either side. As the majority of the English forces were cavalry, Bruce posted his men — chiefly Highlanders, armed with long two-handed swords — in such a way as to be inaccessible to the attacks of the horsemen. When these were wearied and disorganized by their vain efforts to make an impression on the Scotch position, the signal for a charge was given, and the Highlanders rushed down the hill upon their astounded oppon-

ents shouting their slogan. The assault was terrific, and the English everywhere went down before it, eventually abandoning the field to Bruce, who thence remained undisputed possessor of the Scottish throne. The losses sustained by the Scotch, whose army was inferior in numbers to that of the English, were estimated at eight thousand killed, while those of their opponents are set down at thirty thousand men, being the severest blow on record ever inflicted on an English army.

Another Hero to give his Life for the Lepers.

A LETTER has been received from Father Damien, the heroic priest, who, since 1873, has lived among and cared for the wretched leper colony on the island of Molokai, of the Hawaiian group. It described the steady advance the terrible disease was making on the body of the devoted priest, whose only fear seemed to be that he might die before another priest would volunteer to enter the living tomb. That fear is now groundless, for on May 3 the Rev. Lambert Conrardy sailed from San Francisco to Honolulu, to take up the work that death will soon force Father Damien to relinquish. Father Conrardy is a countryman of Father Damien, having been born in the city of Liege, Belgium, where he also received his early education. Impelled by the missionary spirit he gave up a large parish, to which he was appointed immediately after his ordination, and determined to devote his life to foreign missions. Going to Paris to the celebrated seminary which has for nearly three centuries supplied India, Japan, and China, with missionaries and martyrs, he remained there a few years, and in 1871 was assigned the mission at Pondicherry, in Southern India, where he labored for nearly three years. Then his health began to fail, and he was advised to go to a temperate climate. Coming to the United States he cast his lot among the Indians of Oregon. In 1874 he was placed in charge of the Indian tribes on the Umatilla reservation by Archbishop Blanchet, where he remained until he accepted his new charge. But Father Conrardy, whose sole ambition has always been to take the worst and most difficult place, was not satisfied. In the year 1876, having heard of the heroic undertaking of Father Damien among the lepers of Molokai, he conceived the idea of becoming his companion. As early as 1881 he was accepted for that mission; but, owing to the scarcity of priests in Oregon, he was constrained to postpone his departure for this field till a more favorable time.

Letters received from Father Damien recently show that the leper colony has increased to fifteen hundred souls. For fourteen years Father Damien has been the guide, the friend, and the comforter of the suffering lepers of Molokai. He has built two churches, one in Kalawao, and another in Kaulapapa, both of which he has to attend himself. He has also established a school for leper children. He has attended the deathbeds of nearly two thousand lepers during his residence in Molokai. His labors are shared by a band of the Sisters of Charity of St. Francis, who went from Syracuse, N. Y., in order to undertake the nursing of the lepers.

Girls, Beware of Nabobs!

An English swell made the acquaintance of an American lady, who was doing Europe on a tour. She was the daughter of a congressman, and the cockney thinking that no farmer could be a congressman, at once came to the conclusion that she was the daughter of somebody great. A match was made and the Englishman came to this country to claim his bride. He found to his great surprise that the old man, father of his girl, had not much to brag about by way of means, and, although the invitations were out, the Englishman soon discovered there was not much money in such a marriage. The report has it that he returned to England a sad man. This report ought to teach brainless girls the folly of making engagements with broken-down aristocrats, who would do anything, no matter how dishonorable, to get money. It certainly is very clear that this man did not care much for the young lady. He wanted money, and was willing to put up with her in order to get it. She, by putting on airs, which she could, perhaps, but poorly support, deceived the greedy Englishman. He swallowed the bait, and although he was not caught for keeps, he was considerably fooled. What an idea of marriage that man must have. He regarded it, no doubt, as a step that should be taken only for the sake of convenience, and money alone could furnish that for which he hoped. Lately American girls have made many catches in Europe. But history has not yet recorded the fact that any of them caught a man worth looking after. Miss Grant made a hit and the papers, a short time after her matrimonial blow out, began to think that she was not happy, that her husband did not treat her as well as he should, and it was, in fact, reported that she intended returning to her once happy home. The daughter of Mackey caught some Frenchman. He had a title, and now she shares that. She, perhaps has plenty of money, and while that lasts nothing will be heard of a nature calculated to upset the theory regarding marriage for glory. When a marriage of the titled kind occurs, it receives only a passing notice at the hands of the press, and then money and country and friends are forgotten. The reality of every-day life begins to dawn, and noblemen are not much superior to other mortals. American girls should stay at home. They can marry a man of their own country, and if they do not care anything about him, they can bring him up before an ordinary county judge, and get a divorce. A bad marriage is an annoying step, and no marriage, even if entered into for money, should be solemnized until all parties are satisfied that the shekel is on hand.

Lake Shore Visitor.

Meeting of Irish Bishops.

An important statement on the present position of the Irish land question was drawn up and adopted unanimously, at a meeting of the archbishops of Ireland, held recently in the College of Maynooth. The bishops say there are pressing grievances calling for immediate legal redress. They urge that the fundamental demand of the agricultural tenants of Ireland in the matter of rent is, as it has always in sub-

stance been, for the establishment of an impartial public tribunal to adjudicate between landlord and tenant. The tenants do not claim that the amount of rent to be paid should be fixed by themselves; what they object to is, that this should be determined by the arbitrary will of the landlord. It is unnecessary here to enumerate the special circumstances of the Irish land system, which put the justice of the tenants' claim in this matter beyond question. The principle that Irish agricultural tenants should be protected by law against the imposition of exorbitant rents, and against eviction in consequence of the non-payment of such rents, has long since been recognized by Parliament. It is the fundamental principle of the land act of 1881, and of several subsequent statutes. The present claim of the tenants, then, is for the full and effective application of this principle, even as regards these classes of agricultural tenants on whom the right of having their rents fixed by a public tribunal has been conferred by acts of Parliament. Obstacles have been allowed by the legislature to remain, which, in very many cases, render those acts inoperative. The bishops say, in conclusion: "We deem it our duty to add, that unless Parliament at once apply some really effective measure for the protection of Irish tenants from oppressive exactions and from arbitrary eviction, consequences the most disastrous, no less to public order than to the safety of the people, will almost inevitably ensue."

Baker and Artist.

THE story of the life of M. Durand reads like an oriental romance. Durand was a very worthy and clever French baker, and in 1843 did a good business in Paris, where his cakes were much prized by the ladies of that city. About this time, the then Khedive of Egypt found, to his sorrow, that his numerous wives had heard of the accomplished maker of tarts, and insisted upon having this genius imported into Cairo, and imported at once. Soon after his arrival in Cairo, M. Durand, during his leisure moments, turned his attention to painting, and his work on canvas exceeded even the success of his confections. Among other sketches, this wonderful master baker executed one of the Khedival physiognomy. This was so flattering a likeness, that the Khedive purchased it for the sum of fifteen thousand francs. So far M. Durand has had a glorious career. To begin life making jam rolls, and end it as a painter of eminence, whose pictures fetched fifteen thousand francs each, was a brilliant transition. Unfortunately, however, the august purchaser of the picture forgot to pay for it, and so the case came the other day before a French Court. It may be very delightful to be a fashionable painter; but to have to wait half a lifetime for an account can hardly be so satisfactory a method of trading after all as selling rolls over the counter for cash.

"YOU asked me to bring you a little pin money," said a young husband to his wife. "Yes, dear," said the lady, expectantly. "Well, to save you the fatigue of going out in this hot weather, I have brought the pins instead."

What is an American?

THERE seems to be a good deal of doubt as to what an American is. The native Indian does not exactly fill the bill, even when he is improved. In fact, when he is much improved he disappears. I used to think that to be an American one had to be born in New England, or to have come there at a very early day, with the serious intention of having everybody who was just right, born there after the date of 1621. But the Irish of New York, the Germans of Pennsylvania, and the French of Louisiana seem to have different ideas about it. In mature years I have closely studied this important question, and am disposed to believe after deliberate consideration, that a man may be a good, true American notwithstanding the fact that he may have been born in another land. As a matter of fact, we are all foreigners, or descendants of foreigners. Does it make me any the better American because my forefathers came to this country a half century before yours? I answer emphatically, no! A true American is one who is devoted to the interests of the country, who upholds its constitution, obeys its laws, has a voice in its government, and is ever ready to defend the honor of its flag.

Charles Dudley Warner.

A Little Missionary.

SOME years ago a missionary visited the islands Fernando-Po and Amban. On his arrival he was greatly surprised to discover at a short distance inland a rudely constructed cross surrounded by a crowd of negro children, among whom was a white boy, of about ten years of age. The children were reciting the Rosary aloud in Spanish. On perceiving the priest, the little white boy joyfully exclaimed: "A priest! a priest!" The missionary having drawn near, asked him to bring him to the dwelling of his parents. "My parents are not here," said the boy; "I have been shipwrecked and the negroes here have kindly received me. Mindful of mother's teaching, I have not failed to recite the Rosary every day. As I had no statue of the Blessed Virgin, and did not know how to make one, I have made this cross, and I daily come here to recite my prayers. My playmates come with me, and I have tried to teach them the Hail Mary, that we may say the beads together." The missionary having asked him how long he had been in that island, received this reply: "I can't tell, but it must be a long time; for when I am away from my parents the time seems so long to me." The boy then led the Father to the hut of the negroes with whom he dwelt. These good people received the priest with great respect. The following day the missionary in presence of several families presided at the recitation of the Rosary and began his labors by preaching to them. Then, going from family to family, he soon succeeded in establishing under the protection of the Queen of the Rosary a fervent congregation, which continued to increase daily, especially after the arrival of other missionaries. One of these returning some time ago to Spain, took the little boy with him to the place where resided his

parents, who also had escaped shipwreck and returned to Spain. On finding them, the good boy had the happiness of relating to them, among his other adventures, the Blessed Virgin's goodness toward him, and the prodigies effected by the Rosary in the country where he dwelt.

N. O. Morning Star.

WOMEN AS CIGARETTE SMOKERS.

"SOME of my very best trade," said a Cincinnati tobacconist recently, "comes from women. You would be astonished if I gave you names; but it would ruin my business with them. Do they use the tobacco openly? By no means. They all smoke in secret. Often several women assemble at one house, shut out the outside world, and enjoy a regular old-fashioned smoke, just like the men in the club-room. Most of the women smoke only cigarettes; but after awhile these are not strong enough, and they must have cigars. One customer in particular I have a wealthy widow, who would be deeply offended did any gentleman smoke in her presence, and yet I venture to say, no boy, man, or woman enjoys a good cigar better than she. Many servant girls get to loving the weed from seeing their mistresses indulge."

SHAMEFUL PICTURES.

WHATEVER may be the function or the limits of "the nude" in art, we think it will be generally conceded that cheap and badly-executed pictures of unclothed women exhibited in the windows of tobacconists' shops do not serve any useful purpose. The most chaste and beautiful picture is debased and rendered foul by reproduction in this form and for this purpose; and pictures that never were chaste in intention or anything but execrable in design, drawing, color, and composition, are now to be found in many places on the streets of New York. It is a shame and an outrage that decent persons, especially the young of either sex, cannot pass upon the public thoroughfares without having these disgusting objects thrust before their eyes. We do not know upon whom rests the specific obligation to suppress this worse than nuisance, but we should say that the officer might be discovered, with a little effort, by the mayor. Certainly public sentiment would sustain him in the most radical measure to protect the public in this matter.

N. Y. Times.

ONE wrong step has brought many a man to crime, to prison, and death; and many a woman to shame, and sorrow, and destruction. One wrong acquaintance has led many a person to rags and ruin. One wrong bargain has brought many a man to poverty and want. A wrong courtship or wrong marriage has embittered many a joyous life, and broken many a noble heart with anguish and distress. On one single rock a ship may make a fatal wreck. The first pipe, the first drink, the first oath, the first gambling, the first theft — ah! what myriad of wrecks are heaped about such rocks as these. Beware of the first wrong step, and you will have no trouble about the second.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

BLONDE MARIA'S PIANO SOLO.

A BLUE-EYED, red-lipped mite of a girl,
Not more than a brace of summers old,
With tiny teeth like a string of pearls,
And the fringe on her forehead paley-gold,—
She sits on the high piano-seat,
Her fairy hands on the glancing keys,
And strives, with a patience suave, *petite*,
To master the grand old harmonies.

O fair-faced baby! the broken strains
Thy fingers small from the keyboard bring,
To thy mother's ears are as golden grains
Of the music the angels love to sing;
And thy sire, hearkening to the sound,
Would rather thy little hand disturb
The shades of Song, than the touch renowned
Of a Rubinstein or a Liszt superb.

Play on, then, pet, in the dim old room,
With thine earnest brow and thine eyes intent;
Like a small white lily, beam and bloom
In front of the dark old instrument.
Perchance, thy touch will be tuned some day
To grave sonatas, majestic themes;
But, love, no study thou *then* canst play
Were sweet as this snatch of thy baby dreams.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

A Smart Lad.

"JACK TARVER on the engine, I do declare!"

Such was my exclamation to our little group, as we approached the new railway works one Saturday morning. For, be it known, a branch line of some five-and-twenty miles in length was being constructed from our assize town to the great trunk-line which passed through our country. The new railway just touched our village, and there was to be on the outskirts of the parish a small station to accommodate our Little Clayton and the neighboring village of Monksthrope.

"But what's the row?" asked two or three at once as we got nearer and perceived a group of men standing about the engine. Something was wrong evidently, and Tarver on the footboard of the engine was peering down into the group. The "row" turned out to be this. The

driver of the "tip" engine had fallen awkwardly and heavily, and had smashed several of his ribs. A small crowd of navvies was standing round, one of whom was pouring beer from a huge stone jug into the injured man's mouth. The chief idea in the good fellows' heads seemed to be that the poor man would probably be "dry."

Just as we reached the group a gentleman walked up from another part of the works. It was Mr. Parkinson, the engineer who had charge of the construction of the line.

"Is there a doctor hereabouts?" he asked after he had ascertained what was amiss.

A dozen voices immediately informed him that there was a medical man in our village. Indeed, the doctor's son was present with us in the group.

"Run and fetch the doctor, then, some of you lads," said the gentleman; "and three or four of you men bring the poor fellow into the shed."

Several of our number started off at once for the doctor, whilst two or three of us remained talking to Tarver, whose position on the engine we envied greatly. We knew Jack had made friends with the driver and had spent whole days on that very engine. The injured man having been carried off, the engineer began to enter into conversation with the foreman of the works.

"What shall we do, Gibson?" asked Mr. Parkinson; "have you another man you can put in as driver for to-day?"

"I am afraid not, sir," replied the foreman; "all our men here at present are mere laborers."

"A very bad job," said a gentleman with just a touch of vexation in his tone. "It is most important that we should get on with this embankment, or the bridge will be completed first. We can't afford to lose a day. But, of course, these fellows must all knock off work, if there is nobody to get the stuff out of the way for them."

He seemed to be talking half to himself.

"I'm afraid it's all over for to-day," replied the foreman.

It must here be explained that the main job at present was the formation of a huge embankment to serve as an approach to a bridge which was being made over the tidal river running through our neighboring parish. The material for the embankment was being cut from a curious natural hillock in the vicinity. The business of the engine-driver was to draw the long lines of wagons backwards and forwards between the cutting and the "tip."

"I'll drive the engine for you, sir, if you will let me," said a voice; and, looking up, Mr. Parkinson saw that the speaker was Jack Tarver, whom he had as yet hardly noticed standing on the engine.

"*You* drive!" exclaimed the engineer, in astonishment, after a half-amused, half-contemptuous look at the lad.

"Yes, sir, I can do it quite as well as Barry" (the driver).

"You can?" said the gentleman, doubtfully, as he surveyed the youth from head to foot. "How did you manage to learn engine-driving?"

"Just here, sir, on this very engine. I've come and helped Barry scores of times."

The foreman now put in a word to the effect that Tarver was passionately fond of machinery of all kinds; that he had latterly spent almost all his spare time on the works; and that he had quite mastered the working of every bit of machinery about the place, from the locomotive down to an ordinary derrick.

And this was quite true. Tarver, after a harum-scarum sort of boyhood, during which he had rarely been clear of one scrape or another, was now a big, strong fellow of nearly sixteen, possessed of a perfect passion for tools and machinery. He had left school, and was looking out for some chance of following his bent. As a boy, he had always had lots of tools, and had been able to use them. Whilst still quite a little fellow, he had undertaken all the small repairs connected with the school, — screwing on a hinge, mending a lock, splicing a railing, and so forth. During his spare hours he was constantly to be seen in the carpenter's shop or the blacksmith's. The little things he had made for his mother would well-nigh have filled a donkey-cart, — clothes-horses, book-shelves, tea-caddies, work-baskets, cinder-sifters, pokers, fire-shovels, and the like. His great ambition was now to be apprenticed to the firm of agricultural engineers and implement makers at Reekham; but the premium demanded was far out of reach of Jack's parents, though they were not quite the poorest of the poor. So it happened that Jack, after having had all the advantages a lengthened stay at our village school could give him, was now waiting till some suitable place should turn up. Latterly he had begun to despair, however, and was on the point of being apprenticed to the village wheelwright.

In the making of the new railway he had taken great interest. He had speedily made friends with Barry, the driver, and had, indeed, become quite *au fait*, as our curate would have said, in all that pertained to the working of the compact little locomotive over which Barry presided. All that Gibson, the foreman, said of Tarver was true.

Mr. Parkinson, after considering for a few moments, got up on the engine, and said: "Well, my lad, it is an extraordinary thing you tell us, but we will try you. Just run us along to the tip."

Jack was delighted, and soon started the long string of wagons, to the unbounded admiration of us lads, who ran alongside, feeling inclined to set up a cheer. Arrived at the proper point, Jack proceeded to fetch up the wagons, one by one, running them to the tip in regular professional style. Before long he was on his way back with the empties to the cutting.

Mr. Parkinson watched very closely every point of Jack's manipulation, but said nothing till a couple of journeys had been completed. Then getting down from the engine, he said:

"You're a smart lad, upon my word. You'll do. Go on driving to-day out, and I'll not forget you, depend upon it. If there is anything I can do for you, let me know. You'll make a fine fellow some day, I'll warrant. Meanwhile, be as steady and careful as you can with your engine. We shall trust to you, you know."

Jack's face glowed with pleasure; and, as for us boys, we were ready to give him three times three, so proud were we of him.

All the rest of that day Jack went on driving, and without making the smallest slip or hitch of any kind. On the following Monday morn-

ing came a new driver, of course. Tarver, however, continued to frequent the railway works, noting "every wrinkle," as he said.

A month or two after this he was sent for by Mr. Parkinson, who said: "We shall want a good strong, sharp lad, to help to work the bridge. If you care for it, the place is at your disposal. I don't think you could do better — for a time, at least. Later on I may be able to put you more into the way of what you want."

The lad was delighted, and at once said: "I should like it immensely, sir."

"Very well; talk it over with your parents, and let me know how you have decided."

Before long, then, the line being opened for traffic, Jack Tarver was installed as "second man" on the bridge. His work was to assist the man in charge to open the bridge to allow the river craft to pass up and down. It was, as I have said, a tidal river, and there was usually a fair number of vessels passing the spot where the bridge was. Of course, the building of this great structure had all along been an exceedingly interesting matter to Jack. Indeed, he had seen every part of it made, and understood all the details of the working long before he received formal instruction in the matter.

The part of the bridge which opened was rather towards the side of the river than in the middle. It swung round on one of the piers as a pivot, exactly as one arm of a capital T might be supposed to swing round on the upright part of the letter. The movement was effected by the turning of a crank. There was an automatic arrangement which, when the bridge was swung, gave warning to two signal cabins, one on each side of the river and distant from it several hundred yards. It was then the business of each of the signalmen in the cabins to set up at "danger" another signal some half mile or so still further away from the river.

Jack was delighted with his work, and more than once received a word of commendation from his mate Taylor, when Mr. Parkinson looked in to see how things were working. All went well for a few weeks, till one day in August. The noon down-train had just passed, and the bridge had to be swung to allow passage to a little steam-tug. Ordinarily the steamer would have been able to pass without requiring the bridge to be opened, but just now the river was unusually high, there having been heavy rainfalls lately, and the water was "out" on both sides of the river for a good distance. The operation of opening was effected all right, and the steamer passing through was out of sight round a bend in a few moments.

But now Taylor and his companion were much puzzled, and still more startled to find that they could not close the bridge again. Do what they would they could not induce the huge outstretched arm to stir. Something had gone wrong evidently. The crank would not move an inch. For a moment the two looked at each other in blank dismay. They had never imagined a contingency like this. Here was all traffic stopped for that day at least; that was clear.

Just then, however, Jack bethought him of the signals, and, looking across the river at that near the cabin, saw it was down! The cabin itself could not be seen from where Jack was standing, as it was

round a curve, and there were trees intervening between it and the bridge. But the upper part of the signal post could be seen well enough over the tree-tops.

"Look, Taylor," he said; "see how the signal stands!"

"Merciful heaven!" ejaculated the man; "that must have gone wrong too, and the up-train is due at twelve-thirty! What can we do?"

It was indeed an alarming situation. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to attract the attention of the man in the cabin. Yet how could anybody get over the swollen river to him? Not a boat was in sight, and, it being the dinner hour, all the field-laborers were away. What was to be done? The man seemed almost paralyzed. At length Jack said suddenly:

"I'll swim across and run to the cabin."

"Swim across the river?" echoed Taylor, perfectly astonished. "It's madness to think of it. Why, you would be drowned as sure as I'm alive."

After a moment's thought he murmured half to himself: "Yet I'd do it, if I could swim."

"Oh, I'll do it," said Jack. "I've often done it before, though not when there was a flood on. I'm off." And he ran away at once.

"Well, God help you, my lad; you're a fine fellow," shouted the man after him. "But there's not time, not time."

A very few seconds and Jack had reached the water's edge, and had thrown off his jacket. Just at this moment a new idea struck him. The floods were carrying down great quantities of hay from the yet uncleared meadows near the river: many a ton of valuable fodder had floated under the bridge that day. Whole cocks of hay — and we made them large in our district — after floating for several miles, were still sailing along steadily, unbroken and intact. It was this fact which gave Jack his new idea. Why should'nt he make use of one of these hay-cocks as a raft? He was sure he could guide it over all right. Even if it collapsed he could but swim as he had intended.

With Jack to plan was usually to act. Tearing a long rail out of the fence he soon stopped a huge hay-cock that was passing near him, and, guiding it to him, he jumped on the top of it without a moment's hesitation. The only effect of his weight was to force the compact mass of hay a little further under water.

Using the long rail he gave a vigorous push off, and was soon floating steadily out into the stream, the current, of course, likewise carrying him down the river. It was a curious sight, and Taylor, from the bridge, watched the lad with feelings in which astonishment, terror, and admiration struggled for mastery.

"All serene, Taylor," shouted Jack cheerily as he passed under the bridge. "I'm as right as a trivet. But you yell out to the fellow at the cabin, you may make him hear."

This was an obvious resource which, nevertheless, the man had forgotten to avail himself of, but now he commenced hallooing in fine style. Meanwhile Tarver, using the rail, was slowly but surely sculling across the river. All the time, however, the hay-cock was sinking deeper and deeper into the water. Jack cared but little, for he was sure he could easily swim the rest.

At last, when he was within a dozen yards of the bank, the thing fairly collapsed, leaving Jack as it sank to struggle as he might. However, he struck out, and soon felt ground under his feet. He had reached the bank, but not dry ground, for there was a depth of some two or three feet of water over the adjoining field.

Jack soon splashed through this, and then sped off as fast as his legs would carry him towards the cabin. Though he had floated some distance down the river he was in reality nearer the cabin than he was at the bridge, because of the curve in the line. He was, in fact, running along a chord of a circle, instead of the arc. Through the plantation he dashed, towards the back of the little cabin, trying his best to shout to the signalman, but failing, as his breath was gone.

But now we heard a sound which nerved him to still greater efforts even. He could not be mistaken — the train was certainly coming up! Horror! if he should be too late after all! Dashing up the embankment he took in the situation at a glance. The signalman was quietly munching the bread and fat bacon which formed his dinner, but keeping an eye on the approaching train, which he could see through the window. The train itself had already passed the distance-signal, which was standing at anything but "danger." And no wonder the signals were as they were, for the man had received no intimation that the bridge was open.

Jack rushed into the cabin and whispered "Bridge." It was all he could say; but he had made himself understood. Throwing up both home and distance-signals, the man seized two or three fog-signals, thrust a red flag into Jack's hand, and in a trice was rushing to meet the train.

Our hero, for such I think I may truly call him, comprehended in a moment, and began waving his flag conspicuously in front of the advancing engine. Meanwhile the signalman had got some distance away, had fixed two or three detonators on the rail, and now stood waving his extended arms as a danger signal. The men in charge of the train were keeping a good look-out, as it behoved them to do when approaching such a spot, and quickly saw that something was wrong. Steam was at once shut off and brakes applied.

On swished the train past Jack and his flag, but at a rapidly-decreasing rate of speed. Indeed, the speed before had not been anything extraordinary, because trains "slowed up" a good deal as they approached the river. It was soon clear that all risk of danger was at an end. Jack scampered off after the train, and soon caught up to it as it came to a stand-still, which it did whilst still some distance from the bridge. Curiously enough the first person Jack saw was the chief-engineer himself, who had jumped out of a first-class carriage, and was now speaking to the guard.

"Hallo, my lad, is that you? What is it that's amiss?" he asked anxiously as Tarver came puffing up.

A few words sufficed to make Mr. Parkinson understand the whole matter, and to realize all that Jack had done, though the lad passed over his own achievements, with his characteristic modesty.

"Well, you *are* a fine fellow," said Mr. Parkinson when he had heard all; and, looking at the lad with enthusiastic admiration, but

with moist eyes, he shook him warmly by the hand, and thanked him in the name of all concerned, railway company and passengers.

"I'll do something for you, my boy," he continued, "as indeed I ought to do. Be sure I sha'n't forget all this."

It was the proudest moment of Jack's life.

I need not stop to tell how the mishap to the bridge was remedied, nor how less defective signalling arrangements were substituted for those which had proved wanting, nor how a small boat was, for the future, kept at the bridge in case of contingencies.

Mr. Parkinson was as good as his word. In less than a week after the events just related, Jack received a letter informing him that he would be taken on as an apprentice by an eminent firm of practical engineers in one of our largest towns. No premium was to be paid, and the firm would allow him a small wage, sufficient to keep him, from the very first. The head of the firm was an old friend of Mr. Parkinson — hence this excellent offer. It will not surprise my readers to hear that Jack Tarver is now himself at the head of that very firm. More than one invention of almost national importance is his. And not only is Mr. Tarver wealthy, but he is justly honored wherever he is known.

ADVICE TO BOYS.

Let the boys assist in the housekeeping, says an exchange. How often do we see a poor tired mother exhausting her strength and vitality in efforts to accomplish her daily task about the house, while at the same time a big, strong youngster is lolling in an easy chair or lying upon the sofa. Why should he not lend a helping hand to his overworked mother? and why should he not be encouraged and induced to lighten the mother's burden, say by going an errand, performing numberless little actions required during the day, taking labor off her hands that he is perfectly able to dispose of, anticipating wants that would be suggested by a loving and affectionate heart? Had the mother, in his earlier days, taught her boy to lend his aid in trifling household matters, when he grew apace in years his reason and duty and love would naturally suggest to him in what manner and on what occasions his services would be welcome and opportune; nor would he consider that such actions detracted from his manhood, but make him feel that, by contributing to his mother's ease, he would be performing a good and noble action. The result of such a training, on the part of the mother, would keep the boy often out of mischief; would make him handy and an adept in domiciliary matters; would produce a feeling of solicitude for his careworn mother, and last, but not least, cause him to have more consideration for his future wife in her struggles and efforts about the home circle.

His Health Was Delicate. — Lady of the House: "Now that the servant has given you a lunch in the kitchen, you will shovel the snow off the sidewalk, will you not?" Tramp: "I would like to oblige you, madam; but, really, I cannot." — Why not?" — "My physician has forbidden me to handle anything cold except cold victuals. *Au revoir.*"

GIVE THE CHILDREN GOOD TIMES.

REMEMBER the happiness of your own childhood, and ask yourself what earth contains that could purchase from you the blessed memory of those golden days. That never-to-be-forgotten excursion to the beach, those glorious mountain rides, the picnics, the birthday parties, Christmas surprises, the romps and merry games, the gleeful rides on papa's back, the quiet talk and delightful stories of mamma, the prayers at her knee and the good-night kisses, how all those memories cling to you as only childhood memories can cling, and how you bless the father and mother who made your earliest years one dream of bliss. It takes but little to give a child pleasure, and the longest life is not long enough to banish the recollection. Then store the children's minds with memories while you may. Soon, too soon, their childhood days will be past, and your loved ones must go out into their several ways to meet their share of life's stern discipline. Happy will it be for them, if, amid all their perplexing duties, disappointments, joys, and sorrows, they may carry with them the cherished memory of a happy childhood. And happy will it be for you, if, in their young, impressible. years, you have forged a chain of love to bind their hearts to yours, a chain so strong that time cannot rust, life cannot sever, and death can only strengthen. Some one has said, "It is not the things we do *for* our children that make them love us most, but the things we do *with* them." Then let us enter into their follies, their griefs, their studies, their thoughts, and aims. Let us be one of them from their earliest years, at the same time guiding, helping, and training them in the upward way, "that when they are old they may not depart from it." Then, if we should linger till life's shadows grow long, till our strength fails, and "the grasshopper becomes a burden," we shall not lack the sustaining love and helpfulness of the children we have reared.

SHE HAD BEEN FOOLED. — "I am a lawyer's daughter, you know, George, dear," she said, after George had proposed and been accepted, "and you wouldn't think it strange if I were to ask you to sign a little paper to the effect that we are engaged, would you?" George was too happy to think anything strange just then, and he signed the paper with a trembling hand and a bursting heart. Then she laid her ear against his middle vest-button, and they were very, very happy. "Tell me, darling," said George, after a long, delicious silence, "why did you want me to sign that paper? Do you not repose implicit confidence in my love for you?" — "Ah, yes," she sighed, with infinite content, "indeed I do; but, George, dear, I have been fooled so many times!"

"WHERE is the island of Cuba situated?" asked an Austin schoolteacher of a small, forlorn-looking boy. "I dunno." — "Don't you know where the sugar comes from?" — "Yes, sir; we borrow it from the next door neighbor."

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, AUGUST, 1888.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

Reductions of Rents in Ireland.

THE official return of judicial rents fixed during the months of January and February last has been issued by the Irish Land Commission. During the two months covered by the present issue of the statistics, judicial rents were fixed by the Sub-Commissioners in 1,578 cases. In January they reduced an aggregate rental of £9,247 to £6,405, and in February rents amounting to £16,441 were cut down to £11,980. Stated in the form of percentages, the reductions for January were for Ulster, 33 per cent; for Leinster, 27; for Munster, 31; and for Connaught, 30. In February the figures were for Ulster, 29 per cent; for Leinster, 26; for Munster, 25; and for Connaught, 20. Again, the leaseholders under the operation of the Act of last year procured a total reduction of rents from £6,173 to £4,315 in January, and from £6,589 to £4,485 in February, besides some judgments delivered by the Civil Bill Courts. A forcible illustration of the terrible rack-renting that was borne in the past is afforded by those cases in which the landlord granted large abatements in recent years, and in which the Land Commissioners decide that the diminished rent is still too great. Thus, a rent which was lowered from £140 to £107 in 1885 has now been reduced further to £94. Yet three years ago the landlords denounced Mr. Parnell for warning them that the value of land was falling, and that bottom prices were far from being reached.

LEO XIII. is said to be occupied at present with a scheme for erecting a Catholic University in Mexico, after the model of that of Louvain, and on similar lines to the one about to be opened in Washington. The Mexican Bishops have declared, in a letter to the Holy Father, that they have sufficient means to undertake the great work. The foundation of such a University would be looked upon as a Jubilee offering to the Pope. At this rate England will very soon be the only civilized country without a Catholic University or College of Higher Studies.

THE Archbishop of New York has given charge of the Boland Farm Orphanage to the Brethren of Our Lady of Lourdes, from Belgium. The Superintendent is Brother Ghislinus, and he is accompanied by Brothers Philip, Henry, and Hildouard. This Brotherhood was founded in Belgium, to train poor boys in industrial and agricultural pursuits, and to give homes in the country to old men.

Imprisonment of John Dillon.

THE sentence of six months' imprisonment imposed on Mr. Dillon, and from which he appealed, has been confirmed by the higher court. His health is so poor that neither he nor his friends expect that he will survive this sentence. The Irish-American says: "Mr. Dillon himself and his immediate friends appear to think that, in his state of health, he cannot survive the term and conditions of his imprisonment — which event (not to be consummated, let us hope,) would fulfil the cold-blooded, truculent calculation of Balfour. But we hope for better things. Long before the period of John Dillon's unjust sentence shall

have been attained, the Tory Government that sanctioned it will have fallen in ruins, and its members will be among the most despised and discredited statesmen of Europe; while the champions of human rights, on whom they sought to close the prison doors, will come forth the honored of their race, the recognized representatives of true freedom before all the world.

A Gladstonian Triumph.

THE election in the Ayr boroughs, to fill the vacancy in the House of Commons caused by the death of Mr. Richard Campbell, resulted in the return of Capt. Sinclair, Gladstonian, by a majority of 63. Capt. Sinclair received 2,331 votes, against 2,268 cast for his opponent, Mr. Evelyn Ashley, Liberal Unionist. At the previous election, Mr. Campbell, who was a Liberal Unionist, was returned by a majority of 1,175, the vote then standing: Campbell, 2,673; Sinclair, 1,498. The result shows a Gladstonian gain of 1,238 votes. That old-time friend of Ireland and true Scottish Celt, the editor of the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Citizen, gives the following Home Rule variation of "Bonny Doon":

Ye banks and braes o' Bonny Doon,
Ye never bloomed sae fresh and fair
Since Robert Burns your praises sang
Amid the pleasant streets o' Ayr.

You break their hearts, my lovely stream,
The Tories wi' their banners torn;
You 'mind them o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

The birds that sing beside your brink,
And lately seemed the ill to cheer,
Hae naething noo but doolfu' notes
For Erin's ruthless foes to hear.

Oh, happy is the song ye raise
And joyous what your wee birds tell,
For Gladstone and the Irish cause
By blooming shaw and flowery dell.

SEVEN hundred European singing birds are to be imported into Oregon by a society of German colonists, who deplore the absence of songsters in the great West. It is to be hoped that they will not turn out to be such ungrateful immigrants as the sparrow.

THE editor of the American Catholic Tribune, (colored), states that there are two hundred thousand practical Catholics of the negro race in the United States.

IT is now William II., King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany.

The Electoral College.

THE following will be the number of votes in the electoral college this year. As it is the same as that of 1884, it will not be difficult to make the figuring upon which probabilities and guesses may be made: Alabama, 10; Arkansas, 7; California, 8; Colorado, 3; Connecticut, 6; Delaware, 3; Florida, 4; Georgia, 12; Illinois, 22; Indiana, 15; Iowa, 13; Kansas, 9; Kentucky, 13; Louisiana, 8; Maine, 6; Maryland 8; Massachusetts, 14; Michigan, 13; Minnesota, 7; Mississippi, 9; Missouri, 15; Nebraska, 5; Nevada, 3; New Hampshire, 4; New Jersey, 9; New York, 36; North Carolina, 11; Ohio, 23; Oregon, 3; Pennsylvania, 30; Rhode Island, 4; South Carolina, 9; Tennessee, 12; Texas, 13; Vermont, 4; Virginia, 12; West Virginia, 6; Wisconsin, 11. Total, 401.

Lutherans Denounce Secret Societies.

MADISON, WIS., June 13. — The Triennial General Conference of the German Lutheran Church, held in Madison, Wis., adopted resolutions declaring strongly against secret organizations. Hereafter, persons desiring to join the church must first sever connection with all secret organizations, of which they may be members, and where present church members are also members of secret societies, every measure except excommunication will be resorted to to induce their withdrawal from the societies.

NO one is more pertinacious in his patriotism than the loyal Irishman. He never says die — not even when he is dead. — [Buffalo Express.

That is the universal verdict of American generals, from Washington to Jackson, and from Jackson to Sheridan. — [Catholic Union and Times.

ANTHONY COMSTOCK, the secretary of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, and a noisy defender of public morals, who partially endorsed, it will be remembered, the infamous book, "Why Priests should Wed," and stood between its author and his criminal prosecution, has been arrested in New York on a charge of blackmail and conspiracy. The arrest is the outcome of the Philadelphia Herald's investigation and exposure of the secretary of the Vice Society's workings. The New York papers agree that if the Herald prove its very serious charges, it is time that the public should act, and that Comstock be subjected to exemplary punishment. New York Catholic papers have all along regarded him as a low bigot.

FATHER BURKE, of St. Augustine's Church, Washington, D. C., is a young man, but he has lived in many lands and has experienced strange vicissitudes. As he glides along Pennsylvania Avenue on his trusty tricycle,—almost a necessity in the city of Magnificent Distances,—he attracts much attention. Father Burke was a New York boy once; but since that time he has been chaplain to Irish troops in India, a missionary, and the actual ruler of several Hindostan villages. He is an authority on Afghan matters, and was consulted in London by the Marquis of Salisbury. Father Burke is now serving the colored people in Washington.

THE Chicago Tribune enumerates nineteen Chicago citizens of Irish origin who are millionnaires: Michael Cudahy, John Cudahy, Thomas Lynch, Thomas Mackin, Michael Kehoe, John O'Malley, John Corrigan, W. P. Rend, P. J. Healy, John M. Smyth, P. H. Rice, J. D. Sullivan, H. C. Ducet, P. J. Sexton, John R. Walsh, B. Callaghan, John Brennock, John Coughlin, and John J. McGrath. These millionnaires should club together and furnish funds enough to build the great Catholic University.

THE Holy Father has bestowed on Dr. Kenny, of Melbourne, the title of K. S. G. The Doctor is, at present, on a special visit to England, having been deputed by his *confreres* in Australia to hold consultations with all the most eminent oculists and aurists on a special subject now engaging the attention of the faculty. He represented Irish Australia at the ceremony of the laying of the foundation-stone of St. Patrick's Church in Rome.

ADULTERATIONS of food are punished as they deserve in Russia. Last week a rich merchant of Moscow was sent to Siberia for life for adulterating the tea which he sold, by putting into it fifty per cent. of a weed which is seriously injurious to health. In Canada this merchant would not be sent into exile, he would be sent to the Senate.—Montreal True Witness.

Our contemporary might have included the United States as well.

Fifty Million Dollars Per Year.

"How much money do Americans spend in Europe annually in European trips?" This question was asked of a steamship agent by a reporter, and the answer almost took the questioner's breath away. "Fifty millions, I should say, would not be too great a figure to place the sum at," said the agent. "The average number of Americans who cross the ocean annually is about one hundred thousand. The cost to each one will average, say five hundred dollars. There you have your fifty million dollars. It is all money, too; and only such a nation as this could stand such a drain. We are a great people and no mistake."

A GERMAN citizen, approaching the window of a New York bank, requested that a check, payable to the order of Schweitzercase, be cashed. "Yah, dot's me," he nodded, reassuringly, in answer to the teller's look of inquiry. "But I don't know that you are Mr. Schweitzercase. You must get yourself identified."—"How vas dot?" asked the German citizen with a puzzled look. "You must get some one to identify you," repeated the bank officer. "I don't know you."—"Ah, yah!" cried Hans, much relieved. "Dot's all right, I don't know you, neider."

TO SHERIDAN.

By the late Gen. C. G. Halpine ("Miles O'Reilly").

[In view of the present alarming condition of Gen. Sheridan's health, the following lines, addressed to him by the brilliant Halpine, in 1867, when the General was in command at New Orleans, will be read with interest.]

PHIL SHERRY was of knightly build,
A soldier of renown,
His sabre flashed on many a field,
His flag o'er many a town;
And when the limbs to weakness grow,
Now filled with youthful flame,
Our children's children yet shall glow
To bold Phil Sherry's name!

With stormy oath and bugle blast,
And eyes of kindling fire,
When the skies of war were overcast
And hope might well expire,
Our Phil, with gleaming hand and heel,
Led on his fiery flock,
And the victor foe would turn and reel
Beneath his desperate shock.

Who has not heard, with tears and smiles,
Of the hot and headlong ride,
When, after twenty galloping miles,
He checked the rebel tide?
And how, when Lee was brought at length
To final bay or flight,
'Twas Phil who hurled our final strength
And won our final fight?

Oh, gallant leader of the brave!
Whose fame for aye endures,
Soil not the crest that victory gave
By work that is not yours!
Leap in the saddle once again,
Let your wild plumes outflow,
Nor help to crush the beaten men
Who sank beneath your blow.

To baser hands, to meaner souls
Resign the odious task —
'Tis love this passionate cry controls,
'Tis for your fame I ask:
I want you still an image high,
Niched in my heart — its king;
Oh, once more let your pennons fly,
Let "Boots and Saddles" ring!

You were not made — the soul God placed
Within your fiery clay —
That rarest gift of heaven to waste
In wranglings of to-day;
The base intrigues, the ready lies,
The cold and coward hates,
The barb that in the darkness flies,
The pitfall at the gates.
These form the politician's trade,
Too base for you to know;
To fight deceit you were not made,
You need a manlier foe! *

* Gen. Halpine when he wrote the foregoing poem — the closing half stanza of which is omitted because of commonplaceness, something very unusual in "Miles O'Reilly" — was a strong Democrat, and naturally enough objected to Sheridan's decided way of stopping Ku-Klux nonsense and crime in Louisiana. Time, however, justified the severe action of Sheridan. He had to put down lawlessness, or lawlessness would have walked over him. In 1868, Gen. Halpine showed his change of sentiment by backing Gen. Grant. He died, however, before the election of that year came off. — [Editor Chicago Citizen.

Practical Charity.

THE president of the West End Street Railway of Boston has given seventy thousand tickets to furnish rides into the suburbs. It is the railroad's contribution to the "free-air fund," and demonstrates that Boston has one corporation, at least, with a soul. Commenting on this generous action, the Boston Traveller remarks: "This kind of free pass cannot be issued too often, and the public hears with pleasure of such generous use of the facilities of this corporation to take the poor and unfortunate from the hot streets of the city to the fair scenes of the country and its wholesome air."

THE venerable Father Havermans, pastor of St. Mary's, Troy, N. Y., has been a priest for fifty-eight years, and for forty-eight of these he has been pastor of St. Mary's. He is said to be the sole survivor of two hundred priests who were on the mission in this country when he arrived here in 1830.

THE eighth victim of the bomb thrown by the Anarchists, at the Haymarket riot in Chicago, died of blood poisoning on Wednesday. His name was Timothy Sullivan. He was in the midst of a squad of police when the explosion took place, and was wounded in half a dozen places.

THE LYCEUM, a magazine published in Dublin, edited by Rev. T. A. Finlary, S. J., is furnished for the low price of $1.25 a year. Mr. Nicholas M. Williams, 1386 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., is agent.

The Pope and His Authority.

THE London Economist: "Nothing is better worth notice in the history of to-day than the determined way in which Leo XIII. asserts his right of ultimate decision in spite of local opinion, or the success with which he is gathering sovereign authority within the church into his own hand. Though more moderate as regards secular powers than Pius IX., and little inclined to fanatic, extreme courses, the present Pope asserts the headship of his Chair in the management of the Catholic Church with an unflinching vigor, unsurpassed by any of his predecessors. No Pope in any age ever over rode the great body of local opinion with more decision than the Pope did in supporting Prince Bismarck's military bill. He openly compelled a great party, organized to defend Catholicity in Germany, to yield to his commands, and dealt with the Emperor above their heads. He had previously done the same thing in France and Spain, where he commanded the clergy to cease from opposing the government merely on account of its liberalism, and to accept any administration, if only it would be impartial towards the church. His great contest in India with the Portuguese Patriarch, is, in truth, though not in form, a contest with localism and a resumption of a sovereign right of the Holy See against a prescription which has now endured for more than three hundred years. He is doing the same thing in Ireland and America, though in this case he has the sympathy of the local prelates."

THE coming vice-president of the United States is called the "Knight of the Red Bandanna." He is a great snuff-taker.

THE Irish Catholic Benevolent Union, of the United States, will assemble at Columbus on Wednesday, Sept. 5, at 12 M., in the Hall of the House of Delegates, generously placed at the disposal of the Union by the action of the Legislature of Ohio.

THERE is no ecclesiastical prohibition against the giving in Baptism of such names as "Sheridan" and "Emmet," says the Irish Ecclesiastical Record. The names of "eminent servants of God" are recommended, and the names of "wicked heathens" like Homer, Hector, and Hercules are ruled out.

Retiring from Church too Soon.

IT is not proper, rather it is disedifying, without a very good excuse, to leave church before the priest retires to the sacristy at the end of the holy sacrifice of the Mass. Yet there are persons who, even regardless of the disturbance which they offer to the devotions of others, make it a set business to whisk out of church before the celebrant of the Mass speaks the final benediction. In a recent issue of this paper we gave editorial place to useful hints of the Paulist calendar on the subject of the proper behavior of persons in church. By referring to our issue of June 2, it will be seen that the worshipper should not "leave church until the service is over, and that is, when the clergy have left the sanctuary." The apostle says that all things should be done according to order.

Sinful Man or Woman,

WHEN you find the burden of sin heavy on you, and your conscience tells you that you have wandered far from God, go before a crucifix and let the love and mercy of your crucified Lord preach to you. There is nothing helps one so much to overcome the horror and shame of going to confession as a few minutes' prayer on one's knees before a crucifix. Are you in temptation and danger of losing God? Kiss the feet of a crucifix, and you are saved. Do you want to win and save those who have sinned against you? Preach to them the sermon of mercy and love, in your own way, and, like God, you will win them and convert them, and rejoice with your friends that you have found the lost one again.

FATHER PHELAN'S presents, on the occasion of his silver jubilee, were generous. Among them were $795 in silver certificates from the clergy, the largest sum ever given to a brother priest on any such occasion in the arch-diocese of St. Louis; $437 in silver dollars

from the gentlemen of Baden; $147 from the Catholics of Ferguson; a silver table service of twelve pieces, and four dozen spoons, set of sterling solid silver, a full set of china and rich cases for their keeping. Father Dalton presented a full set of cloth-of-gold vestments, including dalmatics for deacons; a beautiful chalice from Sister May Lawler, a superb piano lamp from Father McCabe, an elegant missal from Father Fenlon, and costly presents from Fathers Bourke and O'Reilly. The presents and purses aggregate in value over $2,500.

Advice to Authors.

WHATEVER you have to say, my friend,
Whether witty, or grave, or gay,
Condense as much as ever you can,
And say in the readiest way;
And whether you write on rural affairs,
Or particular things in town,
Just a word of friendly advice — boil it down.

For if you go splurting over a page,
When a couple of lines would do,
Your butter is spread so much, you see,
That the bread looks plainly through.
So when you have a story to tell,
And would like a little renown,
To make quite sure of your wish, my friend — boil it down.

When writing an article for the press,
Whether prose or verse, just try
To utter your thoughts in the fewest words,
And let it be crisp and dry;
And when it is finished, and you suppose
It is done exactly brown,
Just look it over again, and then — boil it down.

For editors do not like to print
An article lazily long,
And the general reader does not care
For a couple of yards of song.
So gather your wits in the smallest space,
If you'd win the author's crown,
And every time you write, my friend — boil it down.

Death of the Mother of Gen. Sheridan.

MRS. JOHN SHERIDAN, mother of Gen. P. H. Sheridan, who has been ill for some time, died at Somerset, Ohio, on the 12th of June, at the age of eighty-seven years and two months. She was living in the town where she died when Gen. Sheridan was born in 1831. She was born in the county of Cavan, Ireland, in 1801; married in that county to John Sheridan in 1824, who died in Somerset in 1875. Patrick, the oldest child, was born in Ireland, also a daughter, who died at sea. The family came to Quebec, Ca., in 1829, thence to St. Johns, N. B., from there to Portland, Me., arriving in Albany, N. Y., in 1830. Remaining in Albany a few years, they went to Somerset. Next to the daughter who died at sea came the general, then Mary, who married Mr. John Wilson and died in 1868, then John L., born in 1837, followed by Col. M. V. Sheridan, U. S. A., born in 1840. This embraces the entire family.

Religion of Immigrants.

IT is not correct to say, that those who come to our shores (meaning immigrants) are mostly Roman-Catholics. The British immigration, which is now greater than the immigration from Ireland, is mainly Protestant. Three fourths of the German immigrants are either Lutherans or Free-Thinkers. The Scandinavians, Swedes, Danes, and Norwegians are Protestants, and far outnumber the immigrants who come from Italy and the Catholic countries in the South of Europe, the nominal Catholics among the immigrant population of the country. It may be said, too, that danger to American institutions will not arise among either the sincerely Protestant, or the sincerely Catholic, immigrants. The religious teachings of both creeds are opposed to lawlessness. The danger is from those who are neither Catholic nor Protestant — from the atheistical, free-thinking, God-despising hordes of Central Europe.

Praise for a Non-Catholic.

THE Catholic Review: In its leading columns the New York Independent has an article containing citations from Bishop Spalding's address at the laying of the corner-stone of the Catholic University of America, with commendatory comments. In conclusion our

Protestant friend says: "We have made considerable extracts; but the address is one that deserves attention, and will bring Catholics and Protestants into a better mutual understanding. Education is always liberalizing, and that the Catholics of this country should try to establish a university of the first rank is an augury of good for them. Miss Mary Gwendolen Caldwell's munificent gift of three hundred thousand dollars to inaugurate the enterprise, which well deserved the Pope's blessing and medal, will have to be many times duplicated before the new university will compete with half a dozen Protestant universities; and there need be no maudlin terror over this new evidence of both enterprise and intelligence, and, we add, loyalty and liberality, in the highest councils of the Roman Catholic Church in America." All true, every word of it. The United States has nothing to fear, and much to anticipate, from the graduates of the coming university.

THE oldest Catholic church in Canada is that of Notre Dame des Victoires, at Quebec, which was built in 1688. On the 23d ult., His Eminence, Cardinal Taschereau, celebrated Pontifical High Mass in the ancient little church, in commemoration of the two hundredth anniversary of its erection.

THE Rev. Father Cleary, of Kenosha, the well-known temperance advocate, stated that the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America had five hundred thousand members.

THE School Board of Boston has thrown out of the public schools of the city Swinton's Outlines of the World's History, because it falsely teaches that indulgences are permits to commit sin. Massachusetts is a grand old commonwealth, after all! thinks the Catholic American.

AMONG the successful graduates at Harvard University this year are Mr. William A. Leahy, a young Irish-American, who has made his opening in literature most successfully as a poet of rare ability. Mr. Rowland B. Mahany, of Buffalo, N. Y., who is also an able writer in prose and verse, with a marked talent as a debater and politician, and John D. Barry, of Boston, one of the most promising of the younger *litterateurs* of the city.

Archbishop Walsh on the Rescript.

THE Dublin Freeman's Journal publishes an interview with Archbishop Walsh regarding the Papal Rescript. The Archbishop said that he had not consulted with the bishops, and could therefore say nothing as to the manner in which the rescript would be inforced. He strongly insisted that whatever influence had been brought to bear upon the Pope they had not had the slightest effect upon his view of Irish affairs. The disquieting conclusions drawn from the fact that the rescript was first published in Unionist organs were entirely erroneous. The Pope had graciously accorded him the ampliest opportunity to state his views, and the result was that His Holiness was in full possession of the Irish Nationalist programme. Nothing was further from the Pope's thoughts than to put an obstacle in the way of the success of the Nationalist cause. On the contrary, it was the Pope's firm conviction that the rescript, by condemning those points of practical working which evoked hostile criticism, would be of most decided assistance in the advancement of the programme. On the general situation the Archbishop spoke most hopefully. He said that the Irish cause was winning all along the line. Even if the present session of Parliament did not see a substantial act of justice done for the protection of the poor tenantry, the coming winter would certainly be the last during which it would be possible for the heartless landlords to oppress their tenants.

MR. WILLIAM J. WALSHE has leased and thoroughly refitted the delightfully located Sagamore House at Nantasket Beach, which is now open. Families will find this house a quiet, respectable, and healthful home, at modern prices.

WHAT has become of the Rocky Mountain Celt?

The Gothenburg System.

In Sweden and Norway no intoxicant can be sold except at a place where good food, coffee, and other non-alcoholic drinks are also kept constantly on hand. The dealer is allowed to make a profit on these; but he is stringently prohibited from selling any liquor except at cost. The idea is that dealers will thus endeavor to promote the sale of edibles and non-intoxicating drinks, upon which he does make a profit, and discourage buyers from drinking liquors upon which he makes none. It is called the "Gothenburg System," from the town in which it was first put in operation. Here in America, however, the reverse is the case. Free lunches, fit for the gods, are given away with each glass of beer.

Chadwick's six-cord Spool Cotton is now being used in hundreds of homes. It is the best thread made.

Diocesan Seminary.

Says the Catholic Review: "It is no secret that one of the greatest needs, as well as one of the earliest works that will be undertaken in New York, is the erection of a diocesan seminary, of such a character that it will have no superior of its kind in the entire church." Something like that of Brighton, in the Archdiocese of Boston. Thirty thousand dollars has been already subscribed to the new Seminary.

The second dividend, one and one-half per cent., of the debt of the late Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, has been paid by the trustees, requiring $60,000. The amount of claims bought in or donated to the date of their last report amount to $126,036.60.

Rome has condemned the "Plan of Campaign." Let England now look out, for enraged Ireland will soon inaugurate a campaign *without a plan*, that will be vastly more terrible, than any she has yet known.

No More Hanging in New York.

Gov. Hill has signed the bill which provides that electricity shall hereafter be used in the execution of criminals instead of hanging. The bill also prohibits the printing in newspapers of the details of any execution, permitting merely the statement of the facts.

Is Leo Opposed to Home Rule?

The following is an extract from a letter written to Archbishop Walsh by His Holiness. The Pope says: "You seasonably recalled the Divine precept to seek first the Kingdom of God and His justice, by which Christians are commanded in every action of life, and consequently in their action also as citizens, to keep in view their eternal salvation, and place religious fidelity to duty before every temporal consideration. So long as these rules are observed, it is lawful for the Irish to seek relief from their misfortunes; it is lawful for them to contend for their rights, for it cannot be thought that what is permitted to every other country is forbidden to Ireland."

Give me a man of some religion in preference to a man of no religion. — *Archbishop Hughes.*

Hoyt's German Cologne, the most delightful perfume of the age, has many imitators; a sure indication of its merit. E. W. Hoyt & Co., Proprietors, Lowell, Mass.

Mr. Parnell having been asked if he had money enough to carry on the fight answered: "It costs us about $100,000 a year to keep our movement going. America has contributed most generously, but such an annual expediture is an enormous drain upon our resources. I have such absolute confidence in the sympathy of our race all the world over, that I am in no way apprehensive that we shall be left to fight the remainder of the battle without the necessary means."

Previous to renewing your policies, or when you desire new insurance, call on James H. Carney, Agent Fire and Life Insurance, Real Estate, and Mortgages, 3 School Street, Boston. A share of your patronage solicited.

Drinking Ice-Water.

THAT cool, refreshing drinks in warm weather are delicious is undeniable. That drinking ice-water in copious draughts, when a person is overheated, is injurious, not to say dangerous, is also undeniable. But that the free drinking of water in some form in hot weather must be avoided, is deniable, and is one of the greatest popular errors extant. When a person is perspiring freely from every pore, a vast amount of water is drawn from the body, which must be re-supplied, or great injury is being done the physical health, and the foundation of some of the worst forms of kidney disease is being slowly but surely laid. Why! some one will exclaim, that is just what causes kidney troubles, drinking water freely which contains so much lime. Wrong again! so long as the water drank is freely carried through the system, and converted in its passage to the naturally acid reaction of the urine and perspiration, no danger can occur by deposits of urea or lime in the kidneys and bladder, because they remain perfectly in solution, and are carried out of the body instead of remaining in it. Literally they are washed out of the body, by the copious draughts of water (that most perfect of all known solvents), same as a series of pipes are "flushed" with water to clean them.

Do not drink ice cold water, but pure cool water; a little lemon juice will improve its effectiveness. Plain soda-water with a little acid is also excellent.

If from drinking too much ice-water you have stomach cramps, or are "water logged," as it is called, or attacked with Colera Morbus, Summer Complaint, Diarrhœa or Dysentery, do not resort to alcoholic stimulating drinks, which irritate rather than soothe and allay the inflammation which has caused the trouble; but adopt the practice of taking daily just before retiring, during July and August, one teaspoonful of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment in a little sweetened water which will prevent all such attacks and ill effects from ice-water. In fact, a little pamphlet sent free to any one by I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., contains a vast amount of information, about treating those summer troubles with Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. It is marvellous how many complaints this old-fashioned remedy will prevent or cure.

THE DOMESTIC MONTHLY FOR JULY, 1888. — Every number of the Domestic Monthly recently has had one hundred illustrations of new costumes. The July issue is no exception. It is one of the most interesting summer numbers of a magazine that was ever issued for ladies. Every variety of summer costumes, wash dresses, bathing, tennis, boating, and travelling gowns, is fully illustrated. The practical hints for inexpensive warm weather toilettes, and fresh combinations of laces and ribbons, are worth more than a whole year's subscription price. The literary department is filled with charming short stories and illustrated articles. A quadruple supplement of fancy work design is given with the number. The usual editorial departments are well filled, and Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher has a chatty household page.

Notable Libel Suits.

THE suit of Mr. William O'Brien against the Glasgow Herald for twenty-five thousand dollars for libel has been settled. According to the terms of the settlement, the Herald publishes an apology for its language regarding Mr. O'Brien and pays him five hundred dollars. Another suit is that of Frank Hugh O'Donnell against the London Times. It is a result of the notorious "Parnellism and Crime" articles in which the Times made the most atrocious charges against the whole Nationalist party. The slanders fell to the ground, when the Tory Government refused to make an official investigation of them. Mr. O'Donnell, acting for himself, seeks redress for his personal wrongs before a London court, a very unpromising field in which to look for justice against such a powerful London institution as the Times. The case went against O'Donnell.

C. T. A. U. of America.

THE eighteenth annual Convention of the C. T. A. U. of America will be held in Boston, Wednesday, Aug. 1. Delegates will be present in large numbers from all parts of the country. A grand torchlight procession will take place on the evening of July 31, the eve of the Convention.

A CONVERSION which has created among the Catholics of Sicily a sensation as great as that produced in England by the announcement of the conversion of the Rev. Luke Rivington, has just taken place at Palermo. Signor Alfredo Coccoarda, a Waldensian Protestant Minister, settled down at Palermo and opened schools there for the purpose of propagating Protestant teaching. Whilst engaged in this work he himself became convinced of the truth of the Catholic faith, and resigned his post as a Protestant minister. On Sunday, May 20, he was received into the church.

THE LONDON ILLUSTRATED NEWS, American edition, can be had at any of the news stands for ten cents.

More Sociability among Young People.

In a London Catholic journal we find an account of a scheme that ought to be carried out on this side of the water. Mixed marriages are, no doubt, a very great evil, and the difficulty, however, is to prevent them. The promotion of social evenings among the congregations of the different churches is one way of making the young men and women of a parish acquainted with each other. An English priest, saying that he knew there were a number of Catholic young ladies anxious to meet Catholic young men, and *vice versa*, he entreated them all to take tickets for a *conversazione* and tea to be held on the following evening at the Athenæum, in aid of the schools. "As he truly said," remarks a contemporary, "nothing makes people so sociable as meeting at tea." A good many tickets were sold for this entertainment. We think the idea is a good one, and we respectfully submit it to the consideration of the American clergy.

The Wife for Me.

"The wife for me," he said, "is the old-fashioned girl, the girl who makes a good housewife; who has been brought up to sew and to cook, and to wash and to iron, — the kind of girl that they used to have before girls went in for fashionable flummery and accomplishments and things." — "Yes," said she, "I understand. Well, my ideal of a husband is also of the old-fashioned sort. I want one who will shovel snow, put in coal, split kindlings, put up stoves, dig garden-beds, beat carpets — and do all the things that husbands used to do before they went in for silk hats and clubs and four-in-hands and things." There was a thick, glutinous silence for a few moments, while he pondered deeply and broadly. "I wonder," he said at last, "exactly how much of an ass I am?" — "I wonder," she echoed, with a speculative expression in her eyes.

The Locusts are Coming.

Prof. C. V. Riley, United States Entomologist, says that a brood of seventeen-year locusts is due this year, and that the locusts may be looked for this year in the wooded districts of the northern counties of Illinois, the northwestern part of Indiana, Southern Michigan, parts of Wisconsin and Iowa, and in Lancaster County, Penn. As to whether the grasshoppers are to be destructive this year, the professor could not express any positive opinion. Up to three years ago he had been able to confidently state the prospects in advance; but since then he has been unable to get together sufficient data about the extent of egg deposit to justify prediction. He has just received a telegram that the young are hatching in immense numbers in parts of Minnesota; and, with weather favorable to them, considerable damage may be done, especially as the average period between visitations has expired since the last troubles. One thing he felt sure of, however, that they will never do as much injury as they did between 1873 and 1887.

Sir Thomas Henry Grattan Esmonde sailed on the 29th of May for home, carrying with him ten thousand dollars handed to him for the Parliamentary fund by Mr. Eugene Kelly. He also carries with him the resolutions and the enthusiastic sentiments of the meeting held in New York recently, to protest against the falsehoods told in England by Chamberlain, that American public opinion is opposed to Home Rule. At that meeting all the American governors were present, in person or by letter. The grandson of Grattan can tell England that America is for Home Rule for Ireland.

Observe the Lord's Day. — Here are two extracts from the Decrees of the recent Diocesan Synod of the Archdiocese of Chicago: "Catholics must be exhorted to close taverns or saloons on Sunday, and the faithful should not frequent such places which are the source of so many evils to our people." "Children should be buried with the funeral rites prescribed by the church. Flowers may be used at the funerals of children; but the ritual forbids the use of flowers in the church at the funeral services for grown persons."

The Pall Mall Gazette on the Rescript.

HARK, from Rome's hills the solemn sound
Of sacerdotal thunder!
Dazed politicians gather round
Agape with holy wonder;
Coercion scheming pious plans
For Ireland's reclamation,
Invoke the awful bulls and bans
Of Excommunication.
All breathless, motionless, intent,
She waits with prayerful presage,
Forecasting the supreme event
Of this tremendous message;
And, lo! the Pope without offence,
To folks engaged in quarrels,
Just begs them in a general sense
To practise Christian morals!

Montgomery Light Guard Veteran Association.

THE recent visit of this fine body of men to Hartford, Conn., was a most enjoyable one. They left Boston, some three hundred strong, on the 12th of June, and arrived in Hartford in the evening, where they were received by the citizens and military of the city, and escorted to the quarters prepared for them. The following day there was a grand parade, and in the evening a banquet. The Association returned the following day, delighted with their excursion to Connecticut. The discipline and conduct of the corps was the admiration of all who witnessed their military bearing. Col. Thomas F. Doherty complimented his command on their return, as well he might, for a finer body of men have not paraded in Boston for many a year. At a meeting of the Association, on the evening of June 28, two hundred dollars was subscribed towards the Cass monument.

Vote of Censure.

IN the House of Commons Mr. John Morley moved to censure the government for its administration of the Irish Crimes Act, as calculated to undermine respect for the law, estrange the people of Ireland, and prove injurious to the interests of the Empire. The debate on this motion was a long and spirited one, Messrs. O'Brien, Gladstone, and others, participating in it. The censure motion was rejected — 366 to 273.

MR. MORLEY, in a speech at Chelsea, said that the Liberals still had plenty of time to win the Irish battle, to which they were determined to devote themselves firmly, resolutely, and unflinchingly. The recent debate in Parliament had compelled the government to admit that the National League was still ubiquitous, and that crime in Ireland was dependent upon coercion. The action of the magistrates had destroyed the reign of law, and substituted the arbitrary will of a practically irresponsible power.

Tickets in the Field.

THE presidental tickets to be voted for next November are now all made up, and the voter who isn't able to find in the list a combination to suit his opinions must be a whimsical sort of a person. Here is the full roster:

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For President, GROVER CLEVELAND. For Vice-President, ALLEN G. THURMAN.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For President, BENJAMIN HARRISON. For Vice-President, LEVI P. MORTON.

PROHIBITION TICKET.

For President, CLINTON B. FISK. For Vice-President, JOHN A. BROOKS.

UNITED LABOR PARTY.

For President, ROBERT H. COWDREY. For Vice-President, W. H. WAKEFIELD.

EQUAL RIGHTS TICKET.

For President, BELVA ANN LOCKWOOD. For Vice-President, ALFRED H. LOVE.

Golden Rose.

THE renowned Pontifical goldsmith, Tanfani, has completed the magnificent golden rose destined by the Sovereign Pontiff to the Princess Regent of Brazil. It is a splendid piece of workmanship both in an artistic and an intrinsic point of view. It has the form of a vase, whence issues a rose tree, with flowers, eight buds, and leaves, wrought in gold and diamonds, in exquisite taste and finish. The base bears the inscriptions: Celsissimæ

Principi Imp. Elisabeth Brazil, Regenti. Leo XIII. III Nonas Maias MDCCCLXXXVIII.

It will be borne by a special Envoy to the Internuncio Apostolic at the Court of Brazil, Mgr. Spolverini, who will present it to the Regent, together with an autograph letter from the Holy Father addressed to that Princess.

Resignation of a Pastor.

To the great grief of his attached parishioners, the Rev. John Delahunty, Rector for the past twelve years of the Church of St. Francis de Sales, Roxbury, has resigned his charge. He has felt himself compelled to take this step by the condition of his health. Father Delahunty fulfilled the duties of his high calling in the true apostolic spirit, and thus won and held the affection of his people. On the afternoon of Sunday, June 24, Mr. Thomas Sproules, Superintendent of the Sunday-School, presented to Father Delahunty, on behalf of the assembled teachers and children, a well-filled purse, embedded in a basket of choice flowers. The latter was the gift of Mr. Curly, the florist. Father Delahunty was too much moved by this manifestation of affection to do more than briefly express his thanks, and the congregation was even more deeply touched.

A large number of the members met at the church on the evening of June 28, to bid farewell to Rev. Father John J. Delahunty. One of the pleasing features of the occasion was the presentation of a purse containing between fifteen and sixteen hundred dollars. The presentation speech was made by Senator John F. Shea, who, in his remarks, alluded in an eloquent manner to the liberality toward the poor, his earnestness in behalf of church matters, as displayed by Father Delahunty during his pastorate. Father Delahunty was much overcome at the generosity of his friends, and, in accepting the gift, thanked the donors one and all.

THE Messenger of the Sacred Heart for July, with its recent enlargements and improvements, is certainly little, if at all, inferior to the best edited of the secular magazines. The American tale, complete in one number, of which it now makes a specialty, should alone secure it a large number of readers.

THE notice of the article in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, in the July issue, on "Ethics of Boxing and Manly Sport," by the Chicago Citizen, was hardly fair, the writer having omitted the word "Ethics." Mr. McCorry is in full accord with Mr. O'Reilly in his "Manly Sports."

Boston College Alumni.

IN one of the pretty parlors of Young's Hotel, on the evening of the 2d of July, there was gathered upwards of one hundred of the members of the Boston College Alumni Association, the occasion being the third annual dinner.

At six o'clock the business meeting was called to order by the president, Dr. William A. Dunn, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Dr. William A. Dunn; vice-President, Rev. Dr. Talbot; second vice-president, Rev. William F. Powers; secretary, James B. McHugh; historian, James E. Hayes; executive committee — Rev. John Broderick, '77; Rev. Dr. Talbot, '78; James E. Monahan, '79; E. F. Burns, '80; Rev. M. H. O'Connell, '81; Dr. T. J. Ball, '82; Rev. T. J. Mahoney, '83: James F. Aylward, '84; John B. Curtis, '87; T. J. Daly, '88.

The sum of fifty dollars was voted to the faculty of Boston College, as a prize for the best essay by a student of the college, the subject to be determined upon by the rector.

The party then adjourned to the dining-hall; and, after the repast, Dr. Dunn called the association to order. James E. Monahan officiated as toastmaster, and remarks were made by Rev. Robert Fulton, S. J., Rev. William O'Connel, Representative E. J. Flynn, Edward F. Burns, and Dr. T. J. Pratt.

SOMERVILLE JOURNAL: If young men in this country put half as much energy into their daily work as they do into playing ball, the young men of this country would be rich enough to marry before they were two years older.

Institutions of Learning.

Boston College.

THE twenty-fourth annual commencement exercises of Boston College took place on the evening of the 28th of June, in the college hall, in the presence of a large assemblage of the graduates' friends. The hall was tastefully decorated with parti-colored bunting, while above the entrance the national colors were conspicuously displayed. Upon the stage were seated the members of the graduating class, fourteen in number, together with the president of the college, Rev. N. Russo, S. J. The front seats were reserved for the clergy of the archdiocese and distinguished guests. The entrance of His Grace Archbishop Williams was the signal for an enthusiastic outburst, the entire audience rising to do him honor. The absence of His Excellency Gov. Ames, who was confined to his home by illness, was the subject of general regret. The programme of the evening's exercises was as follows:

Music, education, Academic Circle; introduction, John F. O'Brien; discussion, Thomas J. Daly, Daniel W. Lenehan, John A. Brett, Edmund T. Shanahan; music, conferring of degrees; valedictory, Florence J. Halloran; award of prizes; music.

Degrees were then conferred on the following: Master of Arts — Francis M. O'Donnell, M. D.; Thomas J. Ball, M. D. Bachelor of Arts — John A. Brett, Thomas J. Daly, Philip J. Gormley, Florence J. Halloran, Francis J. Keany, Daniel W. Lenehan, Daniel J. McLaughlin, Timothy J. Murphy, John F. O'Brien, Charles H. O'Lalor, John J. O'Shea, Edmund T. Shanahan, William J. Sheehan, Francis J. Weller.

After the conferring of degrees, the reverend president addressed the audience briefly, touching upon the importance of the theme which had been the subject of the evening's discussion. He thanked the parents and friends of the college for their kind patronage, and the archbishop and reverend clergy of the diocese for the moral support which they had always extended to Boston College. In the absence of the Governor, Col. Rockwell read a speech which his excellency would have delivered had he been present. The award of prizes was then declared.

Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.

At the forty-fifth commencement at Holy Cross College, on the 28th of June, there was a large gathering of clergy, citizens and alumni, including Bishop O'Reilly of Springfield, Bishop John J. Keane of Washington, and other distinguished officials. The degree of master of arts was conferred on Philip Kilroy, A. B., M. D., of Springfield. The degree of bachelor of arts was conferred on Thomas J. McGee, of New Bedford, Edward J. Fitzgerald, Worcester; Dennis A. O'Brien, Lewiston, Me.; Malachi J. O'Callahan, Charlestown; Edward A. Higney, Fall River; Owen J. Egan, Fall River; Edward J. Powers, East Boston; T. F. Raymond, Haverstraw, N. Y.; Edward S. Hamilton, Hollis-ton; Michael F. Horigan, Biddeford, Me.; Stephen W. Wilby, Spenser; Albert A. Judge, Boston; James T. Cummings, Fall River; Thomas J. Leahy, Cambridge; Thomas H. Cahill, Fall River; A. O'Rourke, Salem; F. A. Ratigan, Worcester; James H. Kelley, Boston; Charles A. Logue, South Boston; Michael A. Griffin, Belchertown; Edward J. Melanefy, Worcester; William V. Meade, Lowell; Arthur J. McDonald, Millbury.

A large number of prizes were awarded, including the following special prizes: Gold cross of honor, gift of the Right Rev. Bishop of Portland, for the best catechetical essay on "The Number, Aptness and Excellence of the Sacraments of the New Law," to Edward J. Fitzgerald. Gold cross of honor, foundation of George Crompton, for the best scientific essay on "The Theory and Phenomena of Electro-Magnetic Induction," to Edward J. Fitzgerald. Gold cross of honor, foundation of Rev. Mgr. Patrick Strain, for the best essay on "Liberty of Conscience: What It Means," to Thomas J. McGee. Gold cross of honor, gift of Rev. John B. Drennan, for the best essay on "The Discoveries of

Samuel de Champlain," to James S. Sullivan. Gold medal, gift of a reverend friend of the college, for excellence in declamation at the annual competition, to Charles A. Logue; silver cross of honor, gift of T. D. Gard, for the best results of final examination in the junior and preparatory classes, to Francis F. Cohan. The B. J. F. gold medal, presented by Rev. John J. Power, D. D., V. G., for the best debate of the subject, "Resolved, that the Blair Education Bill is Contrary to the Genius of Our Institutions," to James T. Cummings.

Aquinas College, Cambridgeport.

THE closing exercises were held in Aquinas Hall, corner of Harvard and Norfolk Streets, on the evening of Thursday, June 21. The Rev. Thomas Scully, rector of the Church of the Annunciation, presided. His assistants, the Revs. J. E. Hickey, P. H. Riley, and W. J. Dwyer, with the Rev. John Mundy, rector of St. Bridget's, Abington, had places on the platform. After a march by the orchestra, and a song, "Ever Joyous," by the choir, Mr. Charles Donahoe read an essay on "Christianity and Literature." Mr. Henry Egan treated of "True Success." The drama of "St. Louis in Chains" was creditably rendered by the following cast: St. Louis, King of France, Charles Donahoe; Philip, his son, William Barry; Almoadam, Sultan of Egypt, Frank Sullivan; Octai, Commander of the Mamelukes, Henry Egan; Osman, a prince of the royal family of Egypt, Thomas Printon; Adhomar, an apostate Christian, William Dolan; Almanzor, the apostate's brother, John Lowry. The chorus, "Viva Leone," was given with great spirit. Father Scully then presented diplomas to the graduates of 1888, Messrs. Charles Donahoe and Henry Egan.

Ordinations in the Archdiocese of Boston.

ON Saturday, June 23, in the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Archbishop Williams, assisted by the Very Rev. William Byrne, V. G., and the Rev. Charles B. Rex, of the seminary, conferred orders on the following students of St. John's Seminary, Brighton:

PORTER AND LECTOR — Messrs. John J. O'Keefe, archdiocese of Boston; Peter J. Malone, diocese of Providence; Patrick J. O'Leary, diocese of Hartford.

TONSURE — Messrs. Charles F. Aiken, Patrick H. Casey, Alexander J. Hamilton, John B. Kelleher, Cornelius F. Hennessy, Francis Walsh and James A. Walsh, archdiocese of Boston; Francis P. Havey, Matthew J. Traynor and Thomas F. Duggan, diocese of Hartford; Francis Reilly, diocese of Springfield; John P. O'Neill, diocese of Manchester.

MINOR ORDERS — Messrs. John B. Labossiere, archdiocese of Boston; Francis B. Havey, John D. Kennedy, and John J. Loftus, diocese of Hartford.

SUBDEACONSHIP — Revs. Thomas F. Brannan, Edwin J. Dolan, John J. Downey, John J. Forrell, Matthew J. Flaherty, Francis P. Hannawin, Jermiah J. Lyons, James P. McGuigan, John F. O'Brien, John J. Ryan, Daniel P. Scannell, and Thomas C. McGoldrick, archdiocese of Boston; James J. Lawless, diocese of Hartford; Michael G. Mulhane, and Michael O'Brien, diocese of Springfield; Farragh A. Brogan, diocese of Kansas City.

DEACONSHIP — Revs. John J. Graham, Daniel M. Murphy, and John P. Sullivan, archdiocese of Boston; Michael V. McDonough, diocese of Providence.

PRIESTHOOD — Revs. Walter J. Browne, Michael H. Buckley, John J. Coan, John J. Garrity, Timothy J. Holland and John J. Lane, archdiocese of Boston; Cornelius T. Kelly, diocese of Providence; Eugene C. O'Connell and John Neale, diocese of Hartford.

A Disgrace to Civilization.

THE Chicago Journal of Commerce states that three newsboys of that city, guilty of no misdemeanor, were arrested at their request and sent to the Bridewell. Their reason for wishing to go there, as stated to the Police Justice, was, that they wanted to learn a trade. Under the laws of trades unions there is almost no chance for the American boy to learn a trade in any shop or manufactory outside the house of correction.

WELCOME back to Boston, Father [illegible].

Gladstone's New Move.

On the 30th of June, Mr. Gladstone addressed a meeting at Hempstead. He was given a big ovation. In his speech he said that coercion in Ireland was formerly a painful necessity and a momentary expedient, but now it was erected into a principle, a system, and an institution, which would have received a deadly blow yesterday, had there been a few more Liberals in the Isle of Thanet. The majority in Thanet would have the noble satisfaction of reflecting on the fact that they have riveted the chains of force, and renewed the power of injustice. Each individual of them would be answerable therefor to God.

On the same day an entertainment was held in honor of Mr. Gladstone at the country house of Mr. Holloway Armist, at Hempstead. A number of Liberalists were invited, and to a man accepted. It was announced that the Grand Old Man proposes to depart from his important pronouncement on the Home Rule scheme of 1886, and would present an entirely new front to the enemy, in his battle for Home Rule for Ireland. The important points, in the new plan to be presented, will involve the retention of Irish representation in the Imperial Parliament as at present, and also to give a national assembly to Ireland, with authority and control over the judiciary and the police. Mr. Gladstone's pronouncement will take the form of a manifesto to the electors of Great Britain. It will revive interest in the Irish question, which has been recently overshadowed by consideration of the local government bill, and will counteract any damage that may possibly have been done to the cause by Mr. Gladstone's precipitating the recent fight on Mr. Morley's resolution denouncing coercion.

Earl Spencer in a speech on the same day at Thornbury, said that the government had failed in one of its principal objects, namely, to crush the League, the subscribers to which, and the influence of which, were as large as ever. Repression, he said, would do more harm than good in Ireland; but, if the policy of representative institutions were tried, it would succeed. He hoped that Mr. Gladstone would live to see such a policy inaugurated.

Large School-House at North End.

The work on the new parochial school building, in St. Stephen's parish, is being pushed with rapidity by the energetic and zealous pastor, Rev. M. Moran. This school is of brick, with brownstone trimmings, and is 150x130 feet. It has a hall with a seating capacity of 1,600. The school-rooms, of which there are twenty, are large and spacious. It is on the site of the old St. John's Church, on the corner of Moon Street and Sun Court. The estimated cost of the building is $90,000, and it will be completed in September.

The Rev. P. J. Daly, rector of St. Mary's Church, Winchester, Mass., has been appointed rector of St. Francis de Sales Church, Boston Highlands, to succeed Father Delahunty, disabled by serious illness. The Catholics of Winchester deeply regret the removal of Father Daly. As an indication of the admirable work Father Daly has accomplished during the five short years of his incumbrency of St. Mary's, it was stated that he had raised and expended in the improvement of the church and church property the very handsome sum of $30,594. The Catholic population of Winchester, including the Mission of East Woburn, is about 1,900.

Befriending Ireland's Cause.

At a meeting of the Nationalist party in the House of Commons, on the 5th, Mr. Parnell presiding, resolutions were adopted expressing thanks to the New York Legislature for indorsing the Irish cause by its reception of Sir Thomas Esmonde, and adding: "So long as the people of Ireland are deprived of the rights of self-government which the people of the Empire State enjoy, so long shall we rely upon the good-will of the Legislature to regain them."

At the annual Commencement at Mt. St. Mary's, Emmittsburg, Md., on June 27, the degree of A. M. was conferred on Francis J. Holland, of Boston. Mr. Holland was noted, while at the Mountain, for his almost perfect scholarship and his wonderful oratory.

Obituary.

—"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

Vicar General Patrick Joseph Conway died in Chicago, morning of the 1st of July, from congestion of the stomach and lungs. He was born in Fernes, county Wexford, Ireland, Nov. 29, 1838. His parents moved to Chicago in 1852. He was educated at Notre Dame, Indiana, and St. Mary's Seminary. In 1865 he was given charge of a Chicago church, and since then he has been one of the leading divines in Chicago.

A great and good Jesuit passed away to his eternal reward on the 25th of May in the person of Father Callan. He was in his eighty-seventh year. He died at the presbytery in Upper Gardiner Street, Dublin. At first he was a secular priest in his native diocese of Armagh; but after he had been a short time on the mission he became a disciple of St. Ignatius. For a time he taught as a professor in the Colleges of Tullabeg and Glongowes Wood, but he was finally transferred to Dublin, where he passed more than forty years of his long life. He was great as a moral theologian, and unsurpassed as a director of consciences. An anecdote illustrative of his zeal for the saving of souls may be given here, and more especially as it is far from being generally known. He had been confessor for many years to a certain Dublin journalist. Knowing the irregularity of journalistic occupations, he impressed upon his penitent that he might be called upon at any hour of the day or night. One night the journalist went to the presbytery in Gardiner Street, and asked to see Father Callan for the purpose of going to confession. He was shown into a dimly-lighted apartment, and was preparing himself for the Sacrament of Penance, when he saw the tall and massive form of the old Jesuit, wrapped in a long cloak. An end of the cloak flapped aside for a moment, and revealed a bare lower limb. Father Callan had actually risen from his bed to hear the confession, and had not waited to robe himself in any more comfortable garment than the cloak. He was twice installed as Superior of the Jesuit house in Gardiner Street, which is the chief house of the Order in Ireland. He was an indefatigable reader of the best books of every kind, and he kept on reading almost to the very last. On the morning of his death, his attendant handed him a book as usual; but, after a vain effort to fasten his mind upon it, he returned it, with the remark that the bodily machine was worn out. Few of us can hope for so peaceful and trustful an end; for he was confident that he had honestly tried to do his duty, and he had the most implicit reliance on the mercy of Almighty God.

After years of great and patiently-endured suffering, the Rev. John Conlon, rector of the Church of St. Thomas Aquinas, Bridgewater, Mass., died on Saturday, June 23. Fr. Conlon was born in the county Sligo, Ire., fifty-eight years ago. He came to this country in his boyhood. He made his ecclesiastical studies at Holy Cross College, Worcester, and at the Grand Seminary of St. Sulpice, Montreal. He was ordained priest for the Archdiocese of Boston in 1861. He had been for many years in Bridgewater, and his death is deeply deplored by his people and by his many devoted friends in the priesthood. The funeral was largely attended by both priests and the congregation.

The Rev. Patrick F. Downes, rector of St. Agnes' Church, Paterson, died Wednesday, June 20, of hemorrhage of the stomach. He wiped out the debt of St. Agnes' parish, and built a large, handsome church. He was a noble hearted man, a great priest, a true Irishman. Talented, learned, pious, and beloved of men, may God give his soul eternal happiness.

The Rev. O. M. Conlon, one of the most respected and best-known priests in the diocese of Portland, died recently at his residence in Calais, Me., after a somewhat lingering illness. Father Conlon was connected with the diocese some twenty years, during which time he was stationed at Biddeford, Bangor, and for the past eighteen years pastor of St. Mary's Church, Calais. His labors in Calais and outlying missions

were constant and arduous, having several Indian missions to attend. He knew the Indian character thoroughly, and thus gained their confidence and affection. His funeral was attended by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Healy, of Portland, and many priests from the neighboring parishes of Maine and New Brunswick.

Rev. John McCann, a priest of the united dioceses of Down and Connor, Ireland, died suddenly on Monday afternoon of last week, at 102 West Dauphin Street, Philadelphia, the residence of Mr. Hugh O'Mullin, a friend with whom he was making a short stay. Heart disease is supposed to have been the cause of his death. May he rest in peace!

Rev. Francis Eberhardt, C.SS.R., died on Wednesday of last week, at the Redemptorist Monastery attached to St. Boniface's Church, Baltimore. He had been ill for a long time, and his death was expected; and he had made most careful preparations for his final dissolution. He bravely met death fortified with the last sacraments and consolations of our Holy Mother the Church.

The death of Rev. F. X. Weninger, the great Jesuit missionary, will be heard with regret throughout the country. He did incalculable service to the church, both in the pulpit and in his excellent works on various Catholic subjects, during his great missionary life of more than half a century.

Rev. C. M. Piccirillo, S. J., prefect of studies and professor of Sacred Scriptures at the College of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, died Thursday night, July 5th, aged about sixty-five years. He was a native of Naples. At one time he was the editor of the magazine Civilta Cattolica, published at Rome, and for a while was the confessor of Pope Pius IX. He edited the English editions of the poems written by Pope Leo XIII.

LAY PEOPLE.

The death of the venerable Philip O'Donnell, of Boston Highlands, is deeply deplored by all who knew him. The funeral was large and respectable. A Requiem Mass was celebrated at the Church of St. Francis de Sales, Roxbury, at 10 A. M., by the Rev. Philip J. O'Donnell, of East Cambridge, a nephew of the deceased. Father Lee, of Monson, was deacon of the Mass; Father McNamara, Church of St. Francis de Sales, Charlestown, sub-deacon, and Father Whalen, of St. Francis de Sales, Roxbury, master of ceremonies. A large number of priests were present in the sanctuary. The funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. Wm. P. McQuaid, of St. James' Church, Boston, who spoke from the text: "I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith; for the rest there is laid up for me a crown of glory which the Lord, the just Judge, shall render to me on the last day." The preacher referred to the long and honorable career of the deceased; and said that, looking back upon his life he could well say, "I have fought the good fight," and the very goodness of his life should make him hope for the "crown of glory." Mr. O'Donnell's life, said the speaker, was that of the model Christian; simple and unostentatious in his way, he was noted for his strong faith and true piety. Father McQuaid dwelt on the good example he set in frequently approaching the Sacraments. Though constantly in familiar intercourse with priests, it was noted in him that he never departed in the slightest degree from the reverence due to the holy character of the priesthood. The interment was at Calvary Cemetery. Father Delahunty officiated at the grave. In the death of Philip O'Donnell, the Catholic charities of Boston have lost a noble friend, and the parish of St. Francis de Sales an edifying and zealous member. May he rest in peace.

Michael F. Kennedy, for many years first assistant engineer, at New Bedford, Mass. died on June 27.

The death of William J. McCormick, who died suddenly at Montclair, N. J., is deeply regretted by those who knew him in Boston. The funeral took place on the morning of June 21, from the Church of the Immaculate Conception, where a Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated for the repose of his soul, which may God rest in peace. Mr. McCormick was in the employ of the New York Life Insurance Company in

ularly known as "New-England Headquarters for Everything for the Lawn, Garden, and Farm," and well does it deserve the name, for there is nothing in that line that cannot be purchased there for a much less price than other firms ask. Remember it when making your purchases.

Morse of Canton.

HON. ELIJAH A. MORSE, of Canton, Mass., is a prospective candidate for Congress in the Ninth Congressional District, the present congressman, Hon. John D. Long, having signified his intention to resign. Mr. Morse is a strong temperance man and protectionist. At present he sits in the Governor's Council in this State, and is deservedly popular as a generous employer to his factory operatives. There is no one in his district who could obtain such an unequivocal majority, if again a candidate for the suffrages of the citizens of the district in which he lives.

READERS, when writing to our advertisers, will favor us by mentioning DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

The Ring Cured Him.

MR. F. H. MCKENNEY, a compositor on the Boston Daily Globe, writes, "I have worn one of the Anti-Rheumatic Rings for over a year, and can truly say it does all that is claimed for it."

PHŒNIX PARK, Dublin, contains 1,752 acres.

CLARK. — "Well, I will declare! Smithers, how you have picked up lately." Smithers — "Yes, yes; things were bad enough with me a little while back, but I happened to run across the advertisement of B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, Va., and they put me in position to make money right along. If you know of anybody else needing employment, here is their name and address."

Greely Sent to the Arctic Regions.

IN the summer of 1881, a party of soldiers, commanded by Lieut. A. W. Greely, was sent to Lady Franklin Bay by the signal service of the United States, for scientific observation. On June 22, 1884, the survivors of the Greely party (seven men, including Greely,) were found alive. During the summer of 1888, any one desirous of being refreshed and kept cool, can do so (without going to the Arctic regions) by sending to H. M. Temple, 1145 Washington Street, for pure and delicious ice-cream, all flavors, wholesale and retail.

THE O'Connell monument in Glasnevin Cemetery, Ireland, is one hundred and sixty-eight feet high.

BRASS AND NICKEL PLATE GOODS. — We take great pleasure in calling the attention of our numerous readers, especially the reverend clergy, to the advertisements in our MAGAZINE, on the first page, of Mr. T. F. McGann, Brass Founder, 104 Portland Street, Boston. Everything in his line for churches, theatres, dry goods stores, boot and shoe stores, drug stores, and clothing houses, etc., can be furnished first class, and reliable goods at short notice. He furnishes special designs in all cases if required.

Davitt Defiant.

A HOME Rule demonstration was held in Glasgow to protest against the imprisonment of John Dillon. Michael Davitt, who was one of the speakers. challenged Attorney General Webster to try Mr. Parnell if the law officers of the crown believed him guilty of the grave crimes alleged against him. He declared that the government were false to their oaths, recreant to their duties, and traitors to English law, if they did not put himself and Mr. Parnell in the dock.

OAK ISLAND BY THE SEA. — We know of no other place in, or around Boston Harbor, more delightful than Oak Island by the Sea. It is between Boston and Lynn, and can be reached in thirty minutes from either Lynn or Boston, by the Eastern Railroad, Causeway Street, or by the Narrow Gauge Railroad, East Boston. Its proprietor,

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Games of Chance.

SOME persons are morally bewildered when at church fairs they are asked to "take a chance" on some article that is to be awarded by lot. They ask: "Is not this a lottery?" And when they receive an affirmative answer, they remark: "Well, since lotteries are immoral, how can our pastors conscientiously invite us to take part in them? Do they not justify the accusation that we accept the principle that "the end justifies the means?"

But, good friends, you are going too fast. Who taught you that lotteries are immoral? St. Paul declares that there is no sin where there is no commandment. What law do I break when I take part in a game of chance? Go through your catechism and your Bible and your text-books of theology, and tell me what commandment is violated by lotteries.

If lotteries were essentially immoral, the Jews, the chosen people of God, would have been guilty of frequent transgression in this way, because they often appealed to chance to decide their doubts, and this, sometimes even by divine direction, as recorded in the thirteenth and fourteenth chapters of the Book of Joshue, and in other passages of the Old Testament. In like manner, the apostles would have been offenders, for, as the first chapter of their Acts chronicles, they chose a successor to Judas by lot. The Bible says: "And they appointed two, Joseph, called Barsabas, who was surnamed Justus, and Matthias. And praying they said: 'Thou Lord, who knowest the hearts of all men, show whether of these two, thou hast chosen, to take the place of this ministry and apostleship, from which Judas hath by transgression fallen, that he might go to his own place.' And *they gave them lots*, and the lot fell upon Matthias, and he was numbered with the eleven apostles." Certainly, if an apostleship could be the prize in a lottery, the principle of deciding by lot is not in itself evil.

Games of chance are, therefore, not necessarily bad. Neither are they necessarily good. They are embraced in that large category of actions that are in themselves morally indifferent, and are made good or bad by circumstances.

A lottery is good when it is conducted for a beneficial purpose,

when it is managed fairly, and when those who invest in it can afford to lay out the money that they spend for chances.

A lottery is bad for those who have it in charge when they are guilty of fraud in its management; it is bad for both these who control it and those who participate in it, when its objects are evil — as, for instance, if it be planned to raise money to propagate heresy; it is bad for those who purchase tickets in it, if they go beyond their means in taking chances, use for that purpose money not theirs, or otherwise violate the laws of justice and charity.

But a fair game of chance, so moralists and lawgivers have determined, may be considered a contract. Bouvier's law dictionary defines gaming as "a contract between two or more persons by which they agree to play by certain rules at cards, dice, or other contrivance, and that one shall be the winner and the other the loser." That is a fair and square agreement, and, if there be no cheating, no injustice is done by either party to the contract, no matter whom fortune favors.

But just there — "if there be no cheating" — the trouble lies. Just there consciences are confused. Just there the idea has sprung up that all gaming is immoral. Why? because we usually associate thoughts of games of chance with those loafers who are professional gamblers, and with the dishonest practices in which they are skilled, and by which they are enabled to fleece their victims. The word "gambling," although there is no difference at bottom between it and gaming, conjures up recollections of stories of marked cards, loaded dice, and other methods of fraud adopted by swindlers. But these dishonest tricks are not essential even to the games generally played in gambling dens, much less to the simpler lotteries at church fairs, or the chance amusements that entertain some family circles in the winter evenings. Besides, these swindling practices are directly forbidden by the seventh commandment. They are ways of cheating, and cheating is theft, and a violation of justice and charity.

Of course, professional gamblers, even when they run "square games," are a pest to the community. They prey on the avaricious; they corrupt the weak; they promote dishonesty; they set a bad example; and, so far as useful toil is concerned, they shirk the primal curse of labor. They waste their own lives, and tempt others to idleness, prodigality, and ruin. They are a bad lot.

But neither are they a necessary adjunct to gaming, which may be carried on by the industrious and the honest, for amusement in the privacy of their homes, with buttons, or matches, or cents for the stakes, without detriment to sacred commandment or civil law; which may consist of a raffle for a widow, with benefit to all concerned,— losers, winner, and beneficiary; which may produce funds for the building of a hospital, or an asylum, and so constitute a work of charity.

In one of the volumes in the Astor Library, in New York, there is the scheme of a lottery, which was held in Virginia about a hundred years ago, and of which George Washington was one of the managers. I remember reading the plan, with the list of prizes, and the cost of the chances, but I cannot recall the object to which the pecuniary proceeds were to be devoted.

Whether for recreation or for charity, then, games of chance are not always forbidden. A person may take part in them, provided:

1. He does not spend for chances, or for stakes, more money than he can afford for the obligations of charity, or for his own amusement, as the case may be.

2. He does not take time that by rights is due elsewhere so strictly as to make the spending of it at gaming a sin.

3. He does not foresee that he will probably be drawn into occasion for anger or other sin. Some persons cannot play a game of chance or skill without becoming impatient and abusive, in a scandalous manner, when they lose. They ought to let gaming alone, whether they play for a wager or only "for fun."

At a church fair, which is usually for the poor, or the needs of the parish, a person may give directly, or to the games of chance, a portion of the sum due by him under the commandment of the church, which obliges him "to contribute to the support of his pastor," under which law is grouped the objects for which we are bound to give tithes.

So that, if a man has a dollar or two of pocket-money, — having provided for his family, having sufficient means to carry on his business, having contributed to the support of his pastor, and having the means to meet all other just calls on his purse, — he may "try his luck" in any game of chance that, by its circumstances, is morally indifferent or morally good.

But why does the State suppress public lotteries and other forms of gambling? For the same reason that it curbs the liquor traffic, — for the public good. Because public lotteries and the mills of gamblers are usually carried on dishonestly, and consequently rob those who invest in them; because they excite the spirit of greed in people, and lead them to evil by a dozen roads, — to idleness, to discontent, to theft, to drunkenness, etc.; because they bring about the impoverishment of families, when men waste, on chances in them, the money that should go for food and clothing; because they prompt to the misappropriation of funds, when men take the money of their employers or their creditors to risk it on the turn of the wheel of fortune; because they are a cause of suicide, when men in despair, begotten by losses at faro or other games, put an end to their existence. It is because of the abuses of gaming, — abuses that are almost inevitable when it is conducted as a regular business, and on a large scale, and for an immense number of persons, — that almost all Christian governments have forbidden them. Because the managers are apt to swindle their customers, and the customers are tempted to poverty and crime, the State puts down its veto.

Yet even now, one State in this Union legalizes a lottery; and in Cuba, Italy, France (the Panama Canal lottery), and several of the small German States, there are games of chance chartered by the government. If gaming was essentially immoral, no one could buy a ticket in these enterprises.

Lotteries at fairs, however, are not surrounded by the objectionable circumstances attending regular public games of chance and the business of gamblers, because the persons who invest in them do not go in to win; they give the money for the good it will do, regardless of any material returns for themselves; therefore their notion is charity, not

cupidity; because the prizes are not so precious as to tempt persons to steal in order to take chances; because there is little, or no danger, that those who invest in them will go beyond their means; because they take place at rare and irregular intervals; because they are fairly conducted, and because their object is good. Beneficial in their purpose, honest in their management, kindly in the motives they appeal to, and participated in by persons who are not necessarily tempted by them to idleness, or to rage, or to greed, or to other forms of vice, they have not the obnoxious features of the public lotteries condemned by law.

The principle, therefore, is true, that gaming or gambling, whether by lottery or other device for a decision by chance, is not intrinsically immoral. It is in itself neither good nor bad. It is affected by circumstances; therefore there is ordinarily no harm in taking part in a game of chance at home, as those games are generally conducted, and, therefore, to "take a chance" at a church fair is usually an act of virtue — a proceeding blessed by justice and charity.

But what should be done where "the law of the land prohibits lotteries of all kinds?" The law should be obeyed so that scandal and insubordination may be avoided. Many things that are not sinful are illegal; and for the sake of the obedience due by all good citizens to the powers that be, even these things shall be put aside.

L. W. REILLY.

Patron of Persons and Things Lost.

THE Catholic American: Some years ago a young Protestant Scotch lord went to South America in quest of adventure. His search was successful, but nearly cost him his life. One day, having left the rest of his party, he penetrated alone into a deep and unknown forest. Suddenly he found himself surrounded by a troop of savages, with the evident intention of murdering him. In this critical moment he remembered the great devotion of the Brazilians to St. Anthony of Padua. "Glorious St. Anthony," he cried, "save me from the great danger, and I promise to build a church in your honor." At once, as by enchantment, the savages disappeared. The young nobleman was saved. On his return to Bahia, he paid a visit to the bishop, narrated his adventure, and asked how he was to fulfil his promise. The prelate replied: "My lord, St. Anthony was a Catholic; if you wish to build him a church, the first condition is to become a Catholic yourself."—"I have no objection," said the Scotchman; "instruct and baptize me." He was accordingly converted, returned home, and built on his estates a beautiful Gothic church dedicated to St. Anthony.

THERE is a much greater distance between sin and grace, than between grace and eternal glory.—*St. Francis.*

Relations of Church and State.

THE present deplorable condition of Christendom is due to the Protestant Reformation. Many agencies in operation, some apparently discordant, but only apparently; Bibles circulated by millions, and thrust into every hand; physical progress unexampled in its wide and flashing sweep; the fierce straining after that long-heralded, long-expected human perfection; license, called liberty, such as the world never saw before — liberty of thought and action, liberty of speech, liberty of the press; the people's will proclaimed as the supreme law, itself independent of all beside, and all beside dependent on it; the silent ignoring, or open repudiation, of the supernatural, and the severance of the social relations from all contact with its ideas, and, especially, from all subjection to its influences; governments ruling, and parliaments legislating, without reference to God or his law; from these and other kindred forces, growing up through the latter centuries, rapidly developed and all but matured in this century of ours, has come the hard, black issue: "No God, no human soul; man, sprung originally from the beast, still a beast, to perish as a beast, and be no more."

To this horrid teaching has the *private judgment* of individuals driven the human intellect. It is enough to pierce the believing and loving heart with the icy chill of death; or, rather, to create in that heart a longing to be delivered from a world in which such mad and appalling blasphemies circulate as freely as the common news of the day. And this, too, not in Turkey, not in China, not in Hindostan, but in fair Christendom itself. Christendom indeed! It is a common opinion among the Fathers and older theologians that the Garden of Eden still exists in all or much of its original bloom and splendor, guarded by a special providence against human access; or, as others think, transferred to some unapproachable region. If we should suppose God to lift his church bodily from the midst of men, and transfer her, with all the gifts and treasures of which she is the sole depository, to some such region, the greater part of this very Christendom, save for the faint glimmering which might linger for a season after the departed luminary, would present to the eye of faith a vast moral chaos. Christendom no longer, but something very like Heathendom; if, owing to the past influence of the church, in some respects better than Heathendom, in others greatly worse,— a vast chaos, the spirit of God no longer moving over it, but darkness upon the face of it, deepening ever more and more.

The General Councils hitherto assembled for the purpose of dogmatic definition (they were not all assembled for this purpose) uniformly addressed themselves to the leading errors of the time; though occasionally also to the settlement of controversies, the adjustment of which was more or less imperatively demanded for the actual welfare and peace of the church. The Vatican Council, in the preamble to the chapters and canons of the first Dogmatic Constitution, expressly states its design to condemn errors, which, owing their origin to the Reformation have, however, come to their perfection only in more recent times. But we require no testimony of Pope or council to assure us that the aforesaid batch of condemned doctrines are errors of our time, and

that within the period of a single generation, they have established an ascendency almost incredible over the mind of the non-Catholic world. The literature of the day, light and popular, stately and philosophical, alike proclaims the fact aloud. You cannot open the advertising sheets of the leading periodicals without seeing evidences of it on every second page, in the very titles of the new publications announced there. It displays itself in every form of poetry and prose, in lectures, essays, histories, biblical criticism, and so forth. There it stands out palpable like Milton's death, black as night and terrible as hell, obstructing the light of heaven and overshadowing God's fair creation.

What is the cause of this terrible evil, this heavy curse? Is there a remedy for it? and, if so, what is that remedy? These, indeed, are questions of the deepest importance. To begin, then, with the first of the questions proposed above, there is one primary, as theologians would call it, remote cause, from which the others, the proximate causes, have sprung. This cause, this original sin, the parent of so many other sins, was the great Protestant revolt of the sixteenth century. There were great heresies before that revolt; some of them, with their rituals and congregations and churches, living down to the present day. There were the Arian, the Pelagian, the Nestorian, and many others. None of these heresies had a development like that which Protestantism has exhibited; birth and maturity were to them the same; they grew no more. But there are two characteristics of Protestantism, which, from its first existence, stamped upon it features not to be found in any previous heresy; features which disclaim all special fellowship between it and them; features which clearly and broadly distinguish it from them all. The first of these was, not that Protestantism is a revolt against authority,—for such all heresies necessarily are, however much the authors of them may profess the opposite,—but that it made the rejection of all authority its primary and fundamental principle. For the first time, not only since the beginning of Christianity, but since the beginning of the world, it was proclaimed that, in forming his religious belief, every man is perfectly free from the controlling power of any authority existing on this earth. We know not what may have happened in obscure corners, what may have been uttered by individuals who had no following, or only a small one which soon died out. But we are not aware that, until the sixteenth century, the aforesaid principle had ever been proclaimed among men, as the broad and distinctive foundation of a religion; and, what is more, that a religion with many millions of votaries was actually built upon it, and has actually remained on it, clinging steadily to it, through all vicissitudes and variations, as to the one great principle of its life.

Moreover, Protestantism based itself, not only on the rejection of all living authority, but on the rejection of all authority, in the past tradition of the church, no matter how far back extending, even though touching the Apostolic age itself. This is a phenomenon which, before the rise of Protestantism, was utterly unknown in the world. The second characteristic of Protestantism is the unbounded fury with which, typhoon-like, it swept the whole garden of Catholic theology, leaving hardly a single plant of Paradise which it did not tear up by the roots, or break in its stem, or taint in its blossom. All preceding heresies

confined themselves each to the negation of a single doctrine or a single class of doctrines. Thus, one erred on the divinity of Christ, another on his divine personality, another on his two-fold nature, another on the necessity of grace, and so on.

It is true that some of the heresies of the middle ages seem to have anticipated Protestantism in their sweeping assaults on the faith of the church. But these heresies were only rude and inchoate attempts, half-delirious utterances, for the most part without any theological system. Then, the faith of those ages was too strong for them, choked life out of them, or held them down with an overpowering pressure. Protestantism assailed the church on all sides, at all points and at once, and succeeded, — by what unholy and violent means it is beside our present purpose to describe, — in wresting from her beneficent sway the greater part of Northern Europe.

Though such a host of heresies burst forth simultaneously and in one wide deluge, yet there were among them certain main principles, out of which others sprang; and it was, indeed, somewhat in this way that they first arose in the brain of Luther himself. It is certain that his views on justification had taken strong possession of his mind for some time before he dreamed of separating from the church; and it is, to this day, generally maintained, as Luther himself maintained, that that doctrine is the keystone of genuine Protestantism. However this may be, a rapid glance at the mere general heads of doctrine and worship, on which the new religion broke with the old, will be quite enough to show how deep and wide was the chasm that yawned between them.

In the matter of divine grace, there was asserted, on one hand, the utter corruption of human nature, man's utter inability to perform, of himself, the smallest good work; on the other hand, his utter inability to resist the influence of grace; the sinner justified, not by sorrow for past sin, but by simply believing that he is justified; that justification not real and internal, but a mere imputation to him of Christ's justice, no merit, no value whatever in good works, however holy. Then the whole seven sacraments swept clean away, the names of two of them retained as mere ceremonies; no regeneration in Baptism; no sacramental grace imparted in Confirmation; the Eucharist a mere sign or memorial; no Real Presence; no sacrifice of any kind; no confession of sins; no absolution from them; no penitential works to wash out the temporal punishment due to them; no anointing with oil or prayer of faith to strengthen the sick man in the last tremendous conflict; no priesthood, or a priesthood only in name, a mere "extrinsic denomination," like the title of count or captain; matrimony, the "great sacrament" of the Apostle, degraded to the level of a civil contract, and its sacred bond rent asunder by an Act of Parliament. Again, no veneration of the blessed angels and saints in heaven; no calling on them to pray for us; no special honor, no honor at all, to the great Mother of God; but, on the contrary, an elaborate anxiety to rob her of the glorious titles which are hers alone; to deny her divine maternity; to disprove her perpetual virginity; to lower her, in every way, down to the ordinary rank. As the Mother of Christ has been treated, so has been the Spouse of Christ, his holy church. No visible head, no judge of controversies; no exemption from error in General Councils, or in the whole church together;

unity in catholicity not essential, nor sanctity, nor apostolicity; the whole fabric, rock-foundation and superstructure, shivered to atoms, a hideous ruin, like the Prophet's desolation of Babylon. No purgatory; no prayers for the dead; no signing with the sign of the cross; no holy water; no consecration or sanctification of anything; no vows; no honor to celibacy, etc.

There are, however, two of the innumerable heresies, which Protestantism for the first time introduced into the world, that claim a brief special notice. The first is the rejection, not only of the necessity, but of the value and utility of mortification; not only no merit, whatever, but no moral excellence, whatever, in abstinence or fasting, or any other penitential work; asceticism reviled as degrading and superstitious. The second is the division of doctrines into fundamental and non-fundamental; or, as it is commonly phrased in modern times, into essential and non-essential; non-essential, not because the revelation of the doctrines belonging to this category is not sufficiently certain to demand our assent, but because the doctrines are in themselves of minor importance, and such as may be rejected without peril to salvation or breach of Christian unity. To this class has been consigned, in our time, the whole, or nearly the whole, body of purely revealed doctrine; and we see it constantly affirmed that what is called dogmatic religion is not essential; that to insist on its necessity, or importance, is mere bigotry; that the gospel is a system rather of morals than of dogmas; and that our great aim should be, not to square our belief in accordance with the latter, but to square our actions in accordance with the former. Then, this moral system has nothing in it of the supernatural. It is merely the development of our natural good qualities; to be honest and sober; and, especially, to be kind and neighborly: these make the perfect Christian man.

This is Protestantism, a system which in its principles virtually contains all the heresies that had previously existed from the foundation of Christianity, and in the number of heresies which it actually introduced, and which it actually contains, far surpasses them all taken together in one mass. What should from the first have been expected to come to pass has actually come to pass; what was once but theory, though theory sure to be realized, is now a fact. It is a fact attested by the highest authorities, stanch Protestants, that from England, the great stronghold of Protestantism, first issued that furious tide of deism and atheism which for the last hundred years has wrought such fearful havoc, physical and moral, over the whole continent of Europe. It is a fact that at this present day, there is hardly any heresy, if there is any at all, which may not be openly professed even by members of the Established Church of England, still remaining members and even clergymen of that church. It is in the great Protestant revolt of the sixteenth century that the materialism and atheism of our time have had their original source. They are its offspring, not immediate, but direct. They have been begotten of principles immediately begotten of it. And these which we have called their proximate causes, we now proceed to examine. We have already, in the introductory paragraph of this article, named the principle of these causes. In the enumeration and consideration of them it is not material what order we follow; nor does any arrange-

ment occur to us that would not be altogether, or, to a great extent, arbitrary. The first is that which is expressed so clearly and distinctly in the very first proposition condemned in the ever-memorable Encyclical of Dec. 8, 1864, *Quanta cura*: "You will know, venerable brethren, that, at this time, men are found not a few, who, applying to civil society the impious and absurd principle of *naturalism*, as they call it, dare to teach that the best system of the state and [that also] civil progress absolutely require that human society should be constituted and governed, no more regard being paid to religion than if it did not exist; or, at least, without making any distinction between the true religion and the false ones."

Of the hundred and one propositions condemned in the Encyclical, and the accompanying syllabus, there is not one more insidious than this; and when pushed in practice to its full meaning, there is, perhaps, none, next after those which deny the primary truths of natural religion, more pregnant with deadly evil to the souls of men and to society itself. It is so insidious, because that full meaning to which we have alluded would, by no means, strike, we will not say a careless, but even a careful and thoughtful, reader, at first sight; nay, it requires no small amount of calm reflection and keen scrutiny for a reader of the latter class to realize that meaning clearly and fully to himself. Hence the euphemistic, which in our day so dominates in the memoirs of eminent worldlings, has been used with signal success to popularize this baleful heresy. More generally it is enunciated in a proposition affirming the total separation of church and state as a thing desirable for the interests of both. It only means, they say, what we call a division of labor, one of the principles of political economy. The hatter makes hats, the shoemaker makes shoes; if they desert their own craft, each turning to that of the other, we should have hats that no one could put on his head, and shoes that no one could put on his feet. So it is with church and state. The spiritual and the temporal belong to two orders entirely distinct and different from each other,— different in the ends they aim at, and in the means by which those ends are attainable. Let the church take charge of her own order and confine herself to it; she is not qualified to manage temporal affairs, and has no business with them. Let the state act on the same principle; she is just as little qualified to manage spiritual concerns, and has as little business with them.

The cant phrase of Count Cavour was "A free church in a free state"; they were the last words he uttered on this earth, and he uttered them after consummating his final sacrilege. We know what the hypocrite meant by them: the robbery of religious houses, and the violent expulsion of their inmates; the banishment or imprisonment of every ecclesiastic who dared to stand up for the laws of God and the church; the fomenting of rebellion in neighboring states; the propagation of infidelity and impurity everywhere. On the day before his death, he said to Farina, one of his fellow-miscreants, "My mind is at ease, I have never done harm to any one." As well might Robespierre have used such words, when his neck lay under the knife of the guillotine. The truth is, that so plausible has this error been sometimes rendered, by skilful sophistry and adroit manipulation of words, that some good, well-meaning, and otherwise right-minded Catholics have been ensnared

into the adoption of a principle, whose legitimate consequences they foresaw not, never dreamed of,— consequences from which when clearly recognized, they would shrink with horror. We now proceed to the examination of this principle. In order to understand more fully what they mean by the separation of church and state, who hold not only the lawfulness, but the absolute advantage of such a separation, it may be better first to explain what we mean by the union of church and state, who maintain that this union is in strict accordance with God's revealed will, and is to the highest advantage of both church and state, especially to the latter.

We address ourselves only to Christians, and need not, therefore, insist on the very plain principle, which no one in any way deserving that name can question, that the members of a governing body, or of any society whatever, are in their private and individual capacity strictly bound by the Christian law, and, if they be Catholics, by the laws of the church. If a man is a king, or a minister of state, he is not thereby the less bound by personal moral obligation; nay, men holding public influential offices are more strictly bound, inasmuch as their violations of duty are more apt to draw others after them into the path of sin. The question, then, is not of the individuals who compose the state, but of the state itself, or rather of the government which rules the state, and of this goverment in its collective and governing capacity. Nor, again, can there be any doubt that this governing body is strictly bound to take care that it does not in its acts, legislative or executive, violate any admitted Christian law, natural or purely revealed, or deny any admitted dogma of Christian faith. This negative harmony of church and state, or rather the duty of observing the divine and natural law, as a duty binding all human associations whatever, we suppose no Christian would deny.

As a private individual, merely because he has the physical power and is the stronger, is not justified in assaulting his neighbor's person, or seizing his neighbor's property; so neither can one state invade another state and wage war against it, unless there co-exist all the conditions required by the law of God for a just war; and every prince or minister who concurs in such invasion, or such war, is before God as really a robber and a murderer, as if he robbed and slew with his own hand. Governments are bound, even far more stringently than private individuals, to take care that each and every of their acts is in strict accordance with the eternal laws of right. They are bound to take care that no consideration of public utility, or power, or wealth, or dominion, or of any other so-called good whatever, shall induce them to depart one tittle from the golden rule; to take care that they draw not down upon their people and themselves, one of those awful visitations which God has so often inflicted on nations for national sins,— punishments rained down upon all in common, for crimes in which all in common have participated. Only a heathen could question the truth of these principles; and yet how many princes and ministers have, within the last twenty years, openly set them at naught and trampled on them,— princes and ministers not heathens, not Mahometan, but princes and ministers of Christian Europe. The earth groans under the mountain loads of iniquity which the giant powers of wicked men in high places have

piled upon it in that short span of time; and but for the promise, which we know can never fail, we should have no alternative but to throw ourselves into the arms of despair.

Let us return to the question of the positive, operative, active union of the two powers. Is it the duty of government to defend the rights of God and of his church against the attacks of impiety, as it defends the rights of its magistrates and private citizens against the attacks of injustice? Is the former not merely lawful and even laudable, but a strict duty as all hold the latter to be? Undoubtedly, if there should be an active union between church and government, it would be expected that the duties should be reciprocal; and so they are. But we need not inquire into the duties of the church, because she not only admits and proclaims these duties, but discharges them every day, and to the utmost of her power,— discharges them even to governments that ignore her, to governments that persecute and calumniate her. For her ministrations all tend directly to one great end, to make men honest, pure, temperate, obedient to authority; in a word, to clothe them with every Christian virtue; that is, while making them holy before God and man blameless servants of him, to make them, at the same time, blameless before the state and faithful servants of it. So absolutely true is this, that if she could accomplish her mission perfectly (which she never can, as the tares will be always mingled with the wheat), government, which some have defined as "police," might abdicate one of its most troublesome and engrossing functions, and be police no longer. The only really practical question, therefore, is that of the positive duty of the government towards the church. And here again we must further distinguish and further narrow the ground of inquiry. The question is not one of absolute and universal duty binding on all governments, in all circumstances, at all times. There are duties not a few, not only of those imposed by human law, but also of those imposed by the divine law, both positive and natural, which do not bind in certain circumstances; for example, when the observance of the duty would occasion serious injury to the individual on whom the duty lies, or to others, when the good end intended by the performance of the duty is sure, in this or that case, not to be attained; or even when the good end will be attained, but evil consequences greatly outweighing the good ones will certainly ensue. To this class belong some of the external duties of fraternal charity; and to it also belongs the duty now under consideration. Hence we do not contemplate the case of a nation of a mixed Catholic and non-Catholic population, with a governing body similarly mixed; and where, owing to the overwhelming opposition of what is called public opinion, the government cannot at all lend the "secular arm" to that full and complete defence of the church, which we are now contemplating, or cannot do so without permanent irritation and tumult. Still less do we consider the case of a nation nearly all non-Catholic with a non-Catholic government. We say nothing of a radical duty arising out of the obligation, by which all non-Catholics are bound, of embracing the Catholic religion when sufficiently proposed to them; this being a question entirely foreign to the matter of the present article. There are cases then, in which, all things considered, it were better that the government should abstain entirely, or in a

degree, according to circumstances, from active co-operation with the church. But as we shall see, by and by, these are cases not to be applauded but deplored; not to be put forward as models for imitation, but as anomalies tolerated because they cannot be helped. If I see a man going to commit a grievous sin, I am bound in charity to try to prevent him: but I am not bound, if I foresee that my admonition will be of no avail, or that it will entail a serious harm on myself. My withholding of counsel from either motive is not a rule but an exception to the rule; it is not a thing to be desired but to be lamented.

Our inquiry is not about the expedient and hypothetical, but about principle; not about what may be accepted as a lesser evil, but about what is in itself desirable as simply good. And so we come at last to our thesis; and to make it as unencumbered as possible of all extraneous and accidental appendages, we put it as follows: Suppose a nation purely Catholic, with a purely Catholic government, is that government bound not only to profess itself a thoroughly Catholic government, to act as a thoroughly Catholic government, that is, on purely Catholic principles, but bound also to protect and defend the Catholic Church, existing in its dominions, against all hostile assaults whether of the tongue, or of the pen, or of the sword? We answer that the government is so bound, and that the proposition affirming this obligation is not a matter of mere opinion, but a sure and certain doctrine. The primary, immediate end of government is temporal,— *purely* temporal, if you so choose to phrase it,— the protection of the persons and property of men; the protection of individual rights against domestic aggression, the protection of state rights against foreign aggression. But is the protection of the rights of the church in herself, in her ministers and members *as such*, also an end of government *as such?* We answer, yes, — decidedly yes. Not the immediate, but the ulterior end, to which, in the designs of God, the immediate end should be subordinated.

It may be as well to say here that by government we mean throughout the supreme power in an independent state. Now, in such government two things are to be considered, and carefully distinguished from each other; and these are, first, the particular form of government, or the particular depository of the supreme power in any state: secondly, the supreme power itself. Some writers call the former the supreme power in the concrete, and the latter, the supreme power in the abstract. But however they may be named, it is evident that there is a real distinction between them; for the form of government may be different in different kingdoms, or in the same kingdom at different periods, — pure monarchy, mixed monarchy, republican: while the supreme power, for example, the power of life and death, the power of levying war, is, in itself, the same in all forms. Now, there is no doubt that the form of government is a contrivance,— whether of wisdom or of folly,— purely human. On this point there is no disagreement at the present day; nor among approved theologians has there ever been any disagreement at any time. But is the power itself a contrivance of human wisdom, is it derived from a human source? Most certainly not; it comes from God, and from God alone, though *given through the people to their supreme rulers.* Indeed, the language of Scripture is so clear as to need no com-

mentary, nor could any commentary render it clearer. We will quote but one well-known text, a text decisive indeed: "Let every soul be subject to higher powers; for there is no power but from God; and those that are, are ordained of God. Therefore, he that resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God. And they that resist, purchase to themselves damnation. For princes are not a terror to the good work, but to the evil. Wilt thou then not be afraid of the power? Do that which is good, and thou shalt have praise from the same. For he is God's minister to thee for good." — Rom. xiii. 1, etc.

This power, it is true, does not come directly through positive revelation from God, but through a law of our nature of which he is the author. Putting aside the peculiar and temporary polity of the chosen people, God has not formally invested with power any government that now exists or that ever existed on earth; but he has created us with a natural and irresistible tendency to associate together. Moreover, he has so constituted us, that it is an absolute necessity of our nature for self-preservation that we should combine into civil society. That the society of the family has been established by God as a law of our nature is undoubted; but a number of families, say a thousand, or a million, or five million, inhabiting any country, each living isolated and independent of every other, and, at the same time, enjoying security of person and property, is a thing that never existed and never could exist. Moreover, we have so many wants, physical and intellectual and moral, if not for our simple being, at least for our well-being, which could not possibly be satisfied, except in a state of civil society. Civil society is, then, a necessity of our nature, a law of our nature established by God. But if civil society be a necessity for the individual and the family, not less necessary for society itself is the existence of some form of supreme government. This is so obvious and so universally admitted that we need not set about proving it. As a popular writer remarks, "The worst government that ever existed is better than no government at all; civil society without government is simply anarchy." This doctrine, we need hardly add, is in perfect accordance with that of the Fathers. We will confine ourselves to the quotation of a single, but very clear and striking, testimony. St. John Chrysostom, in his twenty-third homily on the Epistle to the Romans, commenting on the first verse of the passage quoted above, has the following; "'There is no power,' he [St. Paul] says, 'except from God.' What sayest thou? Is then, every ruler appointed by God? I say not so, he replies: I am not now speaking of individual rulers but of the thing itself. For that there should be supreme authorities, and that some should govern and others be subject, and that all things should not be tossed about lawlessly and at random, the peoples like waves whirled hither and thither, this, I say, is the work of the divine wisdom. Therefore, he did not say, there is no *ruler*, except from God, but he speaks of the thing itself saying, 'There is no *power* except from God.'" The supreme power, then, comes from God. The only controversy is whether the rulers invested with power originally received it immediately from God on being appointed by the community, or received it immediately from the community, in which it had resided until thus transferred. The question is, indeed, an open one; but the latter opinion is far more common, and, we think, far more rea-

sonable, we had almost said morally certain. The dispute is, however, of little practical value; for the writers on both sides agree in imposing the same rights and duties on the rulers and the ruled.

There was, first, man as a believer in God, and a worshipper of God; then the family; then civil society, or the state. God is really the author of these three; but not in the same way. He is the author of the first by positive revelation and by the operation of His grace (*ut auctor gratiæ*). He is the author of the second and third, inasmuch as they are demanded by the exigencies of our nature, of which He is the immediate author, and by the dictates of right reason, of which he is the immediate author (*ut auctor naturæ*). The immediate end of the family is the propagation of the human race; the immediate end of civil society and its government is the security of person and property. But they have, in the designs of God, an ulterior end, that of contributing to man's last end, according to their respective faculties, and within the limits of these faculties. Evidently the family has. No Christian would venture to assert that a parent discharged his whole duty by rearing up his children, with due care for bodily health and mental culture, and fitting them for a future suitable state in life. Surely the moral and religious training of children, the early instilling into their minds of the great truths and duties of religion, the assiduous formation of their hearts and actions to the love and practice of Christian virtue and Christian piety, the no less assiduous protection of them from the snares of vice and heresy,—surely these constitute a strict parental duty; a duty not only immeasurably more important than the other duty, but to which that other duty should be altogether subordinate; a duty, to the neglect of which, the other duty being amply fulfilled, we firmly believe is to be mainly attributed the everlasting ruin of the great majority of the Christian souls, that are lost forever. As surely it is the duty of government to extend a similar protection, when necessary, to its subjects — carefully, however, keeping in view the limitation we have marked in the last paragraph. If Adam had conquered the great temptation, he and his posterity (probably not all, but many), would have lived "in justice and holiness of truth." Undoubtedly, as these innocent creatures grew up into the society of the state, it would have been the most solemn duty of the ruler of such state to protect them from assaults against their faith, or their virtue, made by their fallen brethren, if such assaults would have been permitted in such a supposition. Man sinning in Adam has been again raised to his former destiny and his former hopes. He is, indeed, shorn of many glorious gifts, which were his in those golden days, — among them the complete subjection of his appetites to his reason and will. Civil government, is, in consequence, greatly changed in the qualities of its immediate end, and in its mode and means of action in reference to that end; but its great ulterior end and function remain essentially the same. Nay, in man's fallen condition, the state protection of religion is infinitely more necessary, more necessary, too, for the immediate end of government itself. Religion is necessary not only for the well-being, but for the enduring existence of civil society. A state in which every man was a Huxley could not hold together for a single generation. Without religion there is no faith in moral principles, no respect for moral duties;

and where these are not you may have numbers of human beings massed together in the same territory, but not constituting what we understand by civil society.

In those countries where infidelity prevails to a great extent, it is the moral and religious sentiment of the sound part of the community that mainly contributes to the private and public security, so far as that security exists. Take away this sentiment, and if there be a government at all, it will be government only by the sword and halter, a permanent reign of terror. So frail are we in our fallen condition, so weak to resist severe temptation, that even the firmest faith and the strongest moral conviction will not keep us from falling, unless there be joined with them a strong grace also; and there are thousands, within the church as without, who believe in the eternal torments of hell, who believe that mortal sin deserves these torments, and who yet commit mortal sin every day of their lives. As it is the duty of government to protect person and property, so it is the duty of government to protect the principles of religion and morals, these principles being such efficacious aids in securing the protection of person and property. But the argument which has its weight more or less in every case, tells with peculiar, with resistless force in the case to which we have purposed mainly, if not exclusively, to confine ourselves, the case, namely, of a Catholic government ruling a Catholic people. Such a government must believe and know that the influence of the church in her teaching, and other ministrations, is so powerful in promoting the immediate end of government itself, that, as we have already observed, if this influence could have its full effect, government would be relieved from one of its most onerous functions. For such a government to withhold its protection from the church would be simply to violate in the most flagrant manner its direct, solemn, and sacred duty.

From the nature of the case, and from a consideration of the universal law of charity, it seems on the very face of it altogether incredible that God should have given this vast supreme power to the state, and that those interested with it therein, while they have the ability, should not also have the strict duty, of securing and protecting for their subjects the means of attaining their one great end, the one thing necessary,—the attainment of which is the ineffable and everlasting felicity, which eye hath not seen nor ear heard; the loss of which is the everlasting doom of hell, where the smoke of the torments ascends up forever and ever. Hence, as Father Perrone remarks, "The unanimous doctrine of the Fathers, is, that the end and means of civil society are of their own nature subordinate to the power of the church, inasmuch as temporal felicity is directed to eternal felicity. Hence the Fathers teach that God established the civil power to protect the church, and to assist her in attaining her own proper end.

The authorities are very explicit; and, though well known, as they are brief, we will give the principal of them. Pope Celestine the First, writing to the Emperor Theodosius, says: "The cause of the faith ought to be to you of more importance than that of your kingdom; and your clemency should be more solicitous for the peace of the churches than for the security of all your dominions. For all things turn out prosperous, if what are dearer to God, are first taken care of." Pope St.

Leo the Great addressing another Roman Emperor, says: "You ought resolutely to bear this in mind, that the royal power was conferred on you, not for the mere government of the state, but chiefly for the assistance of the church." St. Isidore of Seville has the following: "Let secular princes understand that they must render an account to God for the church, the protection of which has been committed to them by Christ; for as the peace and discipline of the church are consolidated or impaired by Christian princes, he will demand an account from them, who has entrusted the church to their keeping." There is an ambiguity in the phrase "propagation of religious truth," which should have been noticed earlier in this article, and which must be cleared up now. It is one thing to engage in the propagation not merely of religious truth, but of other things comprised in the general term, religion, by the means established by God for this purpose, such as preaching and the administration of sacraments. This is not only the proper but the exclusive office of the church. In this work the government has no business to interfere, and, except in the way we are just going to mention, is bound not to interfere. It is quite another thing to protect the church in the execution of this work, by taking care that she shall have full liberty of carrying it on, and by removing any obstacles that may be thrown in her way, so far as they can be removed, or as far as it is expedient to remove them. This is to aid by protecting the church in her work of propagating religion, and this is the proper duty of government in reference to the propagation of religious truth. Whether a government may be bound to go farther and give aid of another kind,— namely, in money or money's worth,— is a question to be determined by circumstances; and the rules for so determining are simply those to which we have already alluded,— the rules of fraternal charity, as laid down by all our theologians, in reference to our neighbor's spiritual necessities. We need not here open any inquiry as to a special duty incumbent on government, distinct from that which lies on private individuals. In the good old Catholic times the question would have been of no practical value; for the piety of the faithful then supplied, or had already supplied, the church with all that was necessary, to carry on her daily and never-ending war against the empire of ignorance and error and sin. In modern times governments calling themselves Catholic have plundered the church of what those ages of faith had bequeathed to her; governments,— not even mere police, but open robber-gangs,— adding horrible sacrilege to horrible injustice; and on these, as a foundation, building their synagogue of perdition, which they consecrate to the service of the devil and the doing of his works.

The society of the state, with its supreme government, is what is called a necessary and essential society, and is so in two senses. First, it is not optional with men to belong to it or not to belong to it, as they please. There must be the society of the state, and men must live in that society. Of course, we speak of the universal law and the normal condition. A man may be cast on a desert island, and live there for fifty years, and die there without ever seeing a human face. But this is accidental ("*per accidens*"), as it is to be born without legs or arms; his state is unnatural; he feels it to be so, and with the most earnest longings of his soul yearns to be released from it.

An anchorite may build himself a cell in the desert, and live there secluded from the *world;* but he is by no means altogether cut off from *society*, only he is not linked to it so closely as those who are in the bosom of it. If he be a true anchorite, and called by God to this sort of life, his state is not unnatural because it is supernatural; it is rare and exceptional, as are many things in the lives of the saints, which it would be not only rash, but downright sinful, to attempt an imitation of, without some special divine intimation. Now, as to the other associations, which are called voluntary and accidental. In the first place, there is no necessity whatever that they should exist at all. For many long ages there were no banks, or clubs, or gas-companies, or railway companies. They contribute to our comfort, or profit, or amusement; but, if they had never been invented to the end of the world, the world would, of course, have known nothing about them, and would never have felt a desire to have them — "*ignoti nulla cupido.*" In the second place, now that they do exist, men may join them if they please, may decline joining them if they please, and, having joined them, may leave them if they please, and when they please, and as they please; there is no more moral restraint, or restraint of any kind, on any one of these acts, than there is in taking snuff or giving up snuff. Secondly, the state is called a necessary society, because having authority to bind its members by law to performance or omission of certain acts, and this under penalties varying up to the extreme penalty of death, the members are bound to obey these laws, and must obey them under threat of the penalties annexed. A bank or a club or a railway company has no such power. If, for example, a company of bank directors makes a code of laws binding members to certain duties under certain penalties, I, becoming a director, am bound to discharge these duties, but bound solely by my own will, freely undertaking, and impliedly promising, to discharge them. I am not bound by the laws, as such, of the directors; for they have no legislative or coercive power whatever, unless, indeed, they have received such from the supreme state power, from which it would then be all derived. Of course, if my violation of the rules of a bank, or a club, or a card party, or any other company, should involve the violation of justice, or of any other virtue, I am bound by the precept of justice, or of that other virtue, bound so far and no farther. Again, the supreme state power not only binds the subject, whether willing or unwilling, but can bind him in conscience and under pain of sin, — how far, or when, it may intend so to bind, is quite another question. But a bank, or a club, or a railway company has, as such, no more power of binding any human being under pain of sin, than I have of binding, under pain of sin, the gentleman or lady whom I may next meet casually on the highway. The state lays hold on and encompasses and overshadows every member of the community from his birth to his death, nay, before his birth and after his death. It does this by its marriage laws, just or unjust, and by its burial laws, just or unjust, and by all the laws of police, and of every other kind that regulate the period of existence intervening between the cradle and the grave.

No man can, for a single day, or a single hour, say to himself, "Now I am free from all control of the state, and can do as I please, irrespective of its bans and penalties." It is quite otherwise with a di-

rector of bank or member of a club. Either can truly say, "Whatever control I have freely given them over me during the few hours of business, or of pleasure, that associate me with them, I am, for the rest of the week, or the day, absolutely free, so far as they are concerned, to do as I will for good or evil, to read a good book or make a row in the street, to visit the poor, or to pick pockets; and, if I wish, I can leave my club or bank altogether. If the government does its duty towards the church, the work is done, and there is nothing for the bank or club to do, except "to gild refined gold or paint the lily." If the government neglects its duty, and permits assaults to be made on the church, unrepelled and unpunished, in such a case the bank or the club would, we think, make a very sorry figure in attempting to supply the place of government. We should always hold fast to the sound principle, however much conflicting circumstances may justify us in departing from it, or even compel us to depart from it in practice; and a sound principle is often best tested by an extreme and out-of-the-way case. Practically those minor companies cannot give any effective protection to the church; but, suppose that in a certain quarter of the country the cause of religion, and, therefore, the salvation of souls, is seriously imperilled by the machinations of a party of licentious and impious men; and suppose that there exists in that place a company, say a club, which, without any serious injury to its members, is able to protect the church against these machinations; suppose, also, that, whether through the neglect of government, or through any other cause, the church has no other means of protection; unquestionably the club is in such a case bound to protect the church. The protection of life and property is the main immediate end of government. When life and property are insecure, there is, so far, and in proportion to the extent of insecurity, anarchy, or civil war, or rebellion. Now, as already intimated, and for reasons already given, we hold that, when any of these evils ensues, on the state's interference in the work of promoting religion, not only is the state not bound to interfere, but the state is bound not to interfere. Interference would at once defeat its own end and do incalculable mischief. But whatever may be said of the duty of minor communities in reference to those external to themselves, there is one duty of an internal kind, which every one would, we think, admit to be binding on them all. They are clearly bound to protect religion thus far, that they carefully exclude from their meetings everything of an anti-christian character in language, writing, or act.

AD. BY REV. P. A. TREACY.

Burlington, N. J.

O'CONNELL'S LOYALTY TO ROME.

FROM a little manual of spiritual reading, published recently in Dublin, with the *imprimatur* of Archbishop Walsh: "In all such conjunctures what an example to Catholics is not the conduct of the great O'Connell, whom Pious IX. called "the Hero of Catholicity," a compliment worthy alike of the great Pontiff who conferred it, as of the great man on whom it was conferred. He attended the funeral of the celebrated Cobbet, but did not enter the church, nor assist in any way

at the funeral service. Next day he was assailed for his bigotry, as his mode of acting was criticised in the newspapers of London. He replied briefly by saying, 'We Catholics pray for all men, but we do not pray with all men,'—words deserving to be treasured as a maxim for the guidance of Catholics on all such occasions.

"Were I to live a thousand years, I should never forget an interview I had the honor of having with this greatest of Irishmen, some months before his lamented death. Our conversation ranged over several topics, mostly of a politico-religious character, and, amongst other things, he said, in the deep and solemn accents for which he was so remarkable, when treating of subjects bordering on religion: 'I am now approaching the term of my days in this world, and I owe it to the views and sentiments that have guided me in my public life to say that the main purpose and ultimate object of my agitation has been to lift up the religion of my country. I always regarded her religion as the true nationality of Ireland, and I therefore felt convinced that it was by raising up her religion as a Catholic nation that her true nationality was to be achieved and established. On this account I always sought to act in concert with her bishops and priests, courting their co-operation and blessing, and by this means endeavoring to blend the religion and patriotism of the people in a common sentiment for the amelioration of the country.'"

The Catholic Press.

CHEV. HICKEY, of the New York Catholic Review, points out to rich Catholics how they should invest some of their surplus money in supporting the Catholic Press, not as a gift, but in the way of loans. Let us sum up now, says the Review, in a few words, some truths that we believe ought to be considered by Catholics of wealth and good-will:

I. The Catholic press, properly conducted, is a useful work, of acknowledged service to the church, and one that Leo. XIII. and the American hierarchy have commended to the support of all Catholics, but particularly of the prosperous.

II. The real difficulty in the way of the Catholic press attaining its full usefulness is lack of sufficient working capital. All the people are not so indifferent in reading and rewarding our press, as is so often charged. Sufficient numbers will always support a good paper that is brought to their notice.

III. Talent to make good papers is abundant. Money to make them and to make them known is not so plentiful.

IV. Were this money forth-coming, not as a gift, subsidy, or endowment, but for reasonable time at interest, there are several meritorious publications that would speedily rise to prosperity and enlarged usefulness, while, at the same time, necessarily creating Catholic opinion, diffusing Catholic principles, and exercising, in countless ways, "the Apostolate of the Press."

The Review continues:

We recall here the help that is given to the non-Catholic religious press by their coreligionists. One of the most brilliant and prosperous of our Protestant exchanges was carried for years by a well-known Western manufacturer, until it had attained success. We remember that some years ago a New-York gentleman wrote in one week two checks for $75,000 each, to aid in the development

of two Protestant weeklies. Similar generosity is shown by "our friends the enemy" abroad. The result is they have a splendidly equipped and prosperous press. Catholics, on the other hand, ignoring the opportunities and the wants of the Catholic press, allow their papers to sink or swim, just as if Pope, bishops, and experience had not told them of the absolute importance to themselves, and to the church, of a first-class Catholic press. But where are these wealthy Catholics? Well, we have a few millionnaires, many centenaires, and a multitude of the prosperous among our readers. Should any of them think that the advice of Pope Leo XIII. concerns them, we shall be glad to tell them how they can give practical aid to the Catholic press in a way that will profit them much.

But where are these wealthy Catholics, the Chevalier continues. Echo answers where, says DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Taking Care of the Little Ones in New York.

A PECULIAR kind of unfortunate babies are received by Sister Irene, in the pink-and-white cradle that has taken the place of the basket which used to hang outside the door in Twelfth Street to receive the unwelcome babies, that otherwise would be left to die in ash-barrels or on dirt-heaps.

Eighteen thousand of these babies have been cared for by Sister Irene since the first baby was stealthily left in the little basket by the mother who hurried away in the darkness; but hundreds of babies not belonging to New York were brought from far and near and left there, so now a new regime has been adopted. In the airy marble-paved hall of the structure uptown, a little willow bassinet, with a canopy of pink and white and soft white curtains, waits to receive the fatherless babies. The mothers must deposit them there themselves, giving their name, and signing certain papers whereby they may reclaim the child at any time within three years, or, failing to do this, they relinquish all right to it forever. One thousand babies are received every year in the little pink cradle, the mothers sometimes loosening the little clinging hands with many tears, sometimes leaving their burdens with a sigh of relief, sometimes with hardened faces hurrying gladly from the sign and evidence of their dishonor. Occasionally a mother comes back after two or three days, and pleads so pitifully for the child that it is returned; and occasionally a married woman, deserted by her husband, comes and tells so pitiful a story, that Sister Irene's heart is melted, and she takes the little stranger in, though the asylum was not originally designed for this purpose. Besides the children taken care of in the house, between five hundred and six hundred babies are hired out to women at their homes, who nurse them and care for them, while their clothing is furnished by the asylum. Italian mothers bring back the healthiest, handsomest babies, it is said. No matter how puny and sickly a child may be, a few months with an Italian wet nurse brings it back with bright eyes and round red cheeks. These women frequently become very much attached to the babies, and grieve when obliged to wean them and deliver them up to the asylum. An agent constantly travels, finding homes for the foundlings in the Western States, and takes out relays of fifty or more to their foster-parents, frequently visiting them in their new homes, and informing himself concerning their

condition. They are unusually bright, happy, gentle little children, very kind to each other, with sweet, low voices set in the same key as those of the soft-voiced Sisters, who address them ever in low, sweet tones. A mother may, and frequently does, stay and nurse her own baby and one other baby at the same time, caring for them both night and day, but with every comfort and convenience to make her task easy. A house in the country has been purchased by Sister Irene, where a few of the older children, who have not received homes, but who are too young to enter other institutions, are cared for and educated. Very fine and beautiful work is done by the children in the kindergarten, though they are none of them more than four years old, and most of them scarcely three. The picture of the long, cool wards, with their polished floors, clean, snowy cots, prettily dressed little groups of children, the girls with bright, gay ribbons, tied in fluttering bows above the little fluff of bangs, the baby faces on the pillows of the white-canopied beds, and the sweet-faced Sister in charge, in black gown and bonnet, under which the peaceful eyes smile down into the baby faces that crowd around her, while little loving hands are tossed up to her, and clinging arms fold her close, is one too striking to be soon forgotten.

The "Big Wind."

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 13.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH-AMERICAN.

THE interesting letter you publish this week, from the Indianapolis New Record, prompts me to tell your readers my own recollections of the terrible night of the "Big Wind."

"P. A. W." is quite correct as to the night ("old Christmas," or "Twelfth Night," we called it in Kildare), and the duration of the storm. I was sixteen years old, living with an uncle at Tully, about two miles south of the town of Kildare. My uncle's daughter had gone with her husband to visit his family at French Furze, and I waited up with one of the servant men to put up the horse, on their return. They arrived about 9.30 P. M., nearly dead with fear, — leaving the horse and light car in a road-ditch, where the "Big Wind" had flung them. But that was only at the commencement of the storm. Very soon the tiles capping the slate roof of the dwelling-house, began to fly, and the head was cut off of a large pig by one of the slates. The haggard was a wreck. In the thorn hedges, for three fields away, hay, wheat, oats, and barley were wedged; and it took two days for every one, big and little, on the farm, to get the debris back to the haggard. On the third day of the storm (Jan. 9, 1839), I took French-leave of my relatives in Tully, and started for my mother, who lived in Garristown, county Dublin, about fourteen miles north of Eblana, and passed through the Duke of Leinster's demesne of Carton, outside of Maynooth. Such a wreck of the grand old trees! There they lay, all around, with clay and roots in the air. Thom's "Irish Almanac," for 1854, is a little behindhand when it "designates this storm the 'big wind,'" for it was never called anything else, in and about Kildare, from the very night it occurred. RICHARD OULAHAN.

Silence: Its Uses and Abuses.

SILENCE has a sublime origin. Before Nature heard its Creator's voice, and lead forth its trooping thousands to kiss His hand, and "do Him reverence," God lived in *silence*. He was Eternal Silence. Silence, therefore, has a Divine Paternity.

It is no wonder then, that, in man, silence bespeaks solemnity, wisdom, and worth. No eloquence is solemn, without its parentheses of silence. No man is wise who has not mastered the art of reticence; schooled therein by a consideration of the Creator, who knew so well, how long to preserve His majesty voiceless, and when to give it expression in the "music of the spheres." No human handiwork is a *creation* which is not preceded by the silence of thought; for the world itself was deemed "good," principally, we may say, because it was the offspring of Divine contemplation.

So silence can, in very truth, be made a power. As, however, speech is misused, so, also, can silence be perverted.

Silence seeks many manifestations. There is the silence which may be called *strategetic*. When a proud, ignorant man can say nothing on a theme discussed by his confreres, he sits in artful silence, wearing a pitying smile when the animation of conversation begets a mistake. He, of course, would not "throw pearls to swine." He makes no mistakes, — as all men who attempt nothing, — but adroitly "hedges in" his ignorance with the appearance of philosophic thought. So silence is made the mask of stupidity, by one whose pride is equal to his ignorance, and whose arrogance is more than the sum total of both. This may well be called strategetic silence.

Then there is the silence of *passion*. When our powers are wholly employed with supreme feeling, we have no energies left for speech; hence, woe is wordless, love looks devotion, grief finds vent in a sigh, and anger speaks with a blow. Passion, in its perfect degree, ignores words. It has, like the wounds of Cæsar, "dumb mouths." When it does weaken, and recovers strength for speech, it expresses itself with the concise energy of tragic thought. Clarence, after her silent anguish for her Arthur, breaks forth in allegory:

> "Grief fills the room up of my absent child;
> Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
> Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
> Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
> Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form."

We will pass to the silence of *unkindness*. Non-committal manners are often a sign of rudeness; worse still, of sin. There is a time for speech and a time for silence.* Blessed is he who well understands this; for the Blessed One Himself shows His wisdom in the discretionary use of speech and silence. Christ was silent before Herod; for Christ was Divine Economy, and had no words to waste on a tyrant, actuated by curiosity. When abjured by the High Priest, our Lord briefly answers. Here is a lesson modern society ought to learn, and learning it there will be less broken hearts and clouded lives.

*Eccles. iii. 7: "A time to rend and a time to sow; a time to keep silent and a time to speak."

How often could *one word* save the honor of a "fair name," turn unkindness from its purpose, and, terrible thought, save, mayhaps, from hell the souls of the slanderer and slandered. Yet, though *one word* would save two souls, we are often mute. How frequently do men, when discussing men, give fancies for facts, probabilities for certainties, nothings for somethings! Alas! silence is observed where speech should have a place, and speech where silence would be a virtue. Our faith is often scorned on account of the cowardice of those who should be its devotees. How many silently worm themselves through life in the mud of meanness; ashamed of their catholicity instead of themselves! Such silence is a consent to denial, and deserves the damnation of Him who promises a terrible reciprocity: "Whosoever will deny me before men, him will I deny before my Father, who is in heaven."

When authority is coldly silent towards its subordinates, then is it unkind and disrespected. History shows that rulers' studied silence has often been the cause of a dangerous unpopularity. The king may, indeed, veil himself in silence, and attempt to make of himself a little human mystery; but the subject will not revere such a mystery. If in Christian times, the mysteries of faith are amply sufficient for him. He has ever looked on such an authority, as Catholics would regard the sphinx, contradistinguished from the devotional one which would fill their souls on viewing St. Peter's from one of the seven hills of Rome.* True rulers, "to the manor born," have ever been condescending towards their subjects. They feared not to even "chat pleasantly," for they were conscious that it would only enhance the love and esteem of their subjects. They were not compelled to make life "a dreary thing," by having to weigh their words, and make their manners move as if in circles and squares. The subject, on his part, repaid the sociability of the ruler, by considering his authority not so much vested in the man, as was the man himself, authority. So the wise use of silence is an important factor in the character of administrative ability.

Such and so are some of the phases which silence presents in its uses and abuses. As silence was "in the beginning with God," so may our proper use of silence, in contemplation and prayer, teach us its use in all things, and lead us to the God whence it came.

J. H. COTTER.

ZALESKI.

*In the first verse of the xxii. chap. of Ecclesiasticus, we have an advice: "Have they made thee ruler? be not lifted up: be among them as one of them."

IN the awful mystery of human life, it is a consolation sometimes to believe that our mistakes, perhaps even our faults, are permitted to be instruments of our education for our immortality.

"COME, now, Master Tommy, when mamma gives you a real nice piece of cake what do you say?" — "Please, mamma, give me some more."

Decay of Protestantism.

THE local preachers who draw their salaries for filling Congregational pulpits on Sundays, and preaching pleasant sermons full of sound, yet signifying nothing, held a meeting last week, at which it was admitted that the attendance of men at Congregational services had fallen off to an alarming extent during the last few years.

Rev. William Searby, of the Plymouth Church, was so forcibly struck by the absence of men from his Sunday lectures, that he questioned quite a number of his male members to know why they had forsaken their pews, and ceased listening to the preacher's prettily-worded discourses.

Here are the reasons given by the absent Congregationalists for not going to church on Sunday, and — to the Catholic, at least — they are very suggestive of the sham of sectarianism as a means of saving anybody's soul.

Some of the delinquent Congregationalists declared that they found it more congenial to health, and more in accordance with their ideas of comfort, to spend the "Sabbath" in rest and recreation, than to be "bored" by Biblical relations, which, at best, were only the preacher's views, and might not coincide with the opinions of a single listener in the whole congregation.

Others declared that they had given up church-going altogether, because they found, by experience, that *they gained no spiritual benefit therefrom.* The preacher (these people very properly allege) knew no more about the subjects he preached on than they did, and they did not propose losing their valuable time listening to a man "spouting" upon religious principles which might often radically clash with their own preconceived opinions. Hence they thought it better to stay away altogether from the useless sermons of men who had no authority whatever to teach anybody!

Other ex-Congregationalists declared boldly that "religion" was far too expensive a luxury for them! They could not keep up their contributions to all the calls constantly made on them for coin, and so they retired, because they were not rich enough to retain their membership in the costly church!

Another class said that the preacher was far too dogmatic and insulting in his sermons; he put on too many "airs," and they would never submit to be scolded by men to whose salaries they had to contribute! "If," said they, "we make and partake of wine, our preachers denounce us as encouraging vice and intemperance; if we make or receive social 'calls' on Sunday, we are denounced as Sabbath-breakers; and as we see no wrong in the manufacture and moderate use of wine, or in having social 'calls' on Sabbath, — we gave up the church in consequence of its narrow-minded and unchristian policy!"

These answers, one of the Congregational preachers admitted, proved that in Protestants the sense of moral obligation for the observance of the Sabbath was very weak, and growing weaker! The influence of preachers on their congregations was also on the wane, and the outlook for religion of the sectarian stamp was very dark indeed!

These pictures of Protestant decay are only a few harbingers of the general breaking-up which is going on, silently but surely, among heretical sects everywhere. Non-Catholics have become greatly enlightened regarding the utter uselessness of any system of sectarianism as a soul-saving institution.

Protestantism has private judgment for its corner-stone, and that is the rock upon which every sect will ultimately go to pieces. Give a Protestant the Bible, and he can be his own creed-maker, he can select Saturday for his "Sabbath," and he can draw any inference he pleases from every passage of Scripture. There is, therefore, no actual need whatever for "preachers" among the Protestant sects, as no person is obliged to give credence to their unauthorized opinions concerning either Christian ethics or moral doctrines. Preachers are mere figure-heads to sectarian flat-boats, and the craft would float in the Lutheran lake or in the Calvinistic canal just as well without them.

It is all very well to have Protestant churches, where well-dressed people can loll in handsomely-upholstered pews, and listen to the soothing strains of fashionable music on Sunday. This kind of pleasurable occupation keeps away *ennui* from the rich and idle who refrain from mixing with the crowds of "common people," who parade in the park or enjoy the sea-breeze of the cliff on Sunday. But sensible ex-sectarians have learned long since that there is nothing whatever substantial for the human soul in sectarianism; and, as a consequence, they are gradually dropping off from attending Sabbath services, and are thus helping to spread the dry rot of decay around the roots of the tree of Evil Fruit, which sprung from the foul mind of Luther.

San Francisco Monitor.

Protestantism Losing Ground in the United States.

"Plenty of Victuals" was the topic chosen by the Rev. Abram Halsey in his sermon in the Spring-Street Presbyterian Church, New York, recently. His text was Jeremiah xliv. 17: "But we will certainly do whatsoever thing goeth forth out of our own mouth to burn incense unto the Queen of Heaven and to pour out drink offerings unto her, as we have done, we and our fathers, our kings and our princes, in the cities of Judah and in the streets of Jerusalem; for then had we plenty of victuals, and were well and saw no evil." The speaker showed that prosperity and adversity form no tests for piety; that a good man suffers and a bad man enjoys life, and that lightning strikes churches quite as often as theatres, and then pointed out that the concluding words of the text are applicable to our own country and city at this time. This nation, the youngest but richest of all, had reduced its debt about a billion and a quarter of dollars since 1865; and paid out sixty-three million dollars in a single year for pensions, and yet the absorbing question of the day was "What shall we do with the surplus?" "In this city," continued Mr. Halsey, "our religious is not keeping pace with our material progress. We have plenty of victuals, but a decided lack of piety. Many of those who enjoy plenty of victuals are not noted for their piety or devotion to religion. The membership of the Protestant churches in 1882 was eighty-two thousand; but in 1887, when two hundred thousand souls had been added to our population, it was only

ninety-three thousand. The church is not holding her own. Material prosperity may mean moral decay. What we need is not more wealth, but more men of worth; not more victuals, but more virtue. To serve God is better than to have a well-filled larder. I am no pessimist. I do not despair of our country, but I do see the need of prayer, of earnest work, and of more complete acquaintance with the facts in the case."

The Small Number of Protestants in our Large Cities.

In Chicago, July 7, at a session of the Christian Endeavor Convention, the feature of the morning was the five-minute addresses on committee work. As the society is essentially the outgrowth of the missionary spirit, the address of Edward S. Niles, of Boston, on "The Missionary Committee," received the most marked attention. What was the use of discussing foreign missions, he said, when there were ten thousand foreign infidels and idol-worshippers being landed on our shores every month. There was ample room for foreign missionary labor right in the United States. Boston, with six hundred thousand people had no more than twenty-five thousand members of Protestant churches; New York, with two million people, had less than ninety thousand Protestants; and Chicago, with eight hundred thousand people, had fewer than one hundred thousand Protestants.

There are two million nine hundred and sixty thousand people in these three cities who do not attend our churches. Why, then, should they go to India, or China, or Germany, or Italy to preach the Gospel? If the Bible was true, those who do not believe in the Lord Jesus Christ have nothing before them but eternal punishment. These two million nine hundred and sixty thousand people were on the road to eternal destruction.

The speaker here indulged in some calculations, arriving at the conclusion that about eighty thousand of these people die and go to perdition every year, one-twelfth that number every month. He thought these startling facts ought to induce all Christians to put forth their greatest Christian endeavors to save the people.

He Startled the Brethren.

At the June meeting of city ministers in Cleveland, Ohio, the Rev. John Doane opened the discussion upon city missions. He startled the brethren by some of his radical utterances, these among others: "The gospel is to reach the rougher elements through the church, and not by Young Men's Christian Associations, Women's Christian Temperance Unions, or Salvation Armies. The heathen are not worse than the degraded beings in our cities; hope, ambition, and love being gone. One great cause for this degradation is the mercenary landlord, who charges exorbitant rents and furnishes a dilapidated home in which cleanliness is unknown. Another class who are in a measure responsible for the moral depravity of the children are the teachers in the public schools. They care not what the condition of the child's soul may be, but simply desire to feed the mind. I believe that immorality and drunkenness frequently begin with this American god — the public school." Mr. Doane is a young clergyman, lately graduated from Harvard College, who was pastor of Oliver Mission Chapel until it was abandoned, when he was made assistant pastor of Plymouth Congregational Church.

The Banshee.

Of old in Ireland, round the death-bed of prince or chieftain, the attendants used to hear strange cries without, a wailing not of the wind, a keening of no earthly woman. These they called the cries of the Banshee, and they would whisper that death was surely near, since the Banshee's warning had been heard. For they made her out to be always the foreteller of disaster, most often the forerunner of death; they allowed her no beauty, no sorrow; they thought of her, dark and ugly as the night, harsh and cruel as the tempest.

But not such is the Banshee whom I have known. She, too, may be present at scenes of death; for was it not she, who bent with tenderest pity over the prison-pallet on which poor Tone lay dying; hid from him the stern faces of his jailers, and brought before him for a last, long look the features of those he loved, his wife and children in far France? And who but she called forth the shadow that darkened the last days of Thomas Meagher, and might have warned him from his doom?* At such deaths as these she may be present, and there are no human mourners, who mourn over them as she does: because her grief is not like the transient grief of man, because all who dwell in Ireland are her children; and how should she but mourn for the few, who are faithful to her, when so many know her not.

And of what order of beings is she who has a nation for her children? I have called her the Banshee. It is a name known by all; but let not the reader link her of whom I write with any pagan thought or pagan legend. A beautiful tradition of the Catholic Church assigns each of us a guardian angel. It is easy, then, to believe as did old Sir Thomas Browne, "that whole countries, likewise, have their tutelary spirits." Therefore, think not that the Banshee is a mere creation of the mind, to account for sacred instincts of nationality, which cannot be analyzed; but think of her as one of those spirits, who walk the earth unseen by men, whose heavenly natures are yet swayed by the joys and sorrows of their people; over whom they preside not with the chill indifference of earthly sovereigns, but with a large and sympathizing love. Reason may deny their existence; and so may those, who, by the light of reason see nothing in the cloud but mist; nothing in the mountain but its mass. Reason has its own domain, and in it is a serviceable guide; but for nothing, of all that is beautiful in the mysteries of nature — for nothing of all that is sublime in the mysteries of religion, are we obliged to reason. We appeal from it to higher faculties of the mind, and these give us assurances which should not be disdained.

The Banshee is not seen or heard. How, then, are we to know her? She is not seen or heard; but to those who have thought of her awake, she will appear in dreams. (For only when man's will slumbers has she the power to commune with him.) Then she will assert her supremacy, and reward them with a vision of her beauty, perhaps distress them with a vision of her woe. She will minister to *their* wounds, though she cannot heal her own; she will soothe *their* anxious spirits, though she herself and rest have long been strangers.

*A presentiment of disaster haunted Meagher for some days before his death.

In her cavern the Banshee sits alone. Storm and rain may rage without, but they dare not obtrude their tumult upon the stillness of her anguish; no sound comes to her dwelling. There she has remained since the troubles of her people began, chained to an unalienable grief; there she will remain till the cloud has finally lightened, and peace and union come to Ireland once more. Only in the night, when the miseries of her children are not visible, she moves abroad; and then she moves no longer in dumb and passionless endurance, but in loud outcry, wrestling with her sorrows. So, often, under the oppression of some tyrannous night, while unnatural trees are yielding their weak shuddering leaves up to the cruel wind, while the desperate sleet is doing itself to death upon the window, and rebel storm has, for a time, usurped sweet nature's throne, the Banshee may be heard in the tumult; her wail is that wild renewal which follows at the foot of each receding gust; her moan may be discerned in the dull roar that ebbs and flows incessantly without. One such night, I remember, not many years ago, when the demon, Disunion, swooped nearer, and his shadow, widening, lay on the land; when, often, the strong man, homeless and helpless in his prime, left his wife and children dead upon the hillside, and went to seek revenge; when the proud were daily dragged from their pedestals to die, and appealing corpses strewed the highway; then, vexed by fancied cries of women and of children, harassed by haunting scenes, and overcome by fears for the future, the Banshee slipped away from the insufferable silence of her cavern out into the depths of night, and the desolate glory of the tempest. For there, in presence of the loud agonies of nature, she found some alleviation of her distress. There she was oppressed no longer by the void which her torturing fancy had filled with terrors of sight or sound. And, as the wind — most artful organist! poured into her soul its eloquence of woe, her own wrongs and sorrows fell like shackles from her, and for a space the freedom of her youth returned. Then in the riot of kindred sound, she could let loose in clamorous outcry the voice which she would have feared to hear alone. And what shall we say of excursions taken on such occasions under shelter of night and storm? of sorrowing over familiar graves? of lamenting by familiar battle-fields, and scenes of ancient glory? or of hours of meditation on some lonely island where the comorants croak the night through, and water laps drearily in the hollows of the rock? For so her nights are spent, and she wanders from shore to shore, and from province to province, lingering by the places which remind her of scenes in the history of Ireland's troubles, which also is the history of her own.

And even from the sadness of that history, even from the bitter harvest of the past, she can glean some comfort. For, often, as she looks back over the ocean of time, the shapes of those who loved her and are dead, rise, and, triumphing, pass before her in chivalrous array. Then the old tears dry upon her eyelids, a strange fire kindles in her eye, a strange flush creeps through the pallor of her cheek; for she finds some promise for the things that will be in her memory of the men who were.

The realities of the future are hidden from her as from us; and for the bright visions which she has allowed herself to see in it, she has paid

dearly in agonies of disappointment when her mood of hope passed. At times, with eyes strained to the distance, she seems to see a shadowy Hy-Brazil, waiting away upon the horizon, — a prospect of new life and lasting happiness for her, and the people whose fate is hers, and, at the sight, again her eyes lighten and her cheeks flush, and amid the march and melody of a choral song, and the joyous commotion of a nation waking from its trance, peace, deep, grateful peace, pervades her being. The darkness is uplifted from Ireland; the demon, Disunion, has fled; and, in the clear, bright sunlight, hand grasps hand in fellowship, that has worked apart for years; hearts that have been estranged are reunited, and kindly glances are exchanged once more, and the troubles of the past are never, never, to recur; but then the sustaining pillars of the delusion fall, and its brightness is sheathed in ruthless mist. The Banshee's momentary joy has passed. In new folds of wretchedness her brief hopes are stifled, and a new terror threatens her now, — the monstrous terror of despair.

I have described the Banshee as I knew her prior to 1886; existing, as Ireland has existed for a century, in continual doubt and dread; in brief outburst of hate and resistance, and in long after lethargy of disappointment and despair. If, in thinking of those who had lived for her in the past, she found solace, she was robbed of it by the thought that they had worked and died; and yet her cup of sorrows was still full. If, in looking towards the future, she saw a vision of happiness and splendor awaiting her, it was but one of her mind's making; she turned, and it vanished. So the thirst of her longing remained unquenched; the rack of her torture unrelaxed. But last year came a mighty change, — a change dating from the evening of the memorable 8th of May, when the prologue of that great drama, which is not yet ended, was declaimed.

On that evening I saw her again, and, not as previously, alone; for with her trooped her sisters, disposed like travelling swans in one long line that stretched away into the distance. She moved with majesty and pride of gesture. Her countenance was chastened of its habitual dread, and her eyes, which were turned towards England, looked unutterable gratitude to the man who was then pleading her cause before his countrymen. And who was he? A young man, doubtless whom the rashness of youth prompted him to undertake a task which had defied the intellects of all before him? Not so; but one whom age and large experience had schooled into caution and a growing appreciation of the difficulties which were before him. One, then, barren of honors, who hazarded nothing, and hoped for much, in the conflict which he was causing? No! but a man who, if fame and popular applause could satisfy the aspirations of the human soul, might well have been envied for his possessions. Yet these possessions, the accumulated popularity of over half a century, he adventured, and, foregoing the leisure to which his seventy years of labor entitled him, he turned, like the sun, towards the West in his decline, and directed the last and most glorious rays of his intellect to the regeneration of Ireland.

Then she, who had never lost faith in Providence, first learned to put trust also in man; and for a time she rose into a region of blessed tranquillity, where the jar and conflict of men reached her only as a

faint and pleasing murmur. But her repose was brief, and it has long since come to an end. Cries of menace and affliction are again ringing in her ear, and it may be that coming years will reproduce old troubles, but none will now have the old power to torment her; for the remembrance of the act of the one great man who took truth and justice for his guides, and, though no Irishman, gave the last years of his life to her service, will remain always with her as an abiding comfort, and a charm to make all thoughts that vex her flee.

Here may end this meagre account of the Banshee. She has been the most wretched of the nation-spirits of earth: none of them have suffered as she has. The spirit who was linked to the destinies of Poland has long passed away to where her kindred dwell, and are in peace; for Poland as a nation is no more: decay of faith and decline of national sentiment have banished the guardian-angel of England; others, as she of Switzerland, have suffered for a time, and now are happy. But the Banshee only for a thousand years has known unceasing sorrow; and, for her sorrows, all Irishmen should regard her as a constant claimant for their sympathy and love, and, through her, love each other. They should unite to make her future a happy one, and, so doing, create a happy future for themselves. M. I. M.

Gladstone's Greatest Deed.

FROM Reynold's London Weekly: Regarding the question of Irish Church disestablishment, the Grand Old Man characteristically started with an emphatic "never." In 1865 this never became a "not yet," which, in 1866, took the form of the previous question unsupported by the venerable strategist's vote. In 1866 Mr. Gladstone declared that "in order to effect the settlement of the question of the Irish Church, that church, as a state church, must cease to exist." In March, 1869, he introduced a disestablishment bill for that purpose, and on July 26, 1869, he received the royal assent. A greater monstrosity than this same Irish Church establishment it would be impossible to conceive. "There is nothing like it," said Sidney Smith, "in Europe, in Asia, in the discovered part of Africa, or in all we have heard of Timbuctoo." Lord Macauley pronounced it "the most utterly absurd and indefensible of all the institutions of the civilized world." The foulest practical abuse, echoed Lord Brougham, "that ever existed opposite, opposed alike to justice, to policy, and to religious principles." In 1860 there were one hundred and eighty-nine parishes without a single Anglican. "I myself," said George Henry Moore, "pay tithes in ten parishes. In the whole of these parishes there is not one church, one glebe, or one single resident clergyman. I am not aware that there is one single Protestant in the whole eight parishes; and I do not believe that divine service, according to the Protestant ritual, has been celebrated in them since the Reformation." With this extraordinary civil service church

fell also the Presbyterian regium donum, forty-five thousand pounds per annum, and Maynooth annual grant of twenty-six thousand pounds.

But though the Irish Church was thus disestablished it was not disendowed. It was only the sentimental grievance that was removed. It is characteristic of Mr. Gladstone's statesmanship that he never establishes one abuse without creating another or others in its place. His notion of reform is to give temporary ease to the victim of galling injustice by taking the load off one shoulder and placing it on the other. The Irish people have been "compensated" out of almost any pretence of real benefit. The capitalized value of the church property was estimated at £16,000,000, and in 1880 the church commissioners reported the following payments under the compensation clauses of the act:

Gratuities	£40,025
Annuities to 31st December, 1874	645,250
Commutation of clerical incomes	7,546,005
Commutation of lay incomes	454,599
Compensation of regium donum	749,799
Compensation for Maynooth	372,331
Compensation for loss of private endowments	500,000
Compensation to owners of advowsons	778,889
Building charges	232,991
Compensation for loss of right of succession	23,715
	£11,343,703

On the paltry "ultimate surplus" set apart for "the relief of unavoidable calamity and suffering, yet not so as to cancel or impair the obligations now attached to property under the acts for the relief of the poor," the Irish landlords have already, by grace of Parliament, pocketed no inconsiderable share!

An Australian Example.

When Rawdon Crawley takes down his little boy to the old family seat, where he is regarded as a rather discreditable poor relation, his heart warms with the idea of being once more *at home*. A colonist commonly returns to England in the same sentimental mood, and finds it as little understood or reciprocated. The respectable citizen who has had the enterprise and courage to stay at home, secretly regards his neighbor who has wandered to the ends of the earth as a man who has somehow lost caste. For three generations the Indian army, whose colonels and generals became plain Mr. Smith or Mr. MacPherson when they passed the Cape of Good Hope, was a focus of discontent and Radicalism from this provocation; and I heard an old moustache from Calcutta once insist that the contempt which Englishmen still feel at bottom for Americans was simply a reminiscence of the fact that they had once been colonists. When England sends out an expedition in scarlet tunics or blue jackets, with gay banners and loud music, the heart of the nation goes out along with it, like a mother watching her children; but the silent expeditions in broadcloth and fustian destined to conquer new regions for civilization and commerce, and to drain away the impatient discontent which would make England a fen instead of a garden — who watches them when they set out, or wel-

comes them when they return? I assisted a few years ago in the Mansion House at a spectacle which made a permanent lodgement in my memory. Lord Mayor McArthur got together at a banquet the most notable statesmen and soldiers of the colonial empire. It was as impressive an assembly as I ever witnessed. There sat at his board the founders, the ministers, and the governors or ex-governors and ex-ministers of thirty colonies, mingled with the lords of immense territories, the commanders in successful campaigns, and a few great officers of the Civil Service — the pivot upon which public business turns in two hemispheres. There never met before or since, at one place, so many men entitled to be called colonial statesmen. After the banquet came the usual *douche* of dreary platitudes. An old lord who had been addressing London audiences for half a century, the Speaker of the House of Commons, an ex-Secretary of State for the Colonies, and a Royal Prince were heard at wearisome length; but of the eminent men for whom the feast was supposed to be spread not one was invited to speak a word. They were permitted to look on while the veterans discoursed learnedly on colonization and colonies, and the work done — by the orators, it might be supposed — in distant regions.

I am not ignorant that there has been a sort of spasmodic reaction of late. The Commissioners for the Indo-Colonial show at Kensington were carried about and exhibited in the provinces like Queen Emma, the King of the Sandwich Islands, and other interesting aborigines, and a conference at the Colonial Office has since done colonists the honor of attempting to wheedle them into accepting the responsibility of empire without any corresponding authority,— to make them partners in wars over which they could exercise no more control than over the tides of the Pacific; but any just and adequate recognition of the greatest possessions of the Crown has still to begin. Two or three men in Canada and Australia, considerable enough to throw their shadows across the ocean, have been vaguely heard of; but the working force, the motive power of colonial life, is quite unknown in what they fondly call home.

Colonists bring back from England stories of the amazement of British citizens that colonial boys were not woolly or colonial girls tawny, and even the official class, before the rise of Sir Robert Herbert, knew as little of their distant dominions as Mr. Balfour does of Ireland. A gray-haired ruler, who spent his life in colonies, was fond of telling a story to illustrate the *demi-savoir* of Downing Street. A certain Secretary of State,—so the story ran,—gave audience to an eminent colonist from Australasia, and the conversation fell upon a retired Governor, who, when his period of service had terminated, bought a charming island in the Pacific, and made his home there. He had lost favor at the Colonial Office, and marvellous stories concerning him were current in that locality. "I am told," said the noble Secretary, "that Governor-So-and-So lives the life of a hermit, in all respects but one. Can it be possible that he has shut himself up on an island, with no other companions than a harem of Wallabies?"—"Well, yes," said the Colonist, "that's about it. The island and the wallabies are a true bill; but he has books and music, and ozone to boot."—"Pray, sir," said the

Secretary, in a tone of horror, "how many wallabies may there be there?"—"How many? Well, I never thought of asking. A good few, no doubt; a hundred for certain, or five hundred for anything I know. I dare say he doesn't know how many himself."—"Gracious Providence," cried the statesman, in grave surprise, "what an example to a Christian people!"—"Oh, as for example, I wish all your governors employed themselves as innocently."—"I am profoundly grieved to hear you say so, sir! Morality must be at a low ebb, indeed, when a man like you makes light of such a proceeding."—"Morality!" exclaimed the colonist; "what does your lordship suppose a wallaby to be?"—"Why, a half-caste, of course."—"A wallaby, my lord, is a dwarf kangaroo!"

The chief sufferers by this official *insouciance*, after all, are not the colonies, but the empire. Of all history answering the description of "philosophy teaching by example," the most pregnant in lessons for our instruction at home is the history being transacted in colonies by men of our own race, under our eyes, if we choose to open them a little. We are engaged at present on a new experiment of working a constitution of checks and balances with an overwhelming democratic franchise —the same experiment has been made by the same races and classes which inhabit these islands—*minus* the patricians; they had to encounter surprises and dangers which will inevitably arise here; they have rehearsed, in fact, the drama to be presently performed on this greater stage, and no one turns for example or warning to that experiment. Yet we have learnt something from them already, half unconsciously indeed. The systematic registration of real estate, the abolition of a property qualification for members of Parliament, the establishment of the ballot, a wide popular suffrage, and electoral districts of nearly equal population are among the reforms in which colonies anticipated by many years the mother country. And there are other reforms, like payment by the State of all the cost of elections (from making the roll to the return of the writ), as well as Parliaments of a shorter duration, the reasonable compensation for the expenses incurred in attendance at Westminster, and the wisely Conservative practice which gives votes to ratepayers in shires in reasonable proportion to their responsibility to taxation, in which I do not doubt the mother country must follow their example, *nolens volens*.

The political history of new communities is one that might reconcile us to learn something from them without humiliation; it is a record of surprising vigor, originality, and courage. Take Victoria as a conspicuous example. When England had come into the enjoyment of her first Reform Act, and the democracy were clamoring for something more in the shape of the People's Charter, the foot of a civilized man had never been set on that territory. How it has since grown into the best endowed and most distinguished offspring of the old land is a story worth knowing, if any history is to teach us any moral. Let us take a rapid glance at it.

The primitive history of Australia, like the foundation of Rome, is a tale of adventurous and intrepid buccaneering. Its Romulus and Remus were nurtured at the dugs of Convictism, a fiercer wolf than the *alma mater* of the Tiber. The wide territory known in early times

as Botany Bay, now the home of a powerful and gallant community, which has the glory of having been first among colonies to aid the mother country in an emergency, was occupied in the beginning exclusively by prisoners of the Crown and their appointed warders. The Irish insurgents of 1798, and the peasants who conspired at a later date against an intolerable land system, formed a notable element in the population — convicts without a moral stain festering among the refuse of great cities. Port Philip, one of its outlying settlements, which in the end outran the mother colony in wealth, population, and public spirit, and is now recognized as a powerful State wherever civilized men exist, had for its founder the son of a convict who himself suffered the lash and manacles for violation of the criminal code. These, it must be confessed before the scoffer, are the vulgar incidents of a costermonger history; but when the noble river which runs for a thousand miles between rival colonies is crowned by the spires and towers and factory chimneys of a great metropolis, and the dominion or republic, of which it is the capital, no more blushes for its origin than the Eternal City, the story of its genesis and growth, painted by some competent hand, will rival in interest the tale told by Livy.

But, meantime, explorers must collect the essential materials for the future epic history, and the present writer is content, for his part, to set up a rude finger-post designed to indicate the direction and current of events from the beginning. At the opening of this century ships from England, commissioned to circumnavigate and explore the new continent in the Pacific, discovered on its southern rim a noble land-locked harbor, forty miles in depth, fenced from the ocean by a circle of cliffs, and shelving hills, with but one inlet to waters so spacious and tranquil that the navies of the world might ride there in safety. When this news reached London, the government of the day despatched a cargo of convicts and soldiers to take possession of the unknown country; for the spirit of maritime adventure which had carried Raleigh and Cook to such fruitful triumphs had long burned very low. Capt. Collins, the commander of the expedition, entered the Bay, and pitched his tents on a sandbank, thinly covered with a rough herbage. Collins was a gaoler, not a colonizer. After a hasty inspection of the district, he pronounced it "an unpromising and unproductive country," deficient in water and unsuitable for settlement. The district is now familiar ground; within a mile of the site of his camp there are tracts of volcanic soil, of considerable fertility, resting on a subsoil of limestone, and abundantly supplied with wholesome water; and the country pronounced unfit for settlement is occupied by the pleasant gardens and villas of a fashionable watering-place. The land-locked harbor which he barely entered, and made no attempt to explore, was itself but the gateway to regions of rare productiveness and beauty, and to other regions rich in the precious metal as the El Dorado of the Spanish adventurers. After loitering for over three months at the mouth of the harbor, he sailed away to the neighboring island of Van Diemen's Land, and happily saved the future Victoria from the discredit of becoming a penal settlement, and the disaster of being "sown with rotten seed."

For nearly a generation the territory lay vacant, though govern-

ment surveyors from Botany Bay had, in the meantime, penetrated it from the North, and given such a favorable account of its resources, that the governor of that settlement would have attempted to occupy it as an offshoot of Sydney, but for peremptory orders from the Colonial Office to desist. The surveyor's report, however, glowing with the enthusiasm of a discoverer, was published, and produced fruit of a wholesomer sort than grows in official hot-houses. In the little island to which Capt. Collins had carried his convicts twenty years before, — then called Van Diemen's Land, now known as Tasmania, — an expedition was projected, by private enterprise, to inspect the "new and happy land." But, in a settlement ruled by military authority, and consisting of convicts and their keepers, the impediments to individual action were as great as in the realms of the Czar or the Sultan; and it was only after years of delay, and when several official persons were propitiated into taking some pecuniary interest in the project, that a company was at length permitted to come into existence. When it was fairly launched, a rival project immediately followed, according to the habit of the enterprising competitive Northern races; and early in the year 1835 two sets of adventurous colonists were preparing to sail from Hobart Town, the principal port of Van Diemen's Land, to explore the shores of Port Philip. The destined commander of the first expedition was John Batman, originally a blacksmith, but who had raised himself, by energy and courage, to a certain prosperity and distinction. He is described as a man of remarkable endowments: "Tall and well proportioned, and of prodigious strength, inexhaustible energy, and indomitable will." This young giant had distinguished himself in capturing bushrangers, had made himself familiar with the habits of the aborigines, and, what perhaps furthered his ambition no less than these services, had skill to find favor with the governor. Little more than fifty years ago, on the 12th of May, 1835, he sailed from Launceston in a little vessel of thirty tons, accompanied by a party of three white men and seven black fellows, and, after beating about for seventeen days in the narrow straits, which are now crossed with as much punctuality as a ferry on the Mersey, landed on a promontory within Port Philip harbor. With characteristic energy he opened immediate communication with the natives through his black fellows, and, in a few days, concluded a contract with certain chiefs of the local tribe for the purchase of a tract of country lying between the Yarra and the Barwon. By an instrument formally executed under seal, the chiefs Jagajaga, Bungaree, Cooloolock, Yanyan, Monmarmaler, and others, did duly give, grant, enfeoff, and confirm, the possession of this district to him and his heirs forever; having received therefor a valuable consideration, to wit, certain tomahawks, blankets, looking-glasses, beads, and pocket-handkerchiefs, liberally computed as of the value of two hundred pounds. The district exchanged for these treasures now comprises the capital of the colony, the cities of Geelong and Collingwood, the ports of Sandridge and St. Kilda, wide stretches of agricultural land, studded with homesteads and vineyards, and a suburban settlement, where any one may ride from sunrise to sunset among the villas and cottages of a wealthy and cultured class.

The second expedition sailed three months after the first. It was

under the command of John Pascoe Fawkner, though so vulgar an impediment as sea-sickness compelled him to confide the control, in the first instance, to one of his associates. Fawkner, like his rival, had been an artisan, but, by energy and intelligence, and the happy fortune of new countries, had gradually risen to other and more liberal pursuits, and had latterly become an agent and spokesman for the convicts, though for certain illegitimate proceedings he had fallen under the ban of the authorities. The new-comers, as soon as they approached the shore, were warned by Batman not to become trespassers upon "his purchased territory;" but they were little disposed to admit his claims or submit to his authority. Finally both expeditions moved up the bay and crept along the river Yarra to a swampy valley, little more than a mile from the coast, lying between four low shelving hills, where the strange birds and wild animals of the country then found shelter, but where now stands the splendid city of Melbourne. An angry contest over their respective rights ensued, and was not speedily composed. But, in the end, a country as large as Britain was found to be capacious enough for both parties, numbering a little over a dozen, and they agreed to tolerate each other. They faced cheerfully the privations of such an enterprise, — beds of opossum skins or blankets spread under a tree and canopied by the skies, rations of tough mutton and dough baked in the ashes, and sometimes of insufficient quantity, but seasoned and made digestible by visions of splendid prosperity to come. In a little time they settled down to fixed pursuits, — Batman and some of his associates to feed sheep and cattle, and become the type of the squatters, who have occupied a large share of the history of the colony; Fawkner to be in turn a publican, a vigneron, and a journalist, — a type of the Squatters' opponents, the dwellers in towns, the men of enterprise and movement. Death cut short the career of the younger and more vigorous rival in three or four years, but Fawkner lived to see and share the marvellous prosperity of the new country.

The history of this little settlement, at first called Port Philip, known at present as the Colony of Victoria, and of that city which rose like Venice from a swamp, and to-day, by the beauty of its public and private buildings, and its parks and gardens glittering in the light of a Southern sun, suggests Paris rather than London, teaches, like all chronicles of human progress, many significant morals. I purpose to draw from it at present only one, which I trust the reader will discover without too much prompting.

When the news reached the Old World that a region had been discovered in the Pacific more extensive than Great Britain, equally rich in point of soil, and ready for the plough in many parts, as if "specially prepared by the Creator" * for enterprising settlers, it inflamed the adventurous with visions of countless flocks to be depastured, and wide estates to be carved out of the bountiful land. When younger sons were told of pastures like those of Devon and Meath, and arable lands equal to the wheat lands of Norfolk and Tipperary, without owners and ready to receive as masters the first bold and lucky comers, a passion for emigration began to stir among the middle classes. Nor were these high-pitched expectations ill-founded. The lands of the

* Col. Mitchell's Report.

Australian continent were then free to be granted at the will of the secretary of State, or to be sold at a nominal price,* or to be temporarily occupied without rent by consent of the governor at Sydney, with just enough risk from the jealousy from the native tribes to add the charm of a certain excitement and romance to the adventure.

The governor at Sydney, who claimed authority over the whole unexplored continent (as fast as individual enterprise could discover it), no sooner heard of the landing at Port Philip, than he announced himself by a proclamation warning these pioneers of a new nation who presumed to seek a home where the Colonial Office had recently declared that no home must be sought, that "they would be considered as trespassers, and become liable to be dealt with in the same manner as other intruders on vacant lands of the Crown." For the sympathetic reader will note that from the earliest beginning Victoria has been a colonists' colony, and, unlike some of its compeers, was in no respect made or moulded by statesmen or public companies in London.

Before three years, however, the unauthorized settlement got some rudimentary organization. A magistrate was sent from Sydney clothed with the uncircumscribed authority of an official delegated by a military governor. A year later the governor himself — Sir Richard Bourke, a gentleman born in a land from which many of its rulers and founders were destined to come — made an excursion to Port Philip. This *quasi* royal visit was a great event for the infant settlement. Towns were laid out, and town and country land submitted for sale on behalf of the Crown. The port was inspected and partly surveyed by the commander of the ship of war which accompanied the governor. The seat of the original settlement was named Melbourne, after the pleasant epicurean who was then supposed to be the First Minister in England; another town, nearer the bay, believed to be better situated for a commercial capital, was named after the reigning sovereign; and a third, which has greater natural advantages in soil and situation than either, if fortune had been kind, retained for bay and settlement the native names of Corio and Geelong. And now authority was established, and the "intruders upon the vacant lands of the Crown" had official permission to live and to flourish if they knew how. What ensued I have elsewhere described:

"A newspaper, and soon afterwards a rival newspaper, appeared; the first conducted by Mr. Fawkner, who anticipated the device of Kossuth's *Pesthi Hirlap*, by issuing it for a time in manuscript; type being scarce in Sydney and type-founding an unknown art. Grazing stations began to be 'taken up' (as the colonial phrase runs), and one reads with curious interest of flocks being folded upon sites now occupied by prosperous towns or teeming gold fields. Melbourne in those days was a straggling village, where the fathers of the settlement were content with slab shanties, or wattle-and-daub huts; one or two brick houses, erected soon afterwards, never entirely ceased to be objects of reverence to early colonists, even when they were difficult to discover in the middle of a populous and extensive city. To build, indeed, was not an easy task; for the Sydney government continued to keep itself alive in the memory of the colonists by levying heavy license fees on such industrial enterprises as brick-making and lime-burning, essential to the foundation of a city. But

* The upset price was 5*s.* an acre.

Sydney merchants had speculated in town allotments, and Sydney squatters had taken up cattle runs in Port Philip — men able to make themselves felt at head-quarters; and after a time the importance of the new settlement was, in some degree, recognized by the appointment of a Superintendent, Charles Joseph La Trobe, to administer its local affairs, under the authority and direction of the governor at Sydney. Thus, at length, the Port Philip district of the colony of New South Wales was constituted.

"The colonists received the Superintendent with delight as a precursor of the Home Rule for which they already longed. The Port Philip Patriot congratulated them that they were not to be subject to a military or naval martinet, but to a civilian, a traveller, and a man of letters; and burst into a strain of triumphant prophecy over the destiny that awaited them. 'He comes as our good genius, to develop our resources and place us high in the scale of colonies. Colonies! nay, he comes to found a mighty empire.' With the Superintendent arrived some of the apparatus of local government; and the event was soon followed by the establishment of Municipal Councils in Melbourne and Geelong. This concession was received with immense enthusiasm, because in communities where no Legislature exists, municipal institutions serve the important purpose of communicating authoritatively the wishes of the governed to the governors. And already the ambitious young community had an object in view upon which it had set its heart. Among all classes there existed a strong desire that the district might be separated from Sydney and constituted a distinct colony. The Sydney officials, indeed, had not used generously the supremacy they enjoyed. Sales of Crown lands were held at distant and irregular intervals; less, it was alleged, to satisfy local wants than to suit the convenience of speculators in Botany Bay; and sometimes, before the appointment of the Superintendent, allotments situated in the centre of Melbourne had been submitted to auction, not in that town, but in Sydney, which was more inaccessible to the people of Port Philip than Constantinople is to the citizens of London. Another motive for desiring separation, which did not operate less strongly, was of a moral rather than a material origin. The settlement had been founded by free men, and they were determined that it should not be polluted by convicts; whereas New South Wales, which dominated over their interests so haughtily, consisted of a population more than one-half of which was actually under penal discipline when the settlement of Port Philip was founded. A Separation Movement, as it was called, sprang up, and it commanded the sympathies of the bulk of the community."

It is now that the political history of Victoria properly begins, and publicists, who have made up their minds that self-government is a task for which Irishmen are quite unfit, are invited to note the share the Irish population had in its unexampled growth in prosperity and public spirit. Mr. Hogan, a young Irish-Australian journalist, has collected, with loving care, the annals and traditions of his race throughout the Australian continent,* and, as I have been a witness to the same events for nearly five-and-twenty years, I can supplement from my memory his ample materials. No one, who takes up his book with sympathy, can fail to find in it stores of information, on which a politician or philosopher may meditate with advantage. The data are there if the doctors are forthcoming. A barrowful of clay furnished Darwin, and the annals of a parish furnished De Tocqueville, with materials for philosophical conclusions which were not parochial.

About 1840 a treble tide of immigration from Ireland set towards the new settlement. Young farmers and artisans from Munster, who in the end became prosperous colonists, and, in some instances, conspicuous politicians, began to seek there, rather than in the United

* The Irish in Australia. By J. F. Hogan. London: Ward & Downey. 1887.

States, a new home. A little later, younger sons of the Irish gentry, some of them bred to the learned professions, and, for the most part, of Tory politics, dazzled by the story of the unoccupied territory, arrived singly or in little batches, and were destined to hold some of the highest offices in the future State. And farmers of Ulster, who did not find that a community of opinions induced their landlords to be content with moderate rents, sold their tenant-right and sought farms and homes in the new country. These Irish immigrants soon constituted a fourth part of the entire population, and among themselves were distributed in about the same proportions as in the island from which they came. The Celts were, perhaps, not the least gifted, though they were certainly the least disciplined, of these immigrants. They had never been anything notable at home, had never held any local office or exercised any authority, and many of them were accustomed to be domineered over, in the North by Orange lodges, or in the South by arrogant officials. Catholic emancipation had been on the Statute-book for nearly a dozen years; but, though religious equality was recognized by law, one of these men might as reasonably have hoped to become Archbishop of Canterbury as corporator magistrate or grand juror in the island where he was born. How the manumitted bondsmen would demean themselves in the new country was a subject of grave doubt, and must prove, it was felt by thoughtful persons, an important factor in its history.

Some of the Northern Irish regarded the question as already decided. There were all the raw materials for a new Ireland of serfs and masters like the one that existed on the other side of the equator; why should it not be reproduced in the new country? The 12th of July was an anniversary of whose significance no Irishman was ignorant. Why should not the Orange drum be heard on every hill as in Ulster, beating "Croppies, lie down," and the Orange banner, with the motto of "No Popery," be displayed upon every church steeple, and Orange processions muster in the streets on that historic day, to remind the Celts that they were beaten at Aughrim? With the co-operation of some fanatical Scotchmen, an Orange procession was announced for the midsummer of 1844 (four or five years after the Irish immigation had commenced), to which all good men who hated "Pope and Popery, brass money, and wooden shoes," were expected to give their assistance. A few Englishmen, who knew dimly the results which these diversions had produced in Ireland, discouraged the proposal; but they were regarded as lukewarm Protestants. The skeleton of public authority in the little settlement was quite powerless to restrain the mischief. The Superintendent was busy collecting the land fund and the customs duties for the Treasury at Sydney, and the little Corporation, with its *posse comitatus*, of a dozen constables, was divided on the question; the town clerk, the strongest man in the connection, being openly associated with the processionists. For a moment there seemed to be no remedy. While the settlement was still in its infancy, the Catholic colonists were to be marked out for periodical humiliation, and perhaps exasperated into becoming bad citizens. It had been done successfully in Ireland, and why not here? Tradition attributes to an Irish tailor, whose name, I fear, posterity has forgotten, the happy stroke which laid

these malign designs flat in the mud. Three days before the obnoxious anniversary, an advertisement appeared in the journal least unfriendly to the Irish, which created a ferment:

"NOTICE — A Hurling Match is to take place at Batman's Hill on Friday, the 12th day of July, at ten o'clock, between the men of the County of Clare and the men of the County of Tipperary, for a bet of fifty pounds. All who think well of those counties are invited to see justice done to their respective merits, and unflinching Irish boys in general are requested to witness the scene."

The male population of the colony at that time, from the Yarra Yarra to Portland Bay, was under ten thousand; but five hundred stalwart Irishmen, "well dressed, well fed, well developed Hibernians," says a chronicler of the story, armed with hurlies, staves, and shillelahs, and captained by a man who afterwards attained the highest rank in the colony, answered the call. They spent the day in pleasant games and exercises at the appointed meeting place without offence or injury to any one; but there they were in case of need, and the insulting procession shivered out of existence. A contemporary bard describes the scene in a ballad which, if it halts a little in metre, is at any rate the testimony of an eye-witness, who prolongs to later times the natural triumph of the hour. The bard, it will be noted, was well disposed to be a loyal citizen if he might be permitted: —

"The liveliest gathering under the sky,
Was round Batman's green hill on the 12th of July;
From the depths of Port Philip for many a mile,
Flocked the gay loyal sons of the Emerald Isle;
As strapping fine fellows as ever were seen,
Who would shed their hearts' blood for their cause and their Queen.

"And first in the field were the gallant old Tips,
With strength in their arms and smiles on their lips;
Like the fast-heaving surge of their own royal stream,
The sons of the Shannon in ecstasy came;
While famed Garryowen poured its tribute along,
And Clare's sturdy peasants were thick in the throng.

"But the bigoted Shoneens who hail from the Boyne,
With their 'grand Orange banner' were not up to time;
For deuce take the ha'porth was there to be seen
But 'Sprigs of Shillelah and Shamrocks so green'!" *

Next day, when the hurlers had retired to their homes, there was an Orange riot, and a pistol shot was fired at a priest — a man popular with all sections of the population; but it was the last sputter. There have been and are still Orange lodges in Port Philip, where those to whom it is an agreeable pastime can drink perdition to their neighbors in the charter toast; but there never has been an Orange procession in the public streets of Melbourne from that day forth.

* The story is told in the Sketches of Garryowen, by an old Colonist, now a grave official in the employment of the Legislative Council of Victoria.

PART II. NEXT MONTH.

THE sacrifice of our will is the best and most acceptable offering that we can make to God. — *St. Joseph of Cupertino.*

From the German.

The Kings of the East.

THIRD PART. The Journey.

I.

THREE Kings from distant lands set forth,
Drawn by the Star in awe and wonder,
To trace its radiant course o'er earth,
And wheresoe'er it led to wander;
To them the word of prophet came
That of the Star told and its mission,
Kindled are now to living flame
The embers of the old tradition.

II.

Each from the other sundered far
His richest offerings prepareth,
Spices and silks and jewels rare,
And on his journey with him beareth:
The camels 'neath the burden bending
File onward in a long array,
With steeds and flocks and herds extending
In lengthened train far o'er the way.

III.

As special offerings they bring
The products of their several nations,
The gifts are of Arabia's King
Jewels that flash like constellations;
Incense from fragrant herbs distilled,
The Lord of Saba's far-brought treasure;
While Tharsa's prince bears vases filled,
With myrrh in overflowing measure.

IV.

A plenteous store they with them take
Of meat and wine for their attendants,
"The Lord shall rise," the wise men spake,
"In Jacob's land, from his descendants."
Thither now leads the Star serene,
They follow on with hearts undaunted,
Between their pathways intervene
Wild, trackless deserts, serpent-haunted.

V.

The spacious halls the Kings behold
Already in imagination,
Where lies in purple and in gold
The Long-Expected of His nation;
They picture forth the winding stairs,
The marble floors, the roofs of cedar,
Where slumbers, fanned by fragrant airs,
Their heaven-anointed King and Leader.

VI.

For such the more than regal power
The splendor of the Star evinces,
The while it sheds a crystal shower
Of dews upon the turbaned princes;
Such might lay in its radiance clear,
Its mystic influence so enthralls them,
That tho' the journey last a year
They still will on whate'er befalls them.

REV. JOHN COSTELLO.

Eleven Thousand Pounds.

THE Dublin Freeman's Journal publishes a very important correspondence between Mr. Parnell and Mr. C. J. Rhodes which illustrates in the first place how wide and deep a sympathy with the Irish struggle for autonomy has been created all the world over. Mr. Rhodes is an Irishman who has won his way to the foremost financial position in Cape Colony. He is president of the great De Beers Mining Company, one of the richest if not absolutely, through its diamond mines, the richest in the world. He is a member of the Cape Legislature, and one may see by a glance at his letter that he is no ordinary man. Mr. Rhodes happened to meet Mr. Swift M'Neill, the learned and eloquent member for one of the divisions of Donegal, who visited the Cape last year, and did sterling service in enlisting approval and support for the Home Rule cause there by his lectures and speeches. Mr. Rhodes was chairman of Mr. M'Neill's meeting at Kimberley, and we need not say what assistance the favor of a man of such influence was in the place to an advocate. The interest actively awakened by Mr. M'Neill has borne splendid fruit. Not only has Mr. Rhodes written the thoughtful and pithy letter to which Mr. Parnell has replied, but he has offered the munificent subscription of ten thousand pounds to the Irish Home Rule exchequer from himself, and one thousand pounds from Mr. John Morrogh, an Irish resident at Kimberley, and Mr. Parnell has already received from him a cheque for five thousand pounds, the first instalment. Every word in Mr. Rhodes' letter shows him to be, above all things, a loyal citizen of the British Empire, a fervid stickler for Imperial unity, and a preserver of the Parliament at Westminster, with wider functions, vaster aims, and extended powers. He is against separation. He is for Home Rule, and he declares that the Home Rule given should be no sham. Since the Colonial Office has allowed Cape questions to be settled at the Cape, the attachment to the Imperial tie, he says, has been immeasurably strengthened, and even the Dutch have shown greatly increased consideration for the English. He is evidently in favor of a great scheme of Imperial Federation, and he has with him many of the highest minds in England, Tory as well as Liberal, Peers as well as Commoners. He would like to see the experiment tried with Ireland where the subject is ripe for a beginning. He

therefore asks Mr. Parnell would he consent to the retention of the Irish representation at Westminster. The views expressed by Mr. Parnell in reply to Mr. Rhodes are of the most vital importance. Mr. Parnell is of opinion that the exclusion of the Irish members from Westminster was a flaw in Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill. And why? Because it gave color to the accusations of ulterior designs at separation. Mr. Parnell further says, that the only possible alternative to Home Rule is the government of Ireland as a Crown colony, "for the present semi-constitutional system is quite impracticable." Mr. Parnell goes on to say that there can be no doubt that Mr. Gladstone is fully alive to the matter, and that the next measure of autonomy for Ireland will contain the provisions favored by Mr. Rhodes. It is thus that Mr. Parnell sagaciously and successfully advances towards the goal to the attainment of which he has given the best years of his life, unshaken by calumny, undeterred by danger, conscious of rectitude and noble and lofty purpose, and looking down, as from a height, with serenity upon the cabals and intrigues and attacks with which his feet are beset.

The Battle of the Boyne.

THE Penny Press, of Pittsburgh, in its issue of July 12th, published an article reading, as our heading announces, The Battle of the Boyne. We wish to call attention to the following, which occurs in the *account* given by this paper, in order to point out some most egregious errors: —

"At the battle of the Boyne died Catholicism in Great Britain, and ended a religious revolution; one of the most important events recorded in English history, for the reason that both church and constitution were involved. Two hundred years ago to-day, King James and a few of his courtly body-guard bestrode their chargers on Irish soil 'neath the shade of the trees where stand the ruins of the little church of Donore, just at the crest of a commanding hill, about three miles above Drogheda. This point overlooks a battle field below, and gazing at his feet upon the banks of the river Boyne, the waters of which are pinked with dye from human veins, the King beholds in the desperate and bitter conflict now drawing to a close, the overthrow of his army and the ruin of his cause; a sorrowful day for James, but a triumph for liberal principles, and the establishment of a government to which has been ascribed the subsequent progress of Britain in wealth and power."

The Battle of the Boyne, we think, occurred not two hundred years ago, but on the 12th of July, 1690. This, however, is immaterial just now. Catholicism, to have died in Great Britain a couple of centuries past, is quite a lively corpse to-day. If so lethal a blow was administered to God's Church in this nation at that time, it is about the period for decomposition to set in.

The writer, no doubt, includes old Ireland in his sweeping assertion. With twenty-eight bishops, hundreds of priests, and thousands of Catholics strong and valiant in the faith, in old Ireland this moment, it requires a wonderful stretch of the imagination to figure out a Catholic religious carcass decaying for two hundred years. The church did not cease to flourish in Great Britain. In fact, to-day, we have the pleasant

sight of witnessing England herself fairly teeming with devout and ardent sons of God's Church. This, therefore, is *error No.* 1.

To call the battle of the Boyne "a triumph of liberal principles, and the establishment of a government to which has been ascribed the subsequent progress of Britain in wealth and power," certainly evinces a mind blinded by bigotry and distorted by *imaginary facts.*

To be redundant, let us ask and ascertain the *real facts* in this matter. History teaches that James II., who began his reign in 1685, was a Catholic, and tried to restore liberty of conscience; but the same Puritanical spirit which sent Charles I. to the block, succeeded in depriving James of his throne. They induced William, Prince of Orange, who was married to James's daughter, to accept the crown. After James was driven from England, he found refuge in Ireland. That brave people, though weakened by successive and disastrous wars, and impoverished by confiscations, rallied around him, and would have placed him again on the throne had not his own cowardice and effeminacy defeated their efforts. William followed James into Ireland, and the battle which settled the succession was fought at the Boyne, July 12, 1690. In Ireland Past and Present, by D. P. Conyngham, LL.D., we find the above facts.

Now how did William act after his accession? The same author mentioned above tells the story.

After James had proved himself unworthy to be king, the Irish would gladly have submitted to William had he promised them justice; but knowing that new confiscations awaited their submission, they resisted on, and but for causes over which they had no control, and which no one could foresee, would probably have triumphed. This war, which reflects so much credit on the Irish arms, laid the foundations of the British national debt, which has since gone on accumulating, until it threatens to swallow up the wealth of the empire.

The "triumph of liberal principles" is illustrated by the following, according to the same informant.

The confiscations of estates by the government of William turned out of their homes nearly 4,000 families, and robbed them of land to the value of £3,319,043, or over $16,566,000. This mighty robbery was for high treason, which high treason consisted in defending the British throne against an usurper.

The century that succeeded the Revolutionary War is simply a long record of oppressions, crimes, and sufferings. Ireland had ceased to struggle, and lay a helpless victim at the feet of its merciless masters. The vulture now plunged its beak into the bleeding form of its prey, and tore away the flesh at its leisure.

The Penal Laws, enacted during this period, are a perpetual stain on the English government. These, together with the injustice and tyranny of the local magistracy, the extortions of the landlords, and the absence of justice in all trials where an Irishman was concerned, reduced the inhabitants to almost the last step that humanity reaches in its downward passage. This is a "triumph of liberal principles" with a vengeance. To emphasize this "triumph" still more, let us observe some of these laws. A fine was imposed on every Catholic who should absent himself from the services of the Established Church

on the Sabbath; Catholics were deprived of the means of education; Catholics who should open a school were subjected to a fine of £20, or three months' imprisonment, and the entire Catholic clergy were banished from the land. If the son of a Catholic became a Protestant, his father could not dispose of his property by will; a Catholic could not become the guardian of his own child; a Catholic could not succeed to the property of any of his Protestant relatives.

Later a fixed reward was offered for the discovery of Catholic priests! For discovering an archbishop, bishop, vicar-general, or other person, exercising any foreign ecclesiastical jurisdiction, £50; for discovering each regular clergyman and each secular clergyman, £20; for discovering each pupil, schoolmaster, or usher, £20.

Besides these laws Ireland's commerce and manufactures were restricted so that her internal resources could not develop themselves, and her beautiful harbors lay unoccupied along her shores.

If this kind of conduct on the part of William may be truthfully designated a "triumph of liberal principles," the Lord deliver us from a participation in any similar "triumph." And if England's wealth and prosperity may be ascribed to the enactment of such unjust and barbarous decrees, it is a wealth, it is a property, that no honest man, no upright nation, may emulate.

The Penny Press, it seems to us, should curb the mendacious proclivities or biassed neutrality of the reporter who penned what we have commented on; because both justice to its many *Irish-Catholic readers* demands it, and a strict regard for the facts of history necessitates such discipline. The just are the Lord's, and walk in his footsteps.

The Catholic, Pittsburg, Pa.

Grosse Isle.

"Not less than fifteen thousand of the children of Erin, flying from famine and landlord tyranny, and stricken by fever, lie buried in Grosse Isle."

FAR from their own beloved isle
These Irish exiles sleep,
Nor dream they of historic past,
Nor o'er its memories weep;
Down where the blue St. Lawrence tide
Sweeps onward, wave on wave,
They lie — old Ireland's exiled dead,
In cross-crowned, lonely grave.

Sleep on, oh, hearts of Erin,
From earthly travail free!
Our freighted souls still greet you
Beyond life's troubled sea;
In every Irish heart and home,
Where prayer and love abound,
Is built an altar to your faith, —
A cross above each mound.

No more the patriot's words will cheer
Your humble toil and care, —
No more your Irish hearts will tell
The beads of evening prayer;
The mirth that scoffed at direst want,
Lies buried in your grave,
Down where the blue St. Lawrence tide
Sweeps onward, wave on wave.

Oh, toilers in the harvest field,
Who gather golden grain!
Oh, pilgrims by the wayside,
Who succor grief and pain!
And ye, who know that liberty
Oft wields a shining blade,
Pour forth your souls in requiem prayer
Where Irish hearts are laid!

Far from their own beloved land
These Irish exiles sleep, [rock
Where dream not faith-crowned sham-
Nor ivies o'er them creep;
But fragrant breath of maple
Sweeps on with freedom's tide,
And consecrates the lonely isle,
Where Irish exiles died!

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

Toronto, July, 1888.

Bring Up a Child in the Way He Should Go.

What would become of the world without religion? The greatest service that I ever rendered to France was in re-establishing the Catholic Religion.— *Napoleon Bonaparte.*

From the Catholic Youth, Brooklyn, N. Y.

It ought not to be a matter of surprise to people to hear that the Catholic Church has decided not to allow her children to be educated in non-Catholic or State schools. That decision has been published far and wide, and none know it better than the bad Catholic who sends his children to the forbidden schools.

As far as demanding a *pro rata* division of the public moneys for the support of Catholic schools is concerned, all Catholics are not united. There are some who want no State interference with the schools at all, and they believe in no State taxation for any school, but to let each denomination support its own; which seems to be a consistent plan, when the right to educate the children is denied the State.

Before the present system of State schools was established in New York State, the schools were denominational and religious. They received support from the State, and if it were just to give support to them then, why not now?

Since the State, at present, will not recognize the injustice of taxing Catholics for the support of schools which they, in conscience cannot use, the church has commanded schools to be built in every parish, and calls on the faithful to give them their heartiest support. She does this in the expectation that some day or other the State will see the injustice done her children and remove it.

To the great disgust of a number of bad Catholics, the parochial school system inaugurated by the church, is proving itself successful. It is creating a body of young people who are going to make good and intelligent members of society as well as of the church. That is the aim of the system, and there is no record of failure anywhere.

The burden of building parochial schools and paying their expenses is very heavy on Catholics; but they gladly bear it when they know that they are obeying the church, and that their children will be brought up and educated in the faith outside of which they know they cannot save their souls.

The very people who do not know their religion are the ones who send their children to non-Catholic schools; for if they knew their religion they would be obedient to the church and send their children to Catholic schools. It is not reasonable to believe that the children of such parents will be good Catholics or that they will remain steadfast in the faith.

Parents who want to give their children a higher education should send them to Catholic colleges and academies. The higher State schools come under the objection of the church to the lower State schools,— they are godless.

Parents are anxious to have their children baptized, as soon after birth as possible, lest they should die and lose their inheritance to the Kingdom of Heaven. But their anxiety should not stop there; they should see that their children should be so educated in the faith they received in baptism, that they may never lose it or depart from it.

The Franciscans have purchased the ground in the Rue Haxo Paris, where the massacre of the hostage priests took place during the Commune. The historic wall against which the victims were placed to be shot will be destroyed, and a memorial chapel erected on the spot. God bless the Franciscans.

The Inspector of the Catholic parochial schools, in the Archdiocese of Westminster, England, in his late report, remarks, "One cannot but feel how great are the advantages enjoyed by the children in these schools, especially those who are under the best teachers. They not only learn the subjects which are taught alike in all the schools, but they acquire a brightness, an intelligence, a modesty of demeanor, a respect for others, and a spirit of piety, which are noticeable on first entering the room, and which are manifest all through the examinations. That comes of training in a Catholic atmosphere. And what Catholic parent who has the least regard for the interests of his children can hesitate a moment between that kind of education and the defective, one-sided, secular training of the godless public schools?

Puritanism has the Dry Rot.

The New York Sun said, some years ago, that the Puritans had no one but themselves to thank if the Irish and Germans were in the ascendant. The reason was that it was not stylish for the aristocratic Puritan stock to have children. This was one of the results of public school training, and now the Catholics are "censured" because they will persist in keeping their children to themselves, and teaching them to obey the laws of God and of nature. The longer we live the more we (Colorado Catholic) are convinced that the parochial school is a positive necessity, and that it is the very first duty of Catholics to establish and support them.

A correspondent of the Boston Evening Traveller, over the signature of "Puritan," says:

"Is the School Committee of Boston to substitute passion for reason, sentiment for judgment, because an unthinking multitude of intelligent men in Faneuil Hall, wrought upon by enthusiasts who believe our schools are somehow in danger, ask them to do so? Never! . . . Oh, for an hour of WENDELL PHILLIPS! to teach us over again that even Faneuil Hall rocks in vain when liberty is not in the cradle.

"The law of the Catholic Church is full families; the rule of Protestantism is no children, or one or two at the most. . . . With what a grim smile of derisive triumph the Jesuit must listen to the declarations of war by throngs of Protestants, when he knows that not one out of twenty has, or intends to have, more than one or two children. No, fellow-citizens, and you, excellent and public-spirited ladies, who responded with such enthusiasm to 'Down with Jesuitism,' know that the laws of God cannot be violated with impunity. 'Vengeance is mine,' said the Lord. A people who foster legal prostitution, the most abominable of all prostitutions, the prostitution of the holy institution of marriage, such a people cannot escape the God that visited Sodom and Gomorrah with His wrath."

A Prejudiced Paper.

THE Boston Home Journal, in its every issue of late, is constantly speaking disrespectfully of the church, especially the parochial schools and the Jesuits. Not content with attacking Mayor O'Brien, it attacks his son, because the latter happens to be a priest. Like most opponents of the church, they are ignorant of its teachings, and, therefore, its statements concerning it are, besides being false, very ridiculous. From one prejudiced article the following is taken:

"And this we believe: that no person can be a true American who acknowledges the temporal sovereignty of the Pope; that no person can be a true American who surrenders to a priest his rights as an individual, and his authority as a parent.

Speaking of Father O'Brien it says:

"We know it is said that the Mayor's son is not a Jesuit; but we are not compelled to believe the denial. How is it to be proved that Father O'Brien is not a Jesuit? Nobody is weak-minded enough to suppose that the Jesuit brotherhood will display its membership list for public inspection, and nobody would believe the brotherhood if it did so, that is, nobody in the possession of his senses. It is by this time a matter of common knowledge that the Jesuits are allowed, nay, instructed, to deny their membership in the order, if occasion renders such denial advisable, and in this case denial would certainly be advisable."

If Father O'Brien was a Jesuit he would be only too glad to acknowledge it, and proud to place after his name "S. J." There is no fear of a Jesuit trying to make out he is not a member of the Society of Jesus, and Father O'Brien doubtless would be glad to be a member of that holy order, the highest order in the highest church on earth. Such dirty, narrow-minded thrusts do not trouble the church in the least. The priests mind their own business, teach religion without attacking Protestant or Jew, and have no fear as to the result. No Catholic,—we mean, of course, one deserving of that grand name,—ever left his church for another. (Why do the Protestants constantly, in their dirty columns and irreverent pulpits, abuse the Catholic Church and her ministers? Because they fear them. They are advancing so rapidly in this Catholic city of Boston, that they fear the day is coming when their churches will fall over.) The Catholic priest uses the pulpit for holy and christian-like purposes, and not for the purpose of abusing a minister of any other church. In fact, they never so far forget themselves as even to mention the name of the insignificant and alleged ministers who are trying to eke out an existence by striking at the church of Christ. The Catholic never fears the least apprehension at the many thrusts heaped upon his church; they are more inclined to laugh than to scold,—pity, rather than abuse. But so long as the Catholic Church continues to grow in this country, so long will these week-kneed and puny ministers continue to rave in their pulpits, and through the columns of their would-be newspapers.

IT is difficult to satisfy the wants of the body without obeying, at the same time, the caprices of the senses. — *St. Francis.*

Catholic Education.

WHY A TRUE EDUCATION MUST, OF NECESSITY, BE RELIGIOUS.

Sermon at Laying of Corner-Stone of Leo XIII. School, Jamaica Plain, by Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, of Worcester.

What things were gain to me those I have counted loss for Christ. But indeed I esteem all things to be but loss for the excellent knowledge of Jesus Christ my Lord.— Philippians iii. 7, 8.

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN:

WE have gathered to-day to lay the corner-stone of a new school under the patronage of the great scholar, Pontiff Leo XIII. Its foundation is your faith in Jesus Christ, and its reason is the necessity of this faith in education. It is proper to give these reasons to-day in discussing the great question of education.

What is education? What does it mean? As the word itself implies, education is the drawing out, the development, the cultivation, the polishing of all the faculties of man, and the disposing of man to use these faculties for the best interests of man and society. It is a development of man's most generous instincts, an expansion of his most legitimate wants, a cultivation of his dispositions for good, a curbing of his inclinations for evil. Education makes or unmakes the man: it moulds his character. Man has mind, intelligence; education trains the faculties of mind to grasp the truth. Man has heart; education trains the faculties of the heart to cling to the true and the good. Man has a body, and education is to train the physical faculties to maintain a sound body as a necessity for a sound mind. Education, in a word, then, is the training of the entire man, soul and body. How false, then, the theory of the education that devotes all attention to the mind and neglects the heart, forming intellectual giants with depraved hearts. Such education rather deforms man. The child faces the general idea of education, and what does he demand? He has questions to asks: Whence have I come? Whither am I going? Why am I here? He asks science, and science cannot tell. He asks the world, and the world is silent. Who will answer? God and God alone. Christianity, the voice of God, answers that he is from God and for God. The child brings, then, to education two ideas, man and God, and demands that this training of his faculties be the development of those two ideas, interwoven in his life, that he be led by his intelligence to know God, and by his heart to love God, and thus attain to the highest and best results for his manhood. Who shall be the guide, what shall be model? Christianity, Jesus Christ.

Christianity is our teacher; it tells us who we are, whence we came, whither we are going; it tells education, man's destiny; it points out man's duties, man's wants; it opens up the field and guides the hand that cultivates. The child is a man in miniature, with soul and body made to God's image and likeness, destined to eternal happiness which is purchased by fidelity while on earth to God's laws. The child has a character to be formed; that character must be Christian. He has an intellect which demands truth; a heart wanting to love truth;

passions to be restrained; virtues to be developed. The child is clay in the potter's hand; wax ready for impressions. He is ready for the mould in which his manhood is to be cast, and as that manhood should be Christian, the mould must be Christian. The child must be fed on Christian food that he may be able to stand in presence of creation and interrogate men and things, know the world, and its past, and build up for the future a social fabric of virtue by which he may be saved, and with him society. For the Christian child, nature bears the imprint of God, and every force in nature ought to be made to bear with it some conception of the unseen power hidden under its veils. His great want is God, a knowledge of God's laws, and obedience to them by which vice is eradicated, virtue inculcated by which he becomes an obedient child, a virtuous parent, an honest workman, a conscientious citizen.

This calls for Christian morality and society, for its own preservation, must see that these virtues be taught; and public education which forms the members of society must incorporate in its teaching that which will supply this necessity. Government requires its citizens to be educated in their duties; republics demand that they be able to read and write in order to exercise the franchise. But every government needs first of all that its citizens be honest, good, pure. It needs that the masses be educated, but as Christians. Useless to put tools in the hands of miners unless you give them means of discriminating the true metal from the base; religion does this for man. Neglect religion in teaching youth, and what security for law, for life, for property? What avail guarantees? Duty and loyalty are high-sounding names, but vain, dead, if not arising from religion. Neglect religion and you forge links which time and chance will unite in producing revolutions which will upheave society and finally destroy it. You place keen weapons in a vicious man's hands; you breed Catalines and Robespierres. We need good citizens, — moral, intelligent citizens.

"It is not the illiteracy of any people," says President Seeley, "but their immorality: it is not their knowledge but their virtue on which either their destruction or their salvation hinges. But the morality of a people is not secured by teaching them moral precepts. Men are not made virtuous by instruction in virtue. We have yet to see a moral renovation of society accomplished by the teaching of morality, however pure. Without a question the great moral reformations of society have been wrought by religion."

Religion in modern education is like a foreign language, studied or omitted at will. But it requires more than culture of mind to make morality: it requires virtue; it requires Christian life which will make a man love the government because God wills it, and not from any fear of dungeon; or in accordance with theory or self-interest, prompting one thing to-day and another to-morrow. It is certain that Christian education alone can rear a people Christian. Education without Christianity will rear a people without Christianity, and a people so educated will soon become anti-Christian.

Our government needs patriotism, but patriotism founded upon morality. Authority, obedience, justice, are the virtues upon which a good government is built, and who can teach them and sanction except

religion? Where are these citizens, these patriots to be formed? In the schools. If virtue, then, be essential for good citizenship, if morality be necessary for true patriotism, and if morality and virtue find their teacher in Christianity,—and what Christian can consistently deny it,—how in the name of common-sense exclude it from the school which is instituted to form it?

Public education which moulds society, which builds the republic, must be based upon religion in order to produce a republic upon morality, a society with religion. Leading statesmen have recognized this.

De Tocqueville, who understood our institutions as well as any man, recognized this when he wrote: "Where virtue and reason prevail the most popular form of government may exist without danger; where religion does not rule, it is useless to proclaim religious doctrine; you may talk of people, its majesty, but where there is no respect for God, can there be much for man? You may talk of the supremacy of the ballot, respect for order, denounce riot, secession; unless religion be the first link all is vain."

And Bonaparte, that great reader of men and society, exclaimed that "Society without religion is like a ship without a compass, uncertain as to whither it is going."

Plato, who reasoned so well, said that "Ignorance of the true God was the greatest pest of all republics."

And Robespierre, a short time before execution, was forced by truth to utter: "The republic can only be established upon the eternal basis of morality."

Guizot, the great French Protestant historian, has said: "In order to make education truly good and socially useful, it must be fundamentally religious; national education must be given and received in the midst of an atmosphere religious. Religion is not a study or an exercise to be restricted to a certain place or hour. It is a faith and a law which ought to be felt everywhere."

Disraeli, the English prime minister, said: "I am not disposed to believe that there is any existing government that can long prevail, founded on the neglect to supply or regulate religious instruction of the people."

Derby, a leading statesman of Great Britain, said: "Public education should be considered as inseparable with religion."

Gladstone said: "Every system which places religious education in the background is pernicious."

Huxley, the leader of English infidelity, said: "If I am a knave or a fool reading or writing will not make me less so."

Horace Mann, the great patron of common schools, said: "If the intellect, however gifted, be not guided by a sense of justice, a love of mankind and a devotion to duty, its possessor is only a more splendid, as he is a more dangerous, barbarian. We are fully persuaded that the salt of religious truth can alone preserve education from abuse."

Men, then, are agreed — government demands; society, the family, the child, the soul, all cry out for religion as the basis, the life of every system of public education; and for the Christian, religion means Christianity, and for the Catholic, Christianity means Catholicity.

I know there are men who would here ask the question as to

whether we would wish to go back to the days of ignorance and barbarism and darkness, and have the same state of society that existed when church and state were united. We have no desire to go backward, our desire is to advance.

Truth is not darkness, Christianity is not ignorance, and when we clamor for religion in education, we are calling for true knowledge, for true light that is to illumine every man coming into this world; we clamor for the torch to guide our footsteps through the mazes of science; we are seeking for a staff to support our limbs; we are demanding manna to strengthen our souls in the desert of life. History is teeming with the benefits drawn from religion. It tells of a scene in the days of St. Mark in Alexandria, when, under the shadow of the Bishop's Cathedral, the first Christian schools were established. As Mark entered Alexandria he found the classics of Greece and Rome in the schools, the science of numbers from Egypt, the Hebrew Scriptures translated into Greek, because of the beauties contained therein. He brought to the schools the Books of the Gospels, the traditions of St. Peter and St. Paul, the Apostles' Creed, which contained more true philosophy than all the books of Greek and Roman sages, and the chant of the church; and these were the first class-books of the Christian schools. Clement, Origen, Tertullian, are the names of some of the great masters of those early Christian schools, where the literature of the Pagans was studied side by side with the literature of Christianity. As we look back to those schools can we wonder that the young Christian student found the story of Ovid and the Golden Age insipid, when compared with the glowing imagery of the Prophets, painting the Kingdom of the Son of Jesse, the Saviour of man.

Can we wonder that the Christian student laid aside the sweetly flowing verses of Horace and Virgil, and the elegant periods of Tacitus, and the closing story of the gods, to fill his heart with the sweet lessons of the Incarnate Word, the God-made man? During the first three centuries schools were established at Jerusalem, Edessa, Ephesus, Smyrna, and Antioch. These were the beginning of the Episcopal seminaries where the young clerics were taught the liberal arts and the science of theology. In those days there were also the mass priests' schools established in each parish under the charge of the parish priest, where the children of the poor received their education free.

The council of Vaison, in 528, obliged pastors to found such schools, and to this may be traced the origin of parochial schools. Then came the monastic system, which trained the monks like bees to cull the honey from the flowers of literature and store it for future generations. Prominent in that system were the Benedictines, in 552, the source of the schools of the middle ages. The monastery had its interior schools where the subjects of the order were instructed; its exterior schools where the poor children of the neighborhood received not only their education gratuitously, but were even fed and clothed. And yet men talk of free schools as an institution of this age of ours.

"The praise of having originally established schools," says Hallam, "belongs to some abbots and bishops of the sixth century." Anglo-Saxon Records tell of Theodoric, archbishop of Canterbury, sent by the Pope, in 668, to propagate schools in the Anglo-Saxon church. In

the beginning of the eighth century we find the schools of England under Egbert remarkable for art and science. In council at Aix la Chapelle, in 789, bishops were commanded to establish free public schools. The Third General Lateran Council, 1179, renewed the order. In Rome, in 1078, a School of Liberal Arts was placed beside every Episcopal school. Through the dark ages every bishop had his seminary, every monastery its exterior school, every priest obliged to sustain free parochial schools, as we may see from the Synod of Mentz in 800, Council of Rome in 836, and Lateran Council in 1178. In 1245 the General Council of Lyons spoke of it. In the eleventh century the Monastic system began to decay, scholasticism arose, and with it arose the Universities of Paris, Padua, Salamanca, Bologna, Oxford. Here it is good to remember that Huber, a Protestant, has said: "Most of the Continental Universities originated in entire dependence on the church. This new intellectual impulse sprang up not only on the domain and under the guidance but out of Ecclesiastical schools." Ranke adds, "A sure and unbroken progress of intellectual culture had been going on in the bosom of the Catholic Church for a series of ages. The vital and productive elements of human culture were here mingled and united."

No man can justly dispute the claims of Christianity, and remember Christianity was then the Catholic Church, to the education and civilization of Europe, even to that of the barbaric hordes who swept across her lands. No scholar can ignore the Popes who, during all these long ages, were the nursing fathers of Christian science, whether in maintaining free schools for the poor, or in establishing land and supporting the universities, sending an Augustinian to the Angles, a Patrick and Palladius to Erin, a Boniface to Germany, a Cyril and a Methodius to the Sclavs.

We should not forget that during those days of early European civilization Catholic Ireland contributed her share to education. "The refuge of civilization and literature, learned Ireland," as Usher says. St. Patrick established a university at Armagh which in the ninth century had over seven thousand students, representing all the countries of Europe. St. Finian was at Clonard, "whence issued," says Usher, "a stream of saints and doctors like Greek warriors from the wooden horse at Troy?" The church of Ireland during the fifth and seventh centuries was the leader in education. No country at that period could boast of such pious foundations or of religious communities for education equal to what adorned that land. When Europe was in barbarism the schools of Armagh, Clonmacnoise, Clonard and Lismore had their masters of philosophy and sacred science whose learning had passed into a proverb. When the Saxon was still a barbarian, the Irish schools sent forth their scholars to civilize him and teach him his letters. Camden says: "Moved by the example of our fathers for a love of reading, we went to the Irish renowned for their philosophy."

These are but fragments of the work of the Christian church in education. What might be said of the epochs of Bede, of Alcuin, of Alfred the Great, of Charlemagne, of Leo X., Gregory the Great, Benedict XIV., and Louis XIV.? They stand forth in letters of gold to give the lie to any man who would assert that true science has anything to fear from religion. They cry out that Christianity has developed the

Christian idea in man; that it has been an active principle, permeating every walk in life, individual, social and national; that it has produced an atmosphere of faith, moulding simple, strong, and able characters; that it preserved the literature of the ancients and clothed art, sculpture, painting, and architecture with immortal glory; that it has laid stone upon stone in those universities and schools which made the cities in which they were, and which repeat in undying tones, Christianity built us and we have educated the world!

Men have arisen in these days pretending to be Christians, and some of them call themselves ministers of Christ's gospel, whose mission seems to be to excite the hostility of inflamed prejudice to Catholic parochial schools. They appeal to men's basest passions by falsely asserting that these schools are the great sources of danger to the free institutions of this country. By constantly repeating the charge, they are apt to lead many good meaning men to believe it to be true. If men thus appealed to would only stop to reason, and weigh carefully the statements made and the circumstances, they must come to the conclusion that these bold and malicious fanatics themselves are the real enemies of American liberty, for they are endeavoring to destroy the first principles of religious liberty, which is the corner-stone and boast of our fabric of government. These schools exist to give education, to spread the light, and they do this under the guiding spirit of Christian truth. Is education hostile to liberty? Is Christianity an enemy to America? Does not American liberty guarantee to every man the inalienable right to be educated according to his own religious views? Why do these men who calumniate us arrogate to themselves to speak for America, demand that our children be educated according to a system which may satisfy them, but which does not satisfy us? Who has constituted them infallible constructors of the educational system and given them absolute authority by which, Czar-like, they may issue a ukase, forbidding citizens, fully as Americans as themselves, to erect, at their own expense, schools in which their children may be made good American citizens and good Christians at the same time? Verily these tailors of Tooley Street assert for themselves the infallibility which they deny to the Pope. Are we not citizens? Have we no interest in the liberties so dearly purchased for us? Have not Catholics pledged life and sacred honor when called upon to defend our country? Answer, ye fields of carnage, from Lexington to Appomatox! Answer, ye army rolls that hand down to the generations the names of brave men! Answer, ye soldiers, non-Catholics, who commanded with them, or who shared blanket, mess, and trench with them! Answer, genius of our country, if you could tell Catholic from non-Catholic in those days, when strong hearts and brave men were summoned to battle! Catholic Americans have done their duty, and will continue to do it, despite the calumny and assertion of blatant demagogues who consider liberty to consist in thinking and doing as they will. Catholic brain and Catholic brawn have aided in the development of our country's resources. Catholic homes dot our hillsides, and are the centres of intense devotion to the great principles of American liberty, by which they enjoy what their ancestors longed for and could not obtain. In the name of these liberties, and to preserve

them in their children, they want religion in their life and in their education. These schools attest their devotion to education by the sacrifices which they make in order to possess them. They are not in favor of Romanizing the public schools; but they are in favor of Romanizing the education of their children, because they believe that this form of Christianity is necessary to the perfection of their manhood. They do not wish to impose this belief upon others; but, at the same time, they claim that these others have no right to impose their views upon them. Majorities do not make rights of conscience, nor can majorities destroy them. Since the State, of which they are a part and which they pay to support, will not allow this form of education into its system, the Catholics, while continuing to pay their portion, begin to erect schools in which this form shall be made a prominent feature. The right the wealthy Episcopalian exercises by sending his child to St. Paul's school at Concord, or the Congregationalists to Amherst, the Catholic claims for his child, at home in a parochial school, where religion and letters go hand in hand; and shame on the American who will say that he cannot do it. We Catholics believe that our people need morality in order to be good citizens; and we believe that true morality is founded on the doctrines of Jesus Christ. We do not believe that a good citizenship consists in an education received in any one school, but we believe that it consists in the knowledge of God and practice of virtue; and in proportion as this knowledge is diminished, in the same proportion are the foundations of citizenship loosened and the State endangered.

We do not believe that a system which eschews all positive religion can give the religious tone necessary; nor do we believe that teachers who deny God's existence, or who ridicule the faith of Christ, or who are indifferent to religion, are competent builders of a system of education which demands religion, or as safe guides to the children whose lives should be moulded on the principles of revealed truth. Faith in God can alone elevate and perfect human reason, and thereby guide the human will and thus form the Christian character. Science goes no deeper than the reason. Conscience is not touched until religion speaks.

Our life is more than a life of nature; our destiny is higher than earth and material things. We are Christians, and as such we should be educated. As our body demands our soul, in order that we exist as men, so our education demands Christ as the principle of its life, in order that we may be Christians. Neither moral philosophy nor literature can make a people moral or Christian. Knowledge does not consist in the natural sciences alone, no matter how highly cultivated, but in knowing God and serving him. Ignorance, true ignorance, is found only where God is not. Public education and general education is a necessity to our social fabric in which intelligence rules, but education, no matter how general, is a curse and not a blessing, unless permeated with the spirit of religion. The nation needs conscience as well as the individual, and where will the national conscience be formed, if not where the manhood is moulded in the system of education? Our conscience is formed on Christian principles, and hence we demand Christianity in our education. Men may say this is not possible, in our

conditions, where many creeds demand recognition. How to settle this difficulty is one of the problems of the future; and until it is settled the Catholic Church demands that her children make the sacrifices necessary to erect their own schools. Men say the State is unsectarian; but we are not unsectarian, and where so vital an interest as education is at stake, we would be untrue to our faith in God, if we neglected our children. There are many thinking men who recognize the failure of secular education to do what was expected. Ignorance of letters has diminished, but crime has increased. Dishonesty becomes more general; trusts are betrayed; marriage is made a mockery; forgery and embezzlement are daily happenings; filial respect disappears; indifferentism in religion is becoming a characteristic; sacred truths are publicly travestied, and belief in God is fast vanishing. Such must happen when you make religion an eclectic study, banish God and positive religion from the school life, and make a child believe that arithmetic and the reading book are more important than Christ and Christianity, which is done by eliminating religion and relegating it to the Sunday-school into which many never enter. Those who are satisfied with such education are welcome to it; but the Catholic Church is not satisfied, for she believes in Christ as a necessity to life, and demands him in the school where the child is taught, that mind development and heart development should go on together.

Religion for a child is more important than arithmetic or all sciences. Jesus Christ is more of a necessity than Plato or Aristotle. To know himself and nature are the child's studies; but he can never understand them unless in the mind and under the guidance of God, and in the atmosphere of the spirit of religion which prevades all. Because the public instruction system cannot give him this, the Catholic, with no hostility to it, steps outside it and builds his own schools. This is the reason for this foundation stone laid to-day, in the name of religion, in education, and under the patronage of the great scholar and teacher of the world who rules the destinies of the Catholic Church. Here will stand a Christian school, where the youthful minds of this congregation will be trained for their duties in life, taught not only the laws of science but the laws of God; where their hearts will be formed not only in what is manly and honest and truthful, but in Christian virtue.

Here religion, like an aroma, will fill their lives with sweetness, and make them cherish liberty as the badge of true Christian manhood; make them loyal to America, because it is a country, which, after God, is the dearest treasure possessed by men. This is the message of this school in its work of education, and mankind should welcome it as another messenger of light; and every Christian should rejoice that another building should resound with the hum of children whose hearts and heads shall be trained together to the sweet harmony of religion in education.

We must not be wise and prudent according to the flesh, but simple, humble, and pure. We must, therefore, despise our bodies, because, on account of them, we are unhappy and corrupt. — *St. Francis.*

Brilliant Discourse.

Sermon Delivered at the Opening of the 18th Annual Convention of the C. T. A. Union of America, in Boston, August 1st and 2nd, 1888.

TEXT:—"Young men in like manner exhort that they be sober . . . in all things showing good fidelity, that they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things. For the grace of God our Saviour hath appeared to all men. Instructing us that, denying ungodliness and worldly desires, we should live soberly, and justly, and godly in this world. Looking for the blessed hope and coming of the glory of the great God and our Saviour, Jesus Christ."—St. Paul to Titus, Chap. ii. 6-13 vs.

WHAT words more fitting to the time, place, and circumstances under which we are assembled in this church of God this morning, than these words of St. Paul addressed to Titus. The great apostle of the Gentiles imposes upon his disciple the solemn duty of instructing those committed to his care, especially the young, in the saving principles of sobriety, so that in all things they may prove themselves faithful to the Christian doctrine which they had accepted; and thus adorn, before the Pagan and unbelieving world of that time, the beauty and holiness of the teaching of God, the Saviour. There was a negative and positive side to the instruction given by St. Paul to Titus. Titus was to instruct his hearers that the Son of God came into this world for a special purpose; with a special mission; and that the end of that mission was to bring all men nearer and closer to himself; to restore the image and likeness of God in the souls of men lost by sin. This was the end for which "the grace of God our Saviour hath appeared to all men." To attain this end it became necessary that mankind should be instructed "to deny ungodliness and worldly desires," which are at war with the spirit of God; and practise sobriety, justice and piety, the fruits of His Holy Spirit.

OUR MISSION APPROVED AND BLESSED BY THE CHURCH.

Peculiarly appropriate, it seems to me, to our times and for ourselves, engaged, as we have the privilege of being by God's grace, in a mighty struggle against the prevalent vice of intemperance, are these words of St. Paul. We have, with the sanction, approval, and blessings of Holy Church, taken upon ourselves the duty of exhorting young men and old; great men and small; rich men and poor; the strong man, who thinks himself secure, and the weak, afraid of falling; in short, all classes of men and women, to practise that great virtue of sobriety upon which the Apostle lays so much stress here as elsewhere in his writings. And should we succeed in this holy and sublime calling, for such I conceive it to be; proving ourselves faithful, not alone in this one point, but "in all things," what a glorious reward awaits us! Reasonably, then, may we—and all those whom we have taught, as Titus was exhorted to do, to love and practice sobriety—look forward with confidence to that "blessed hope and coming of the glory of the great God and our Saviour, Jesus Christ."

THE WORK DIVINE.

Our work, in this light, becomes a divine work, to the faithful discharge of which is promised an eternal reward. To more successfully and efficiently carry on this work, a society was formed, almost a score

of years since, which has grown to the magnificent proportions of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, whose assembled delegates are beginning the labor of their annual convention by seeking wisdom and inspiration at the altar of the living God; fortifying themselves for the contest against the special sin of drunkenness by prayer and blessings.

OBJECT OF THE TOTAL ABSTINENCE UNION DEFINED.

Our Catholic Total Abstinence Union, like every well-organized society, has a clearly defined purpose, or object, of which it should never lose sight. What is that object? It is not merely a human or earthly object, but a heavenly and divine object. Not alone is it the purpose of our movement to make men better and wiser here; to fit them for the honest discharge of their duties in the social and civil world; but it has a higher and holier purpose, — to help them make sure the possession of that blessed inheritance purchased for us through the death and Passion of our Saviour, Jesus Christ. Our mission is an apostolic one, — that of "instructing" ourselves and others "to live soberly, and justly, and godly in this life;" and thus, having acted well our part here, to attain to eternal happiness hereafter.

BENEFITS DERIVED.

The plain benefits to be derived from a society like ours, are, therefore, twofold: human and divine. The impelling motives are, also, twofold: natural and supernatural. We hold out to men the twofold reward which follows from the practice of total abstinence; we urge them to the practice of the virtue of temperance, in its heroic degree of total abstinence, by the twofold motives. But I need hardly remind you, that our chief reliance for success in this work is upon its divine and supernatural character. Inspired by the hope of a divine reward, we will be urged on to persevere, with the grace of God, to the end, in fighting this great battle.

IMPELLING MOTIVES.

Natural motives are not sufficient to make us understand the heinousness, and fathom the depths, of the horrid sin of drunkenness; human motives are insufficient, oftentimes, to convince the intelligence of men; to arouse the human conscience to a realization of the enormity of the vice of drunkenness, as it rises up, in all its frightful deformity, before God and men every day. True it is, that, without divine light, we may be able to understand *some* of the dreadful effects of intemperance; how the demon of strong drink holds its victims in chains; how it wrecks man's physical condition, destroys his worldly happiness, robs him of earth's joys and comforts, defeats man's laudable ambition; how it ruins his domestic life by destroying the home, — "God's appointed treasury of pure and sweet love;" how it wrings with anguish the heart of wife and mother; how it brings down with sorrow to the grave the gray hairs of a loving father; how it casts out to lives of crime and infamy sons and daughters; how it renders infancy joyless, and causes the "tear-drops of sorrow to glisten ceaselessly on the eyelids" of the friends and relatives of the drunkard. All this we may be convinced of by human reasons; but we can never fully understand, I

say, the nature of this "sin-making sin," as the great Archbishop Ireland truly styles it, until we view it in the light in which God Almighty sees it.

ENORMITY OF THE VICE OF DRUNKENNESS.

In the full blaze of the divine holiness and purity, by the light of faith alone, can we understand clearly the degrading and defacing nature of this vice against which we are warring. Guided by this light of divine faith we understand that this sin, like all other sins that are deadly, blots out the image of God from the soul of man; nay, further, we understand that there is no other sin which imperils more a man's hopes of eternal salvation than this sin of drunkenness; that it leaves man helpless and powerless to secure his everlasting inheritance; it closes forever against him the gates of Paradise; for, has not the Apostle said that "no drunkard shall enter" God's kingdom? The Catholic Christian, knowing these things and loving the Saviour, and for His sake loving the souls redeemed by His Most Precious Blood, can alone fully realize the dread ravages of the Drink-Demon.

AMERICA'S NOBLEST MANHOOD AND WOMANHOOD ENLISTED IN THE CAUSE OF CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

And realizing that intemperance is amongst the worst, if not the very worst enemy of man's spiritual and temporal prosperity and happiness, the Catholic Christian man and woman of America, seeing the bright banner of Total Abstinence held aloft by the priests and bishops of America, with thousands and tens of thousands of the best Catholic manhood and womanhood of the land marching under that banner, enlists for service. And never, my dear, good friends, did princely knight go forth on a more honorable or sublime mission of love and justice; never did stout Crusader buckle on his armor to fight for a cause holier or more pressing than that which appeals to our highest and most divine instincts — the sacred cause of Catholic Total Abstinence.

NEED OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

No argument in proof of the necessity of our organization, for a Catholic, ought to be needed further than to merely state the fact that the bishops of the church in America have warmly commended our total abstinence movement; they have invoked God's blessing on the cause of temperance, and "on all who are laboring for its advancement in a true Christian spirit;" they have invited the hearty co-operation of pastors and people in this holy work; and priests and people thus united, our bishops hope to see the monster of intemperance strangled to the death. Is it not, therefore, clear to a Catholic that our American Hierarchy are persuaded of the necessity of such an organization as ours?

Again, a Catholic must see the necessity of total abstinence in the warm, earnest, and solemn words which our Supreme Pontiff, Leo XIII., uses in his brief to Bishop Ireland, in speaking of the energy and zeal of our Catholic Total Abstinence Union; and in those memorable words, which should be written in letters of light everywhere throughout the land, "Total Abstinence, it cannot be doubted, is the *proper*

and truly efficacious remedy for the great evil" of intemperance, which the Vicar of Christ deplores as a scandal and "a great hindrance to the propagation of the true religion." What more should a Catholic American demand to convince him of the necessity of our movement? Does not the daily experience of every honest man, not totally blinded to the truth, confirm the utterances of our bishops and the supreme pastor? Is not intemperance the great prime cause of the social wreckage that confronts us to-day in this blessed land? How like what goes on in our own country is what the eminent English Cardinal Manning writes in the March number of the Nineteenth Century, as taking place to-day in the United Kingdom. "The drink traffic," he sets down, in the second place, as the cause of the social wreckage of a large portion of the English people. "It is," he writes, "a public, permanent, and ubiquitous agency of degradation to the people of the United Kingdom." It is "our shame, scandal and sin;" and the venerable ecclesiastic warns his countrymen that "unless brought under by the will of the people, and no other power can, it will be their downfall." Has not the illustrious Archbishop of St. Paul, and other bishops and archbishops of God's Church on this side of the water, frequently said the same to the American people? Have we not been warned, time and time again, that this fair land of America is suffering, fearfully suffering, from the direct and indirect power of the liquor traffic. Question the Saints and Fathers of the Church of God. Ask the great Augustine, and he will tell you that "drunkenness is the source and origin of all vice." Ask St. Basil, and he will declare, with awe-inspiring truth, that "it is the instigator of *all* crime." Question St. Jerome, and he will astonish some by saying that it is the perpetuator of the foulest sins that unman a man. What more do we need? We might refer to the unanimous verdict of our judges throughout the country; of our Prison Boards; of the heads of our asylums and reformatories; and the verdict is the same. In the words of Chief Justice Noah Davis: "Of all the causes of crime, intemperance stands out the unapproachable chief." It is the fruitful source of pauperism and crime; and it is, doubtless, the proximate cause of nine-tenths of the idleness, brutality, and vice which affect society. The commands of the gospel; the precepts of the church; the law of nature and of man; the ties of humanity; the very instincts of self-preservation, are recklessly ignored by the drunkard.

OUR DUTY.

In face of this ever-present danger, and the social wreckage that is going on around us, surely we, Catholic-Americans, cannot take our stand beside the French sceptic, Jean Jacques Rousseau, and ask: "If the people will do harm to themselves, who has the right to hinder them?" I answer, and you answer, and the great Christian voice of America answers, and the principles of our Constitution answer: Everybody has the right to hinder; for everybody is interested in seeing to it that the people do not misuse its power to inflict wrong upon the individual and society.

THE OPTIMISTIC VIEW.

Fain would we believe, if we could, with an eminent authority, that drunkenness *does not* threaten the ruin of our institutions; that

he tide of intemperance is receding; that its waves are subsiding; nd that we, like soldiers returning from battle, are making a good deal f noise, and "are making the greatest show of courage," because the nemy has turned his back. Would to God, fellow-delegates, we could elieve that such was the case! Would to God we had learned that he enemy was retreating! We know that enemy too well to lull ourelves into any fanciful security. We know that he never yields until e is beaten flat to the ground, and is utterly stripped of his armor and is power. No; my friends, we find that enemy strongly entrenched n the great cities of America to-day; from the by-ways and alleys of hese large cities, festering with vice and misery; from the deathbreathing tenements; from the numerous dens of sin and crime, comes p the wail of anguish and despair from those unfortunates whom the demon of strong drink has bound fast in chains.

OUR WORK BEFORE US.

Our work is, then, before us: To set men free; to make them nderstand the danger that lurks in the intoxicating cup; to help them, s far as we may, to live, according to the instruction of the Apostle, *soberly*, and justly, and godly in this life." And to do this, we must mploy adequate means.

THE MEANS.

What are the means? What the weapons of our warfare? Our novement, as I said, is essentially religious. It must needs be to succeed. Why? Because the object we have in view is a strictly moral one. We are fighting against a moral evil. Hence the means are mainly moral means. And religion, being the greatest of all moral forces, there being no morality without religion, we put it in the first place. The church has taken us under her protection; she puts into our hands the weapons we are to fight with; she has made this cause of total abstinence her own. Under her banner we are bound to succeed. No power on earth can cope successfully with the evils of intemperance save that institution, divine and human, the Church of Jesus Christ. Every foe that has crossed her path, and against which she waged war, has been finally vanquished. She fought successfully against the darkness of Paganism, and gave us the light of a Christian civilization. Everywhere, and at all times, she has opposed, and successfully in the end, human slavery in all its forms. It is only the other day the illustrious Head of the Church, the wise and gentle Leo, issued his letter of congratulation to a Catholic Emperor, on his emancipation of the slaves of Brazil. The church, then, being with us, we cannot fail. With prayer and sacraments, with wise counsel and exhortation, in all sweetness and charity and persuasiveness, we are sure to succeed in the long run.

GUIDING PRINCIPLES.

One of our guiding principles that we must never lose sight of is that, whilst having a great hatred of the vice of drunkenness, we must always have the broadest sympathy for its unhappy victim, and charity for the drunkard-maker. Once more: We are to remember that when men have the honor to fight for a great principle of truth; for that

which helps to make men better and wiser, they themselves must be in the highest right; right, in all the fulness of respect for authority; right, with the humility of love; right, with that keen sense of duty that will not permit them to swerve as much as a hair's-breadth from the path marked out for them. Let us, then, be at all times and under all circumstances humble and full of the spirit of holy charity. "Let us walk as children of the light in all goodness, and justice, and truth;" and whilst going on with this grand work of Catholic Total Abstinence; whilst holding out a helping hand to the weak, and a strong arm to the fallen; the hand of brotherly love and friendship to those struggling against the temptations of strong drink, let us be models of every virtue to our brethren. "And may the peace of God, which surpasseth all understanding, keep our hearts and minds in Christ Jesus." Amen.

MORGAN M. SHEEDY.

About the Mosquito.

THE long cylindrical eggs of mosquitoes are laid in little pockets. In four weeks after hatching the insect passes through its transformations and becomes an enemy to man's comfort. The young mosquito, in the larvæ state, is aquatic, living like fish in ponds, lakes, and stagnant water. It is fish-like in shape, with the head and adjoining parts much enlarged, and breathes by means of a bunch of hairs radiating from a long tubercle at the end of the body and connecting with the internal respiratory tubes. It remains most of the time after coming from the egg at the bottom, feeding upon decaying matter, and is thus very beneficial as a scavenger. Later it becomes very active, jerking up and down in the water, aided by a pair of broad caudal leaves. When observed constantly about the surface of the water, it is a sure sign it is about to assume the full shape and powers of a mosquito. The aquatic animal is seen to crawl on some substance floating on the water — a leaf or bit of twig — give a twist or two, split its covering, and in a short time put out wings and float away. The males, which may be distinguished by their bushy horns or feelers in front of their heads, do not bite. It is the female who gives all the trouble — singing and biting. No poison-gland has yet been found in the mosquito's head, and it is generally thought that the inflammation and swelling following the bite of mosquitoes are due to the irritation set up by their slightly barbed jaws, and perhaps the saliva is slightly acrid. Under the microscope the soft, plastic foot of the mosquito is seen to be freckled. It may comfort those who suffer from the attack of these insects to know that mosquitoes have their personal troubles also, as the microscope often shows vermin on them.

"DEAR me, how close the poor cows are crowded together," she remarked. "Yes, ma'am, but we have to do it."—"Why so?"—"To get condensed milk."

The Murder of an Irish Patriot.

THE death of John Mandeville, at Tullamore Jail, has caused great excitement not only in Ireland but throughout the civilized world. The following is the verdict of the coroner's jury.

DUBLIN, July 29.— The inquest on John Mandeville, the fellow-prisoner of William O'Brien in Tullamore Jail, closed last night with the following verdict from the coroner's jury:

"We find that the deceased, John Mandeville, died on the 8th of July of diffused cellular inflammation of the throat as defined by the doctors, brought about by the brutal and unjustifiable treatment he received in Tullamore jail. We enter our solemn protest against the system of the present government in awarding similar treatment to political prisoners as to common criminals, and the cruel method by which the rules are enforced. We condemn the vile aspersions of Dr. Barr on the doctors who attended John Mandeville in his last illness."

Dr. Barr is the man who was sent from England in the interest of the government to visit Balfour's prisoners and report. It was after his visit to Mandeville that the brave fellow was stripped naked in his cell by half a dozen warders and left there shivering with the cold.

His Widow's Evidence.

The widow of John Mandeville told the coroner's jury the horrifying details of prison torture which her husband had related to her. Nothing has been heard of Russian political prisons more terrible than the cruelty which cut short the life of this gallant Irishman. Unable to swallow the coarse brown bread and water which was his food, owing to the disease of the throat that finally proved fatal, he was forced to adopt the expedient of tying a rope around his waist, tightening it as the pangs of hunger grew more acute. "He told me," said Mrs. Mandeville in her evidence, "that from hunger his mind wandered, . . . and he prayed to God "that he might die rather than go mad."

The Martyr's Funeral.

On Thursday, July 17, all that was mortal of John Mandeville was laid to rest with the dust of his kindred. He was worthy,— says the Freeman's Journal,— of his ancesters who, in the days, fought the "Wolves of the Galtee," as the Kingston family were called ; he maintained their tradition of resistance to injustice and of self-sacrifice for the sake of the defenceless. That was his "crime," which the agents of the government have punished with death by slow torture. There are things of which it is not well to think,— which cannot be thought of without pain,— and one of them is the misrule that commits the truest, bravest, most generous men in the land to noisome dungeons, and which confers the reward of virtue upon every agent and instrument of tyranny, from the evicting landlord to the Emergencyman and the land grabber. Coercion has claimed its victims in the streets, where they were bayonetted or shot, and in the prison cell where they were done to death by slower and more cruel "resouraes of civilization." A year has not yet passed since the market-place of Mitchelstown was reddened with the blood of three man killed by the agents of the law. Again Mitchelstown is in mourning for another one slain. Poor young Larkin dying in Kilkenny, tortured by a painful disease ; John Mandeville stripped naked in mid-winter in his stone cell,— the two tragedies are in Mr. Balfour's view trivial incidents in the history of Coercion. Everything was according to the prison regulations in such cases made and provided, and with a supercilious yawn this Minister of the Crown dismisses as unworthy of notice the foul deed done in his name. As Mr. William O'Brien said, in a few touching words spoken over the grave of his dead comrade and friend, the responsibility for John Mandeville's death is not so light that it can be thus dismissed; and we venture to predict that the name of his victim will ring in Mr. Balfour's ears for many a year to come.

Boston Daily Globe: If any further evidence were needed to establish the fact of murder, the suicide of Dr. Ridley, the jail physician, is enough to convince the most sceptical. When the examination was started Dr. Ridley did not come forward to testify, and when, at last, he was served with a summons, he preferred death to a living disgrace, and put an end to his existence.

Citizens of the United States will please remember that both Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Mandeville were imprisoned for acts which were not crimes a year ago, and which are not even misdemeanors in any other civilized nation on the globe. They talked to the poor tenants; told them to be firm in their refusal to pay exorbitant rents, and counselled them to obey the laws. For this talk they were put into dungeons with thieves and murderers. Mr. O'Brien, having a more vigorous constitution, survived; but Mr. Mandeville was not able to endure the punishment inflicted, and died in consequence of harsh treatment, adding his name to the long list of martyrs who have died in defence of Ireland's cause.

How many more good men will die before the day of Irish freedom, no one can tell. The people are undismayed, and as fast as one hero falls in battle others come to take his place.

The fight will continue as long as English tyranny exists, and as long as there remains a loyal Irishman to defend his unhappy country.

The Anti-Whistling Ditty in Gaelic.*

Fonn. Caithiomh na h-uaithne.

A PHAIDDIGH dhíl, ar eisdis sgeul ta aig eitil ins'an aer?
Gur d-toirmisgthear an fheadaireachd anois i g-Condae Cláir;
Air son grinn mar sin, mo bhuachaill, is doilghiseach béith tu,
Má gabhar thu le na "peelers," míle ó g-Cill-Dá-Lu'.

Ó'n Nuadh Margadh'cois Féarguis, chuaidh seacht bh-fir deag feachd n-aon
Do casadh ortha trí "peelers" dána aig teachd leó féin araon;
Air fheicsin na "peelers" dóibh, d,éirigh a meanmian súas cho h-árd
Gur fheadail siad fá'n t-sluagh ríoghdha mar chuaidh siad thárt.

Din ghluais air aghaidh an taoiseach—fear tairiseach budh é,
'S dubhairt, "mar sin fheadail, 'si coir na ceannairce;
Cual de ghairmibh gheobhfaidh sibh, is béidhidh aig sílt na n-deor,
'S aig feadail chum bhur saoirse, beidh sibh i d-Tulach Mór."

Dhá mheud do cháint an taoiseach, budh lugh' d,airigheadar é,
D, fheadail siad faoi a fhoclaibh feirge, gur bhán a aghaidh fá léith;
D, fheadial siad, faoi a shrón, fonn budh ceannairceach, miochóir,
Noch rinn'an slógh do rínc' le fraoch, lá ud, i g-Condae Cláir!

'Nois caithfidh luchd na feadaireachd' seasadh fá chómhair an chuirt,
Le freagairt os cómhair giuistis smachdóchas iad le buairt,
A bhéirfas ortha le muineul, 's dhéanfas iad i bh-fasg do dhaor',
Gur dhánuigheadar a leithid guilleoga taobh-astigh Condae Cláir.

Féadann tighearnaighe talmhan fheadail chum cíos' nach bh-faghaid go'bragh
Feadann luchd-Oráiste, lá 'liam, a bh-fead tirim do fhliuch';
Agus Balfour — thig leis fheadail le sgrios a churaim ghéir;
Achd is peacadh marbhtha au fheadaireachd taobh-astigh Condae Cláir.

Din, a bhuachaillidhe sheachrán'uile, glacaidh fuagra ó m'aurán,
Fheadail i socair, is feidir libh, i "Chili" no "Hong-Kong,"
Achd cuir' srian air bhur-d-teangaibh,-bidhidh' bhur d-tosd anuair
Tá se n-dán "a peeler" theagbháil taobh-astigh g-Condae Cláir.

M. CARROLL.

Allegheny, Pa.

* The English of this "ditty" appeared in the July issue of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

A Distinguished Irish Jesuit.

A DISTINGUISHED Irish Jesuit, the Rev. Peter Finlay, S. J., who was, until lately, at the House of the Jesuits at Milltown Park, Dublin, is now Professor of Theology at their college at Woodstock, Md. Father Finlay is the brother of the Rev. Thomas Finlay, S. J., rector of St. Xavier's College, Dublin, and editor of the Lyceum. Father Finlay is a native of Cavan, and from his earliest years gave promise of extraordinary abilities. In the prosecution of his studies he had the rare good fortune to have the companionship of a brother whose genius and abilities were if anything more striking and versatile than his own. Both have devoted their lives to the service of the church and the world in the great Order of the Jesuits. Twenty years have passed since then, and the Fathers Finlay have won a world-wide celebrity. Father Tom — as the elder brother is affectionately called — is professor and fellow of the Royal University of Ireland, rector of Belvidere College, and editor of the Lyceum, a monthly journal of high class and superior literary merit. Master of a terse and eloquent pen, his writings on social, economic, and religious subjects have won for him a very high reputation, while his zealous devotion to the best interests of his country have attracted to him the respect and love of the Irish leaders of the present day. Father Peter Finlay, having early distinguished himself in the Irish colleges of his order, was sent to Spain to prosecute his philosophical and theological studies. While there his proficiency in mental, moral, and theological science was a source of wonder to his masters: and on his return to Ireland, in 1882, he was appointed Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in the Catholic University. He held this post but a short time, his superiors preferring to utilize his rare gifts as a preacher. There are but few Jesuit congregations in Great Britain that have not heard, with profit and delight, the eloquent and convincing sermons of this young priest. And it was with sincere regret that the people of the Old Country discovered that this promising Irish Jesuit had been transferred to the American province by the order of the General at Rome. This was done through the advice of Rev. Father Fulton.

Father Finlay preached an eloquent discourse at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Boston, on Sunday the 15th of July.

Important to Those in Charge of Children.

THE Catholic Review: The successor of Father Drumgoole is not merely carrying out the work of that apostle of the poor of New York but he is developing, on lines already laid down, new undertakings, that would have commended themselves to the heart of the founder of Mount Loretto. We shall take an early opportunity of explaining Father Dougherty's plans for building the Blind Asylum, for which Father Drumgoole had acquired, in a bountiful endowment, some provision before his death. Now, we wish to suggest to the heads of institutions the importance of a discovery which Father Dougherty's studies

for this asylum has led him to make. It is the frightful and generally unsuspected extent to which diseases of the eye prevail among the poorer classes of our population. Not satisfied with the examination of the boys in his institution, which is at present sufficient for the State, Father Dougherty has secured the services of perhaps the most eminent oculist of New York to visit them twice every week to examine them and treat their eyes. The result of this examination so far shows that the legislature ought to insist on a similar examination in every juvenile asylum in the State. We trust that our Catholic asylums will not wait for such compulsion, but will at once benefit by Father Dougherty's experience, which is of the most valuable kind.

Blaine's Hit at Massachusetts.

ONE of the objections raised against James G. Blaine was his speech in the Senate on Jan. 22, 1878, wherein he spoke his mind to Messrs. Hoar and Dawes, the Senators of Massachusetts, regarding the action and policy of this Commonwealth during the war with England in 1812. Mr. Dawes had twitted Mr. Blaine, and defied the latter to tell when or where Massachusetts had ever made an unpatriotic record.

MR. BLAINE:—I will tell you; I will tell you now and here. Massachusetts refused to pass and tabled a resolution thanking one of her own naval officers for a victory because it was gained in an unjust war. She refused to thank the gallant and admirable captain of the *Hornet for capturing the British man-of-war, the Peacock.* That stands on your own legislative journals. If you want the record, I can give you more and graver instances until the sun sets, and for a senator from Massachusetts to arise here, and pretend that his State did not bristle all over with unpatriotic records, going clear up to the verge of treason, and, in the opinion of some patriots of that day, stepping one point beyond it, is a degree of bravery which it would have been well to show in the war, and not reserved for this day.

MR. DAWES.—Mr. President, the extent of the offence which the gentleman can bring against Massachusetts in the war of 1812 was that she lacked the disposition publicly to return thanks—

MR. BLAINE.—No, stop right here one moment. Massachusetts refused to allow her soldiers to march beyond the boundaries of her own State, and refused pointedly to the general government to respond to a call for her troops. It was volunteers from Maine that marched beyond the boundaries of Massachusetts. The militia that was under the control of your governor refused to go and were not permitted to go. There is another record for you.

Crime Among the Liberal Professions in France.

THE following statistics, compiled by Mons. de Tayac, are highly significant:

	Persons.	Crimes.	Crimes per 100,000.
Clergy	66,000	2	3
Physicians and druggists	28,758	23	80
Magistrates and civil officers . .	120,385	143	119
Lawyers and business men . . .	28,854	85	225

These statistics conclusively show how virtuous are the lives of the French clergy, and also that it is precisely in those professions in which scepticism most abounds that crimes also are most abundant.

The Fourth of July and England.

EACH anniversary of Independence Day ought to be a renewal of the original protest against English dominations in America. From the great memories then evoked, we should take increase of hostility to the English ideas, against which the thirteen colonies rebelled, and highly resolve that the principles which have come to be recognized as ideally American shall be firmly established and safely guarded throughout this continent.

Let this hostility to England be rational, and not silly and irrational.

If there is an economic question to be decided, let us not be prejudiced to our own cost, because paid agents of interested parties clamor at us that one side is "the English side," and the other side is "the American side."

The real American side of any economic question, like protection and free trade, is the side which gives us the best of the bargain. That is the Yankee view of it. Epithets must not throw dust in our eyes. "Calling it" so does not make it so.

Rational hostility to England means enmity to her bloated Toryism; her institution of class rule; her monarchial system; her aristocracy; her notion of respectability and decency, with its excrescences in the snob, in the flunkey; her oppressions; her centralized and strong government; her commercial avarice, and her political hypocrisy.

We must repress the Anglomaniac nativist as well as the anarchist emigrant. We must oppose her, not in the dress and mannerism of the brainless dude, but in the style of the college professor; in the diplomacy of the Democrat; in the pride and culture of our "first families;" in the wage system established by the factory king; and in the industrial landlordism builded by class legislation.

Here is rational hostility to England and real fealty to America. Here is the spirit of the signers prepetuating the original Declaration of Independence and ringing again the old bell of Liberty.

The Catholic Citizen, Milwaukee, Wis.

Buffalo Bill upon the Indian Question.

THERE could have been no more authentic and valuable witness upon the subject of our Indian policy than Col. William F. Cody, the Buffalo Bill of "the Wild West," and a recent brief paper by him in the Epoch is well worth attention. The Indian, he says, is not revengeful, but, like the white man, he will take every advantage of his enemy in war. He says also, plainly, that there is no such thing as treachery in the Indian character, and there can be no better witness. Col. Cody has one hundred and twenty-five Indians in his camp on Staten Island. They are disciplined, as he says, and as every visitor knows, like an army. His own decision is shown in a story current upon Staten Island in the neighborhood of the Wild West. Liquor had been furnished to some of the Indians at the adjacent saloons, and Col. Cody promptly informed the proprietors that there was a very heavy fine for selling liquor to Indians. "But this," he said, "you probably know. What I

particularly wish to remark is, that if I find any liquor sold to them, I shall turn them loose upon the saloons." His remark has served as an effective prohibitory law.

The colonel says that the constant change of administration is very unfortunate for the Indians. There is an incessant change of treatment, and the Indian naturally becomes confused and impatient, and often unreasonable and suspicious. Undoubtedly their frequent contact with half-civilized whites, and utterly unprincipled agents, disgusts and imbrutes them, and gives them a profound contempt for the "superior" race. The paper in the Weekly a fortnight ago upon Bishop Whipple shows the effect of a sagacious, firm, and honorable treatment, and the bishop's experience is that of Mr. Welsh and others who are sincerely interested in the welfare of the Indians.

Col. Cody warmly approves the policy of distributing land in severalty among the Indians; that is, the plan of giving every man his definite lot of one hundred and sixty acres. The scheme of 1876, that of giving a tribe an immense tract to roam over, and feeding and clothing them until they learned to support themselves, he thinks obviously foolish. It would ruin white men, if it should be applied to them, because it would deprive them of all incentive to work. The Indians are increasing in number, he says, not diminishing, as is generally supposed; and ultimately he thinks that they will affiliate with the white race, like the Cherokees or the New-York Indians. It is very satisfactory to have the views of the most intelligent friends of the Indian confirmed by so competent an observer, who has lived among them, and been identified with them for so long a time.

The Cross.

In 1843 John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts, on the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of the Cincinnati Observatory, said that the observatory should be "a beacon of true science, that could never be obscured by the dark shadows of superstition and intolerance, symbolized by the Popish cross." * He expressed his hope that the cross would never be seen on those heights. And now — such is the irony of circumstances — the site of that observatory is the home of the Passionate Fathers, whose religious dress is conspicuous for a badge of the cross, whose monastery is dedicated to the Holy Cross, and surmounted, as all monasteries are, by the emblem of salvation. Not far from the convent is a church served by the Fathers, which is dedicated to Mary Immaculate, and, of course, cross-mounted.

Clean the Toys.— Infants' toys should be systematically cleansed. The child beslavers the implement several times a day, and leaves saliva in the rattle or whatever, as a culture bed of bacteria. This condition of things goes on till the toy is a magazine of animal poisons to contaminate and re-contaminate the innocent victim of thoughtless inattention.

* J. Q. Adams' father, President John Adams, contributed toward the erection of the Church of the Holy Cross, in old Franklin Street, Boston.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

TWO MAIDENS.

I KNOW a little maiden,
Whom I always see arrayed in
Silks and ribbons; but she is a spoiled and petted little elf,
For she never helps her mother, or her sister, or her brother;
But, forgetting all around her, lives entirely for herself;
So she simpers, and she sighs,
And she mopes, and she cries,
And knows not where the happy hours flee.
Now let me tell you privately, my darling little friends,
She's as miserable as miserable can be,
And I fear she's not the little maid for me.

But I know another maiden,
Whom I've often seen arrayed in
Silks and ribbons, but not always, she's a prudent little elf;
And she always helps her mother, and her sister, and her brother;
And lives for all around her, quite regardless of herself;
So she laughs and she sings,
And the hours on happy wings
Shower gladness round her pathway as they flee.
Now need I tell you privately, my darling little friends,
She's as happy as a little maid can be;
This is surely just the little maid for me.

Harper's Young People.

The Biggest Coward in the School.

"COME, lads, what are we to do this afternoon?" shouted a broad-shouldered, rough-looking boy, as we rushed out of school, one fine summer day, a little before noon. We were to have a half-holiday that day, a most unusual thing with us. But a strange gentleman, dressed as a clergyman, had been to see us that morning, and, after talking for a few minutes with the master, had made us a speech, in the course of which he informed us, that he himself had once been a boy in our very school.

At this we looked at one another in astonishment. Could it be possible that this handsome, clever-looking gentleman, had ever sat at the same desks we were then occupying? And amongst poor rustic boys, such as all of us were? Could it be possible that our small, out-of-the-way village had produced such a man of mark as this one evidently was?

After giving us some kindly words of advice and encouragement, the speaker concluded thus:

"Shall I tell you what boys like, above all things, to be thought of them? They like people to think that they are bold, daring, — heroes, in short. And shall I tell you, also, what boys are too apt to be, in reality? Cruel, — simply cruel; not because they are *unfeeling*, but generally because they are *unthinking*. But cruelty very often goes hand-in-hand with cowardice. At any rate, remember that it is never necessary to be cruel, in order to show yourselves brave. And when a boy refuses to do a mean or cruel thing, don't set him down — as so many boys are apt to do — as a coward. He *may* be as brave as a little lion; in fact, by his very refusing to join in such an action, he may show the best and truest kind of courage."

I fear we were somewhat tired of this long "jaw," as we called it; but the sweet came after the bitter, as it generally does, when the clergyman asked the master to oblige him by giving us a half-holiday that day. Then, after wishing us all good-morning and a merry afternoon, he departed, amidst ringing cheers, leaving with the master a sovereign, to be expended in books for the school library.

After he had gone, the master informed us that our distinguished-looking visitor was the son of a poor laborer of our parish, — who had died before some of us were born, — and that some twenty years ago this very clergyman was the head of our village school.

By dint of his own worth and talents he had worked his way up, till he was now rector of one of the most important seaside towns in England.

"There is an example for you," added the master, with pardonable pride; "and remember, I never knew him to do a mean or unkind thing. Now you may have the rest of the day to yourselves."

Yes; what were we to do? as Brassy had asked.

We call this boy "Brassy," I suppose, on account of his brazen impudence, a feature of his character which nobody could fail to notice after even a very short acquaintance.

It seemed a somewhat difficult question to answer. It was almost too late in the season for bird's-nesting, or we should, I fear, have almost unanimously voted for that amusement. Cricket, as a popular boys' game had hardly reached our remote parish. Bathing was suggested, but it was soon put aside with the remark that we could bathe almost any evening after school.

"I have it," said Brassy at last — "a bird hunting."

"Capital!" shouted several; and in a moment it was settled that this should be our afternoon's employment.

"How many of you will go?" asked Brassy.

Every hand was held up, except in one case.

"What! won't you go, young Jumper?" shouted Brassy with a sneer.

"No," replied the boy who had been thus addressed.

"Why not?" asked Brassy again, in a still more scornful tone.

"Because mother says it's a cruel sport, and because I don't like it myself."

"Oho! mother says it's cruel, does she? Poor little mammy-bird! Go home and suck his thumb, then, there's a good little pet!" said

Brassy, chucking the little fellow under the chin with very unnecessary violence, amid the laughter of the rest of us.

"Do you know who's the biggest coward in all our school?" he asked in a loud tone, as we moved away, leaving the little chap behind. "It's young Jumper; he daren't do anything."

I looked back at Jumper and saw his lips quivering and the tears standing in his eyes, and longed to run back to him, but dare not risk the taunts I should be sure to receive in plenty from the mob of "bird-hunters."

At two o'clock we met, as agreed, at the milestone just outside the village, and each boy proceeded to fill every pocket about him, and even his hat and hands, with smooth, round stones from the heaps by the roadside — "good shiers," as we called them. We then proceeded in a body to one of the many fine, high hedges for which our district was famous. Here we divided into two pretty equal bands, one of which took one side of the hedge, whilst the other party crept through a gap to the other side. We were now ready for action. Keeping abreast of each other, the two gangs moved down the fields — regardless of the fine meadow just ready for cutting which they were trampling down — all yelling and hooting at the top of their voices.

We had not gone half a dozen yards before we startled a bird, which thereupon fluttered along in the hedge for a few yards. A double volley of stones immediately clattered about the poor little creature, and then another and another. The bird was evidently quite bewildered, and seemed incapable of flying out of danger. In a few seconds it dropped to the bottom of the hedge, and was picked up by Brassy amidst the vociferations of the whole party. It was a young thrush, evidently, hardly old enough to fly at all, and was shockingly mangled and battered.

In about fifty yards we sighted another little flutterer, and a similar scene was enacted. Thus we went on for an hour or so, during which time we had killed some score of poor birds, most of them quite young ones. Hardly any escaped. Indeed, how could they? If an unhappy bird attempted to fly out of the hedge, on whichever side, it was at once driven back by showers of stones, and by hats, sticks, feet, and loud hootings.

It was, indeed, as Jumper's mother had said, a cruel sport. Some of us, in our heart of hearts, felt it to be so, I think, though we did not venture to say as much, for was not our village quite famous in the district for its skill in this very bird-hunting? It was quite certain that we were the superiors in this respect of the boys of the neighboring parishes, and we gloried in the fact. So accustomed were we to regard the sport as clever and manly, that few of us really ever considered it cruel, or in any way blameworthy.

We stopped at the end of an hour, as I have said, and this for more than one reason. In the first place we were tired; in the second place, we had used up our stock of stones; but, above all, the portly figure of the farmer, seated on his well-known nag, could be seen in the distance rapidly bearing down upon us. It is needless to say that we disappeared with remarkable rapidity, some through the plantation and down the slope to the canal, others into the "whin" bushes on the

common near, whilst a few swarmed up into a remarkably fine young chestnut tree close by.

I was one of those who, after a few minutes' hard running, found themselves on the bank of the canal. Here, as we were out of danger, we threw ourselves down on the grass to recover breath. We were just in front of a small barge which was moored to the bank. After a little time we noticed that there seemed to be no one on board this barge.

"I'll go and see," said one of our number, jumping up. And accordingly he sprang on board and peered down into the little cabin. "Nobody here at all!" he shouted.

Then one lad, whose father was gardener and general factotum to our village doctor, remembered hearing his parent say that a bargeman's wife had stumbled and broken her arm, and that the man and his wife were coming up to the surgery in the afternoon to have the broken bone set. No doubt this was the very barge.

"I say, lads," broke out Brassy, a bright idea coming suddenly into his head, "let's tow the barge a mile or two further down. Won't it be fun! The chap will have a rare look for his boat. Won't he storm, that's all!"

A gleeful shout was the response to this proposal.

"Let's start at once," sang out several voices together.

"But I say, lads," interposed a boy nicknamed Snipe (we had nicknames for every boy in the village), "what about the woman with the broken arm? Won't it be too bad to ask her to walk a mile or two more?"

"Get out, Snipe, you 'sappy,' why that won't hurt her; besides, the man has his horse. If you don't like the job you can go home, like young baby Jumper," concluded Brassy, with a sneer.

Snipe's scruples could not stand this, so he at once helped to undo the ropes by which the barge was fastened to the stumps of the old willows growing along the canal bank just in that place.

It was agreed that half the boys should get into the barge, "to manage her," as Brassy said, whilst the other half should "haul," that is, to tug at the rope, and so drag the barge along. Of course, Brassy was one of those who were to ride; all the bigger lads, in fact, got into the boat, whilst all the smaller ones were made to "haul."

We soon got fairly on our way, to the delight of all, especially of those on board. It was a glorious afternoon, and there was nobody in sight likely to interfere with our fun. True, the lock-keeper's wife, some two or three hundred yards higher up the canal, had shouted to us to leave the barge alone; but a loud roar of derisive laughter was all the answer she had got, and, turning a corner, we were soon out of her sight. It was an exciting escapade, and we all thoroughly enjoyed it. Brassy especially was uproariously merry, and played a thousand mad pranks. He pretended to be captain of a man-of-war, and gave orders to clear the decks for an engagement; he walked all round the barge as close to the edge as possible, running great risk of falling into the water. He threw overboard a plank, which he secured by means of a rope to the stern, and then got down on to the plank, and thus rode behind on what he called his "gig" quite heedless of the fact that the

plank might at any moment "tip," and throw him into the water, he not being a swimmer either.

We had got about a couple of miles away from our starting-place without meeting a single person to disturb us; but, at this point, we became aware of a great danger threatening us, in the approach, along the towing-path, of a man on horseback. No doubt it was the bargeman himself. Quick as lightning the towing-rope was dropped by us smaller boys, who made off with all speed. Those in the boat were somewhat in a fix, for it was too far from the bank to admit of their jumping on shore, and the man was almost close at hand, and flourishing a most formidable whip. Nevertheless, several boys made the attempt, and succeeded so well that they caught the willow twigs which grew plentifully thereabouts, and, in a moment, the lads were scampering away in every direction. Amongst these was Brassy. Others, who dared not take the leap, were obliged to remain on the barge, and, as the man came up, they commenced blubbering in fine style. However, to their astonishment and delight, he passed the barge without stopping, and kept on his course along the towing-path.

It was now seen that he meant to secure Brassy, whom he rightly judged to be the ring-leader. Brassy soon saw all this, and, hard pressed, began to roar as lustily as it was possible for him to do with the little breath he had left. Like a hunted fox he looked about for the means of safety, but saw none. Just at the last moment, when the flick of the whip fairly clicked within a yard of his shoulders, he found a way of escape. He had just reached the spot where a covered drain ran into the canal, and he remembered how he had often, when a little younger, crept up this drain for quite a hundred yards or so. Without a moment's hesitation, he jumped down the bank, and, in an instant, was fairly inside the drain, and out of the reach of the whip.

It was summer time, and so the brick drain or culvert was as dry as possible. The man was fairly nonplussed for the moment, and Brassy gave a yell of triumph from his subterranean fastness. But the bargeman was not to be so easily baulked, and, after peering into the drain for a few moments, he proceeded to cut a long rod from a hazel bush close by. With this rod he tried to reach Brassy, and would have succeeded, had not the boy squeezed himself further into the drain.

Brassy was surprised to find what a close fit the drain was for him now. The last time he had been up it, some two or three years ago, he had been able to wriggle himself along to any distance; but now he couldn't get a single yard farther. "If he gets a longer stick he will reach me," thought Brassy; "but he can't do much damage, that's one good thing."

At this moment a few drops of rain began to fall, and soon it had become a regular downpour, whilst Brassy was startled by a loud clap of thunder. We boys had not noticed that the sky had become darkened, and that a thunder-storm was brewing. Here it was, however, in all its fury; flash after flash, clap after clap, rain pouring down in torrents.

A loud yell from Brassy was now heard.

"What's the matter?" shouted the bargeman.

"I'm stuck fast," roared the lad; "I can't get back."

"That's awkward," replied the bargeman, with some concern. "You'd better try, my hearty; there'll be some water down this drain in a minute or two."

And the bargeman was right, for at that very moment a tiny stream began trickling out, to the accompaniment of a loud scream from the imprisoned boy.

"Come out!" shouted the man, who now saw the danger of Brassy's situation. "Come out, I won't hurt you; you'll be drowned."

"I can't," sobbed the lad, now fairly terrified. "I can't get either backwards or forwards. Oh! what shall I do?"

The bargeman looked about him in considerable dismay, for the stream was rapidly increasing in size, and the drain was now about a third full, whilst the poor boy's screams were becoming terrific.

"Come here, you lads," shouted the man; "come and help, here's a boy drowning!"

He was apparently addressing nobody, but he guessed that several of us were hiding somewhere close at hand. In a few minutes we had gathered round the fatal drain, which was now half full of water. We looked on in blank despair, being almost frightened out of our wits by the heartrending cries of poor Brassy, which, however, were becoming rapidly fainter.

"Some of you boys creep up and get hold of his foot and pull him out. Quick! some of you. I've tried to reach him with this stick, but I can't. It's only a few yards. Quick!"

But none of us stirred, as the drain was now quite two-thirds of its depth full of water, which was rushing out in great force. Who could venture to face what seemed certain death! So we simply looked on in blank terror. There were no cries from the drain now.

"What! will none of you make an effort to save a mate's life?" said the man, looking round in anguish.

"I will!" said a quiet voice; and, looking up, we saw — whom? No other than young Jumper! He had been taking a solitary walk, it seems, and had come running to this very drain for shelter when the storm commenced. He had arrived just at the same time as ourselves, but we had not noticed him. So, here he was, saying, in a firm and quiet voice, "I will go."

"Half a minute," said the bargeman. "I'll tie this stick to your leg;" and in a trice the end of the rod was firmly lashed to the boy's ankle.

"Keep your head well up, and catch hold of his feet, and then hang on with all your might. I'll drag you both out. Stick to his legs, whatever you do, and we may save him."

Jumper had already disappeared, and we could only watch the rod being rapidly drawn into the drain. At length it stopped, and there was a moment of awful suspense, for the drain was now nearly full. Surely they would be both drowned!

The man stood there up to his knees in water and mud, and when the motion of the stick stopped, he began to pull with all his might. A moment it stuck, then gradually it came, at first slowly, then rapidly, and before we could utter an exclamation brave little Jumper was lifted on to the bank.

And Brassy? Yes, Brassy was there too, his ankles firmly clasped by the arms of his deliverer!

With what a cheer we helped to lift the boys up to the towing-path! But were they alive? It was hard to say. They *seemed* perfectly lifeless. In a moment or two, however, young Jumper opened his eyes, and after staring wildly about him for a moment he said faintly, "Did you get him?"

"Ay, ay," said the man; "you're as brave a little chap as I have ever seen;" and he turned to give his attention solely to Brassy, who as yet showed no signs of life.

But the bargeman did not despair. He placed him on his back, and commenced rubbing his hands smartly, occasionally working the boy's chest to stimulate, or rather simulate, breathing. He was not new to this sort of thing, our friend the bargeman.

To our great joy Brassy soon showed that he was alive, and he was shortly afterwards able to sit up and thank young Jumper, who, as he was soon informed, had rescued him from certain death.

And this was the "biggest coward in the school!"

LAP-DOGS.

THE dog is a noble, intelligent, and faithful animal.

So natural history assures us; and we have been taught from our youth up, along with the Ten Commandments and the Catechism, that there is no species of creation quite so intelligent as the dog, unless we may except man. So, of course, it must be so. We haven't a word to say against the dog. He is here. He has come to stay. He is taxable property, and the revenue he yields goes to pay for the sheep he kills and to help to swell the public funds.

It is true that there are some little disagreeable things attending the keeping of dogs sometimes. They will test the calves of strangers; they will bring all the bones and old shoes in the neighborhood up on your front lawn; they will race cats over your flower-beds; they will run mad and bite; but hydrophobia is not their fault; it is their misfortune. We don't suppose there is a dog living who especially hankers after hydrophobia.

Dogs are handy to have around. They are supposed to keep off tramps. They absorb the surplus heat from the kitchen fire, and teach the cook to control her temper when she has to step over one at least forty times a day, and guard against stepping on his tail, or take the consequences. They will eat up all the refuse meat and bones, and sigh, like Oliver Twist, for more. A dog is nice for the children — "healthy for 'em," we have heard old folks say. You want a dog to pull stray boys out of the pond when they fall in. You want one to hunt up babies left in baskets out in the snow. You want one to put on the track of your husband when he goes out evenings to attend to a little business matter and brings up at the corner grocery. You want one to help the other dogs in the neighborhood to do the barking at night. You want one for thousands of purposes; but, most of all, a dog is useful as a lap ornament.

He must be tied to a string, and you must hold one end. In order to do this properly, you must be a woman. When a man attempts it, observers never can tell which puppy is doing the leading.

A woman leading a lap-dog, in company or on the street, is always an inspiriting and refreshing spectacle. We have seen one too feeble to lift her baby pass half a day in the dry-goods store, pulling a wretched pug around among the lower limbs of multitudes of shoppers, and rescuing him from destruction among dogs, and street-cars, and frantic cabs, with the courage and address of a Diana.

A woman who can handle a dog skilfully on a crowded city street is mistress of strategy. If she can keep him from sniffing at the fur-lined circulars of the ladies and the seal coats of the gentlemen, as if he scented muskrats, she understands the science.

If she can keep him from growling and scratching when he discovers a package of beefsteak in the pocket of some thrifty workingman who is taking home his supper in its crude state, she has proved herself an efficient trainer.

There may be some people who dislike dogs carried round in company, but they have to bear it. There is no law against it. If a woman wants to tie herself and a lap-dog together, who's to hinder? If she wants to wipe his dear, little, sweet, cunning nose on her embroidered handkerchief, and scent him with ottar of roses, and blanket him with silk and velvet, and put gold collars around his neck, and wear crape when he dies, and bury him with honors in the family tomb — let her do it! We are not going to lose any sleep on account of it. It is one of the privileges of a free country.

THE DUKE, THE CAT, AND THE BUTTER.

Duke Carl, of Wurtemburg, was a great hand at a practical joke in his younger days. Once he called at a farm house and asked the farmer's wife, who was churning, for a drink of milk. She did not know her visitor, but went away to fetch the milk, when the Duke seized a cat which was lying near and threw it, together with a ducat, into the churn. When the woman returned he drank the milk and walked away. A year later the same prince entered the house in different dress and again asked for a glass of milk, and inquired whether some one hadn't once secreted a cat in her churn. The farmer's wife laughed and said, "Oh, yes; and I wouldn't mind his doing it again at the same price." — "What did you do with the butter you were churning then?" — "Oh, I sent it to the palace, where they take all my stuff."

"Now, Lizzie," said a rural mother to her daughter, who was about to make her first visit to the city, "when you git to your Uncle John's house you must keep your eyes open, like I did when I was there, so's not to make any mistakes and appear green. And I tell you now that you mustn't pour your coffee out into your sasser and blow it like us old-fashioned folks does here at home; no, Lizzie, you must blow it in the cup, and don't eat pie and pertaters and such things with your knife; use a spoon. I'd be dreadful 'shamed if I thought you'd make any mistakes 'fore your uncle's folks."

Harper's Bazar.

CHILDHOOD'S CAPACITY FOR SUFFERING.

A CHILD enjoys himself more heartily, when he does enjoy himself, than an older person does. That everybody admits. A child suffers at heart more keenly, when he does suffer at heart, than does an older person. That is not recognized by everybody. A child's power of enjoyment is made proverbial. A child's power of mental suffering is hardly thought of by the world generally. Now and then the deliberate suicide of a child, because of some little disappointment to which an adult would hardly have given a second thought, startles the community and is spoken of as a very remarkable occurrence. Yet as a matter of fact and as a matter of course, a child's intenser sensitiveness gives it the same added power of suffering as of enjoyment, and the little ones about us have a harder time of it in the days of their childhood, than we know anything about—save as we remember our childhood, and retain more or less of its freshness in our maturer years. We say that we "take things more philosophically as we grow older," which is only another way of saying that we grow tougher hearted. But even if this be the case with ourselves, let us remember that the little ones, who lack our measure of philosophy, deserve, therefore, a larger share of our sympathy. It is good to have the light-heartedness of a child. It is hard to have the heart-racking sorrows of a child.

EXERCISE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

IT is useless and worse to persist in claiming that physical exercise for men and women should be alike in degree or kind. In happy sexless childhood boys and girls may indeed be allowed the same diversions and muscle training; but when their lives begin to separate by development of sexual instincts (and it is marvellous how early these occasionally manifest themselves), it is no longer practicable nor right to insist upon a similarity of exercise for dissimilar structures. Neither by nature nor by training are men and women alike; and every attempt to make them so in physical capacity only acts injuriously upon the weaker sex.

THE ROSARY MONTH.

OCTOBER is the month of the Rosary. All our little readers know what the Rosary is, and most of them are in the habit of saying it. This devotion was taught by our Blessed Lady herself to St. Dominic. When we say the Rosary with devotion, we offer, as it were, crowns of roses from the gardens of our hearts to her, that she may lay them at the feet of her dear Jesus. In the joyful mysteries these roses are white; in the sorrowful mysteries they are crimson; and in the glorious ones they are golden. These lovely flowers the church asks us to offer with special devotion during this month; and as October is also the month of the Guardian Angels, we will try to please our good Angels by giving them these roses to give to Mary for Jesus.

For Liquor Drinkers.

THE Redemptorist missioner, Father O'Shea, in a recent sermon, laid down these six points for the guidance of persons who use intoxicating beverages, and who are inclined to drink to excess:

1. Whosoever drinks deliberately to such an extent as to lose his reason, commits a mortal sin.

2. Whosoever knows by past experience that when drunk he is accustomed to blaspheme or utter improper language, or to injure others about him, besides the sin of drunkenness, is guilty of those crimes committed during the state of intoxication.

3. Whosoever does not adopt the proper means for the correction of this vicious habit of drunkenness remains in a continual state of sin.

4. Whosoever entices and urges another to excess in drinking, who he foresees will be intoxicated, commits a mortal sin.

5. Any seller of liquor who continues to supply liquor to any individual that he knows will become intoxicated therewith commits a mortal sin, because he deliberately co-operates in the grievous sin of another.

6. Whosoever is guilty of excess in drinking, though not to intoxication, in such a way as to cause distress to his family by squandering that which is needed for their support, commits a mortal sin against charity and justice. In like manner, whoever thus renders himself unable to pay his lawful debts, although he may not drink to intoxication, commits a mortal sin.

A WITTY LAWYER.

A GOOD story is told of Pettigrew, of South Carolina, the great lawyer and unionist. He was practising at one time before a judge who was a Presbyterian of the straightest sect, and a very hard-working officer. It came to be Maundy-Thursday, and Pettigrew and the Episcopalians and Catholics thought they would like an adjournment of court over Good Friday. Pettigrew was selected to make the motion. "Your honor," he said, "I desire to move that the court adjourn over to-morrow."—"Why should the court adjourn over to-morrow when the docket is so crowded?" asked the Judge. "Because," said Pettigrew, "to-morrow is Good Friday, and some of us would like to go to church."—"No," said the judge, decidedly after a moment's thought, "the court will sit to-morrow as usual."—"Very well, your honor," replied Pettigrew, adding, as he turned away, "I know there is a precedent, for Pontius Pilate held court on the first Good Friday."

CLEAR.—"You say the coat is three shillings?"—"Tree shillin'," mine fren'."—"And you warrant it all wool?"—"All wool except de puttons and de putton-holes."—"Ah! But how can you afford to sell an all-wool coat at three shillings?"—"Mien fren,' I doan vonder you vas surbrised; vy de vool in dot goat is vorth more as tree shillin', so help me Moshes."—"Then you lose money on it?"—"Mien Gott! you mages me dired. But, mien fren', I tell you von leettle segret, und doaned you gif it avay. De fleeces on de packs of dose sheeps vot grew dot vool vas MISFITS, und haf to pe sold at great reductions!"

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1888.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

Crops in Ireland.

A LATE number of the Dublin Freeman's Journal says: Except in the counties Dublin and Meath in the case of cattle, and in some other places in that of pigs, infectious diseases among stock seem to have disappeared. The outlook, therefore, as we said before, is cheerful as far as our crops, stock, and dairy produce are concerned. It is no doubt to be deplored that social circumstances prevent so many of our farmers taking advantage of such a good season, that so much of our land is lying waste and unoccupied, and that the youth and strength of our rural population is flying the country. However, repining does not help matters, and it is always better to look on the bright side of things. The season, though late, is good, and if the rain now ceases and we get a spell of warm weather, as we probably shall, we will, as far as our crops go, have little reason to complain. This should cheer the citizen as well as the countryman, the artisan as well as the farmer, the shopkeeper as well as the agriculturist. For the prosperity of the one immediately tends towards that of the other, the social chain having the strength only of its weakest link.

Return of an Exile.

MR. CHARLES UNDERWOOD O'CONNELL sailed from New York for Ireland on the 8th of July. After seventeen years of enforced exile, Mr. O'Connell revisits the Green Isle, for whose independence he, in 1865, staked his life and liberty. This time he takes with him a fishing-rod and a hickory cane, instead of the sabre and pistol he carried smuggled away in his baggage in 1865, when he went to "levy war upon her Gracious Majesty, the Queen." On his first return to his native shores, he was arrested in the Cove of Cork, and sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude. In 1871, he was released on condition that he would spend the balance of his term of sentence outside the British dominions. This term has now expired, and Mr. O'Connell goes back to see the old land, and hunt up some of his early friends and associates. Mr. O'Connell will spend a couple of months in Ireland, and then in London and Paris, returning to New York by Oct. 1, to resume his duties as chief clerk of the Naturalization Bureau of Common Pleas. He is visiting Ireland simply for health and pleasure, and does not anticipate any trouble.

MR. WILLIAM HENRY HURLBERT has just ready a study on Ireland, entitled Ireland Under Coercion.

REV. GEORGE PATTERSON, for the past twelve years an assistant at St. Patrick's Church, Boston Highlands, has been promoted by Archbishop Williams to the important charge of St. Bridget's Church and parish, in Abington. Fr. Patterson is a hard-working priest, and has endeared himself to the parishioners of St. Patrick's Church by his kindness of heart and the zeal with which he has prosecuted his labors at the Highlands. The parishioners of St. Bridget's are very much pleased with Father Patterson, and have given him a hearty and united support. The

people of his late charge presented Father Patterson with a purse of seventeen hundred dollars.

Powderly Advises a Boycott.

In a letter to the Journal of United Labor General Master Workman T. V. Powderly calls attention to an alleged "corner" in coffee, and advises abstention from its use until the corner is broken. He says: Boycott coffee. Do not buy one ounce of it until the reign of plunder is at an end. Go to your grocer and tell him not to invest in a pound of it, and ask him to watch for the turn of the tide in New York. To do as I suggest will work no injustice to the men from whom you buy your groceries. Do not buy coffee, but buy something else in its stead; and when you do invest in coffee again have the article you invest in analyzed to see if it has not been tampered with and adulterated, and then trace the adulteration until you find it, and you may be sure you will trace it to the action taken in the Coffee Exchange of New York. Mechanics, laborers, miners, farmers, and Knights of Labor generally, practise a little self-denial for a time, and break the corner in coffee by refusing to buy it. Let us test the law, and see if we will be arrested for boycotting an article made too dear by rogues who boycott the best interests of the people.

"We yield to no one in the intensity of our feeling for the condition of the Irish people, and we have no more earnest desire than to see them at length in the enjoyment of that peace and prosperity which they have so well deserved." — Pope Leo XIII.

Two years ago, at the Philadelphia Convention, the C. Y. M. N. Union voted down a resolution advising its members not to visit saloons. At its late Convention, in Cincinnati, it revoked this vote and made this record:

Resolved, that the C. Y. M. N. U., in the interest of Catholicity and temperance, condemns drinking in the saloon as the principal source of intemperance, and as giving to the liquor interest an influence which is subversive to all good government.

An exchange says the way to determine a Catholic in good standing is by the following questions:

Does he pay for a seat in church?

Does he send his children to the Catholic school?

Does he belong to a church society?

Does he take a Catholic magazine or paper?

In lieu of the first question we would ask:

Does he contribute to the support of the altar as his means permits, no matter whether it be in paying for seats or in donations to his pastor? Then, if he answered yes, you may be assured he can be relied upon as a Catholic in good standing.

The religious who attended the last days of the Emperor Frederick were the Sisters of St. Charles Borromeo. These nuns were from St. Joseph's Convent in Potsdam, not from St. Hedwige's Hospital, in Berlin, as was asserted. But among them was Sister Hedwige, who was by birth a Princess Radziwill. The Germania says, that not only the venerable Empress Augusta, but also the widowed Empress Victoria, and her late august husband, were warm admirers and patrons of both the Sisters of Mercy and the so-called "Gray Sisters."

The Western Watchman says, that an impression prevailed at the St. Louis Convention that Thurman was a Catholic, for he was often referred to as "the noblest Roman of them all."

The now historical bill for the abolition of slavery in Brazil deserves record, as much for its elegant brevity as for its far-reaching consequences. The entire law was as follows: Art. I. — Slavery is abolished in the Empire of Brazil from the date of the present law. Art. II. — All dispositions to the contrary are abolished. Five days sufficed for the bill to pass both Houses and receive the imperial sanction (May 8 to May 13).

Sir Arthur Sullivan has undertaken to write the incidental music for Mr. Henry Irving's forth-coming revival of Macbeth.

Bluenoses, Britishers, Orangemen, Etc.

THE Republic: Some persons may imagine that the audience which filled Faneuil Hall on the evening of the 11th, and cheered the bigoted fanatics who discoursed fustian from the platform, was an American audience. It was not. It was no more an American audience than if it had been called for in Singapore or Valparaiso. It was a motley throng of Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Nova Scotians, with just a sprinkling of that Yankee element that is contemporary with Millard Fillmore, and stubbornly resists the invasion of intelligence. Hissing the name of Gladstone! What American audience would stultify itself by so doing? The foreigners gave themselves dead away when they impudently hissed that thrice-honored name. No American audience would salute Gladstone's name, under any circumstances, with anything but plaudits. After all, the gang of howlers who disturbed the dusty rafters of the Cradle of Liberty, on July 11, have only attracted attention to their own imbecility and puling stupidity. Let them howl! They are like the professional beggars of Naples,—tolerated, but not to be encouraged.

A Miracle at St. Ann's.

ON the 4th of July there was a pilgrimage from the county of Arthabaska, Can., of over twelve hundred people. There was a boy five years old, from Kingsey Falls, who came with his parents. He did not walk for over two years, and carried his little crutch. He left it at the shrine of St. Ann, and came home perfectly cured. He had an abscess on his leg. He was running around the cars as smart as any child of his age coming home. His parents were overjoyed to see their little boy cured. Several people saw him, going down, and then saw him running around, coming home. To vouch for the same, his father's name is P. Bedard.

Gaelic Sports on Sundays.

THE Most Rev. Dr. Logue, Bishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland, speaking after a confirmation in St. Peter's, Drogheda, said: "There should be no drink at wakes, and wherever this rule was not observed the clergy should not officiate at the interment, nor should the sacrifice of the Mass be celebrated for the deceased. Concerning Gaelic footballing, his Grace remarked that he was an ardent lover of all Gaelic athletic exercises in proper season; but he very much feared that the continued absorption of the Sunday for these sports was not conducive to religion or proper observance of the Lord's Day.

Collections at the Italian Church.

THE collection for improvements in the Italian Church on Prince Street, North End, which was started by Very Rev. Father Boniface, O. S. F., now provincial of the Franciscans, and was continued by Father Athanasius, realized the sum of $1,425. The sum of $400 was collected by Miss Mary McFarland, who received a set of bronzes and a marble clock, the gift of the Emperor of Austria to the party collecting the largest sum. Mr. Bacigalupo, who returned $85, received the second prize, a plush easy chair.

MONSIGNOR AZARIAN, the patriarch of the Catholic Armenians, having succeeded in his efforts to induce the return to his fold of the renegade members of that rite, has extended his labors among the Gregorian Armenians, and, according to estimates made, the extraordinary number of those who have followed his exhortations, and have become converted to the church, has reached thirty thousand. That is during the past six months alone, and what may be accomplished in the future remains to be seen. Whole villages have, in a body, returned to the church—have forsaken the standard of the Greek patriarch.

A TRAVELLER, who came over from Antwerp, assured the New York customs officials that his trunks contained only articles of personal wear; but, to make sure, the officers took a look into them. They found 328 pairs of ladies' kid gloves, 51 pairs of men's gloves, 52 pairs of silk gloves, 326 pairs of cloth gloves, 236 silk neckties, and 20 pairs of suspenders.

Charitable Bequests.

THE late Daniel McCool, in his will, filed in the Suffolk probate office, makes the following public bequests: Five hundred dollars each to the Home for Destitute Roman Catholic Children, the House of the Angel Guardian, St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, Camden Street, the Little Sisters of the Poor, to St. Elizabeth's Hospital on Brookline Street, to St. James' Roman Catholic Church on Harrison Avenue, and the Working Boys' Home; the sum of seven hundred dollars is given to the Catholic University, at Washington, D. C.

THIRTY years ago a manufacturing firm in Manchester, Conn., made up an immense lot of bandanna hankerchiefs for A. T. Stewart, of New York, and he refused to take them, on account of some defect. They were stored away until the other day, when they were put upon the market, and sold readily. The same firm is now making one thousand dozen bandannas a day, and cannot supply the demand.

THE spires of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, are nearly completed, their height being, when finished, three hundred and thirty feet, which is forty-four feet higher than the spire of old Trinity (Episcopal), in that city.

The Red Bandanna in Church.

THE congregation in a small town in the western part of Minnesota were not a little surprised, when they had settled in their pews, to see staring at them from the wall back of the preacher's desk the following card, written with charcoal on a piece of white cotton cloth: "Members of this church will refrain from wiping their foreheads with red bandannas during services until the next presidential election, as such an act would encourage Democrats to cheer for Grover Cleveland and prove a serious interruption to the divine service. George Squires, Pastor." It isn't hard to gauge the religious character of congregations, where such measures are deemed necessary for the suppression of political exuberance in "meeting." George Squires, pastor, is one of the Burchards who are assisting to tumble the log cabin on the Hoosier in November.

CHARLIE (walking out with his sweetheart) — "Now that we are in the country, darling, we can tell our little love stories without fear of being overheard." — Mabel — "Hush, Charlie! You must remember that even corn has ears."

The O's Ahead!

THE Spanish statesman who, in the new Cabinet formed by Senor Sagasta succeeds Gen. Cassola, is Gen. O'Ryan, whose name has, for many years, been a household word in Spain. Like the late Marshal O'Donnell, like Gen. Prendergast, and like the celebrated Donohue, who spelled his name phonetically Donoju, Gen. O'Ryan is a descendant of one of those noble companions of Sarsfield's who emigrated from the Green Isle when the Treaty of Limerick had been broken. Gen. O'Ryan first distinguished himself under O'Donnell in the Moorish war of 1860, when he fell wounded in one of the battles. He has belonged to the Spanish army for over forty years, and after the Revolution of 1868 was cashiered because he would follow the juvenile Infante Alfonso into exile, instead of accepting promotion that was offered him. Of course, after the restoration, he was reinstated by the young king, whose military tutor he had been.

BALTIMORE is a seaport town of county Cork, situated on a small bay of the Atlantic, forty-seven miles southwest of Cork. Population, one hundred and sixty-eight. Has quite a coast trade. Baltimore, Md., is said to have taken its name from this little village.

IT used to be the boast of non-Catholics, that so long as they had the public schools, they had no fear of the increase of Catholicity. That is the secret of the opposition to the parochial schools.

THE Michigan Catholic is sound on the Irish-American vote.

Thanks for America.

THE following resolutions were passed at a late meeting of the Irish parliamentary party, Mr. Parnell presiding: "That we desire to convey to the Legislature of the State of New York the expression of our appreciation of, and indebtedness for, their public indorsement of the cause of the Irish people by the reception accorded to Sir Thomas Esmonde; and so long as the people of Ireland are deprived of those rights of self-government which the people of the Empire State enjoy, so long shall we rely upon the good-will of the Legislature of New York to regain them." "That we express our deep appreciation of the honor conferred upon our representative, Sir Thomas Esmonde, M. P., by the Senate of the State of New York, and that we tender to that distinguished body in return this testimony of our gratitude." Similar resolutions of thanks have been passed to the House of Representatives of the State of Virginia, the Senate of Virginia, the House of Representatives of Texas, the Senate of Texas, the Congress of Mexico, and the Senate of the Republic of Mexico. At the same meeting resolutions were adopted, thanking the Irish National League of America, and the Irish Parliamentary Fund Association of America, for the aid they have rendered to the Irish cause.

THE quinine habit is gaining strength every day. Dizziness, that you hear innumerable people complaining of in these days, can be traced to excess in the use of quinine. The good effects, that it is nearly always certain of, are lost by excessive doses. Too much quinine will also produce congestion of the ear and vibration of the auditory nerve. The growing habit of taking quinine for neuralgia and other like ailments, without consulting a physician, is altogether reprehensible, and may lead to very serious results. Many cases of deafness are produced by over doses and long continued use of the drug.

THE well-known jeweller, Mr. WILLIAM B. PARAZINA, 32 Hanover Street, announces extensive additions to his stock, which, always complete, will henceforth be unsurpassed by any in the city. We would especially invite the attention of our city and suburban readers to his admirable assortment of wedding rings. Mr. Parazina, moreover, has a full line of watches and mantel clocks. As hitherto, he proposes to sustain his wide-spread reputation for standard jewelry and sterling bargains. We know not of any dealer in the business whom we could more confidently recommend.

Statue to Lacordaire.

THE fruit of Lacordaire's genius is the heritage of Christendom. All Catholics will be glad to learn that on the 23d of September a marble statue of the illustrious Dominican will be inaugurated in the Court of Honor of the College of Sorreze, Tarn. It was in this institution that the great preacher was gathered to his fathers on the 22d of November, 1861, at the age of fifty-nine, eighteen months after his election to the French Academy. The statue, which is the work of Girardet, represents Lacordaire in the robes of a Dominican, beside him being a youth of fifteen, a student of the College of Sorreze. On the occasion of its inauguration an address will be delivered by the Duc de Broglie, who, it may be taken for granted, will do justice to the noble character of the learned Dominican.

THE three emperors of Europe, who are preparing to meet each other, represent the three great divisions of Christendom. The Emperor of Germany is a Protestant; the Emperor of Russia is a Greek-Catholic, and the Emperor of Austria is a Roman Catholic.

Catholics a Century Ago.

As to the number of Catholics, we have information given in a letter of Marbois to Vergennes in 1785. "The number of Catholics in the United States merits, in fact," he says, "the attention the Holy See gives to it. There are in New England about 600; New York and New Jersey, 1,700; Pennsylvania and Delaware, 7,700; Maryland freemen, 12,000, slaves, 8 -

000 — 20,000; in the States of the South 2,500; at the Illinois, at Caskaskia and several other settlements, purely French, on the Mississippi, 12,000; total, 44,500."

Owe No One.

"SHUDDER to owe a dollar," says Father Carr in his oration at Notre Dame. "Debt corrodes self-respect. It ruins the life of an honorable man. Be honorable in the discharge of your duties as citizens. Each one has equal responsibility to sustain law and order, and to uphold the government. You will hear it said that the Catholic Church is opposed to the free institutions of this country. That is not true, and you must show that it is not true by your patriotism and active interest in what concerns the welfare of the country.

Vice-Rector of the Catholic University.

IT is stated on good authority that Rev. P. J. Garrigan, the pastor of St. Bernard's Church, Fitchburg, Mass., has been tendered the vice-rectorship of the new Catholic University. Should the reverend gentleman accept the position, we know of no one in the country who could fill the place better than Father Garrigan. He was born in county Cavan, Ireland, in 1841, and came with his family at an early age to this country. His boyhood was spent in Lowell, Mass., where his family still reside. He made his ecclesiastical studies at St. Charles' College, Ellicott City, Md., and at St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, N. Y. He was ordained priest in 1870, and was the first priest received into the new diocese of Springfield, Mass., by its first bishop, the Rt. Rev. P. T. O'Reilly. Father Garrigan's first appointment was to St. John's Church, Worcester, where he stayed two years. He then became director in St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, N. Y., and held that responsible charge for three years. In 1875 he was placed in pastoral charge of St. Bernard's, Fitchburg. A friend says of him: "He has done wonderful things here during the thirteen years of his pastorate. He came here and found great needs to fill. There is now a well-organized parish, a large, beautiful church, a flourishing school taught by the Presentation Nuns, valuable church property, and preparations making to establish asylums and charitable homes. Father Garrigan is a most zealous priest and an able financier." He is further known as a foremost worker in the cause of Catholic total abstinence. At one time president of the Springfield Diocesan Union, he is at present treasurer of the C. T. A. Union of America. Father Garrigan is an able preacher; and has all the traits of character which would insure his success in the office to which he seems providentially called.

Working Boys' Home.

OUR LIBRARY — We have just received from Mr. Thomas B. Noonan, of the firm of Thomas B. Noonan & Co., a gift of one hundred volumes, carefully selected by the gentleman himself, for the use of the boys in the home. This gift forms the nucleus of a Home-library, which has been a long-felt want in our institution, and we now have well-grounded hope that it will soon assume proportions commensurate with the demands that will surely be made upon it, — wherein an abundant supply of wholesome literature for the boys may always be found. Donations of books, magazines, etc., to our library will be gratefully received, and promptly acknowledged.

THE Puritans began to punish the Quakers in Boston, for their religious belief, in 1655. Severe laws to punish them were passed in 1656. In 1658 several were hanged. The same year three were whipped and had their ears cut off. In 1677 several were imprisoned and fed on bread and water. Other persecutions followed.

THE appointment of Bernard (or Barney as he was familiarly called) McGenniskin to the police force, in Boston, September, 1851, created quite a sensation. He was the first police officer who received an appointment on the force. He was Irish, you know.

IN Boston, June, 1631, Philip Radcliff had his ears cut off for impiety.

Boasting of their Conversion.

THERE is a certain class of people, not very numerous, but somewhat loud, who are inclined to talk grandiloquently on the subject of "my conversion," as though "my" were an event of vast importance to the church, to the world at large, and to Almighty God. Such people are not much more than half converts. They would do well to bear in mind the memorable saying of a really great convert, Dr. Brownson: "I brought nothing into the church but my sins."

GEN. PHIL SHERIDAN paid a visit to Boston in October, 1867.

Two Famous Irishmen.

IT is a strange coincidence that the only two men who were ever elected to represent three different States in Congress were Irishmen. Gen. James Shields, the hero of the Mexican War, represented Illinois, Missouri, and Minnesota in the United States Senate. At the time of his death in Missouri, a few years ago, he was a poor farmer.

Matthew Lyons, a famous character in Revolutionary days, was elected to Congress from Vermont, Kentucky, and Arkansas. He was a native of county Wicklow and Shields was born in Tyrone. Gen. Shields was the only man who ever defeated Stonewall Jackson. When a young man, Gen. Shields and Abraham Lincoln, who afterwards became President, were rivals for the heart and hand of a young woman and came near fighting a duel, it is said.

MICHAEL DAVITT proposes Dadbahai Naoroji, a Hindoo resident of London, and a gentleman of independent means and Home Rule sympathies, as a candidate for Parliamentary representation in Ireland. Mr. Naoroji was prominent in the Nationalist movement in India for a recognition of the native element in the administration of the law. It is altogether probable that Mr. Naoroji will be chosen.

LADIES TO THE FRONT. — Mrs. Labouchere has made her first appearance as a political speaker. She addressed a Liberal meeting in a London suburb the other night, and produced an effect which rivalled the successes of Mrs. Henrietta Hodson, the actress. She is an accomplished elocutionist and moved the hearts of her auditors when she related the thrilling, truthful episodes of an eviction scene, where she had to take a babe from its mother's breast. Mrs. Labouchere is an Irishwoman, and all her sympathies, as those of her husband, are with the suffering and oppressed.

A Card to Paragraphers.

GENTLEMEN, candidly and honestly now, did you ever really and actually know of a —

Man who threw a bootjack at a cat?

Woman who hit her husband with a rolling-pin?

Dog that bit the seat out of the beau's trousers?

Ice-man who was rich?

Boy who was allowed in the parlor to ask disagreeable questions of callers?

Wife who took away her husband's latchkey?

The Pope's Sound Doctrine.

BY a cable from Rome we learn that the Pope's encyclical on liberty says: "Human liberty, in individuals as in societies or governments, implies the necessity of conforming to a supreme rational law which emanates from God. The church is not an enemy of honest, legitimate liberty, but is an enemy of license. It condemns false liberalism or naturalism which declares that there is no supreme law, and that every one must form his own faith and religion. Such doctrine tends to destroy the consciousness of the difference between good and evil, between justice and injustice, and makes force the sole basis of society. The church is not an enemy of democracy and rejects no form of government."

THE flag of the United States under which Andrew Jackson and Winfield Scott fought, in the war of 1812, consisted of fifteen stripes and fifteen stars. The original idea was to add both a star and a stripe for every new State; but in 1818 a New-York Congressman named Wendover, suggested that at the

rate the United States were growing the tallest pine tree in Maine would not make a mast tall enough to hoist the flag upon.

An Irish farmer, Thomas Fenelon by name, came to this country some months ago, and put up at one of New-York's hotels. Business kept him around town and he picked up a few acquaintances which seemed to be pretty good fellows. He had a draft for eight hundred and ten dollars on the British Bank of North America, and he thought it was very kind for one of his new-found friends to offer to have it cashed and placed to his credit in the bank. Instead of leaving the money on deposit to Fenelon's credit, the fellow pocketed the money, and the Irish farmer now sees that his confidence was misplaced.

On Certain Carelessnesses.

As it is said that most of the mischief in the world is made by fools, so it might be said that most of the mischief to the human body, resulting in disease, has its origin in carelessness. The world, from a physician's standpoint, suffers not so much from active wrong-doing as from passive ignorance and indifference; its most fatal sins are sins of omission. In babyhood, for instance, the nurse omits to give the nursing bottle just the one more thorough and final rinsing which insures its perfect cleanliness; a film of milk remains behind to become the nucleus of an uncleanliness, which, in its turn, may become the germ of disease. The mother omits to insist on the formation, in earliest youth, of those wise and exact habits, which are, later, the very bulwarks of physical health. The child taught to breathe invariably through the nose, with well-closed lips, will avoid, in great measure, those diseases of the throat and nasal passages, which make the thin and discordant voice of the average American a jest to the rest of the world. The child taught to brush the teeth carefully, after each meal, will have small occasion in after life to haunt the dentist's torture-chamber. The child taught to take the cold sponge-bath, every morning, as a matter of course, can dare an occasional draught or wetting without the certainty of the dreaded New England "cold." The child taught to place himself, for reading or writing, in such wise that the light falls over his left shoulder on the page, and never from the front, may laugh at eye-glasses till his hair is gray. The habits of youth are the safeguards of age, and the carelessness which has let the opportunities for forming them wisely slip by unused, may sob out its repentance by many a sick bed.

Of the carelessnesses of middle life there is no end. To neglect the putting on of warm underclothing until the first chill has been felt, and the first cold of the season has settled upon one; to neglect the immediate changing of wet shoes or stockings, and the brisk rubbing of the dampened feet with rum or diluted ammonia; to neglect the taking of food at regular hours, because one is "too busy;" to neglect the taking of the occasional vacation, which relaxes the strain that is going to end in nervous prostration or apoplexy by and by — all these neglects, in a few years, or in many, write an epitaph that reads, "Died of carelessness." It is as true in the physical sphere as in the moral that it is the little foxes which spoil the vines.

Catering as an Art. — In one of our late numbers we called attention to the fact that we did not have sufficient public caterers in this big city of ours to do justice to the vast population that dwells in it. Now the hot summer is upon us we must have something in the shape of ice-creams and cool beverages to cool our thirsty throats; and we must have some nice delicate cake, charlotte russe, and wine jelly, for the weak and infirm amongst us. In this city we have Mr. P. Kelly, 41 Charles Street, Boston, who is an artist in this line, and has made it his study for years to supply picnics, church, fairs, and wedding parties with everything in the above line, as well as private families, at specially low prices.

The Episcopalians, who made such a stir about the conversion of the alleged "Mgr." Bouland, are silent about the defection of Rev. Mr. Maturin, pastor of the Ritualistic

church in Philadelphia, who was received into the Catholic Church recently. Mr. Maturin was one of the ablest and purest men in the ranks of the Episcopal ministry. There is no need of an investigating committee to whitewash his character.

GOOD ADVICE DOES NO HARM. — Under the above heading we advise all our readers, who have any law business to transact, to call on our distinguished young lawyer, John P. Leahy, Esq., Attorney and Counsellor at Law, 3 School Street, Boston. You will find him prompt and attentive to business in every department. Favor him by a call.

Georgetown, the Oldest American College.

THE commencement of Georgetown College took place in the presence of the President and many other distinguished people. At the banquet of the alumni, which occurred at the Arlington in the evening, the annual oration was delivered by J. Fairfax McLaughlin, of New York. The centennial of the College takes place next February, and the orator chose this subject for his theme, claiming for Georgetown College greater antiquity than that of any other seat of learning in the United States, including Harvard, the oldest of them all. He supported the claim by original documents, showing that Rev. Father Poulton, an associate of Lord Baltimore, who founded the American colony, established a Jesuit college on the site of the present city of Washington in the year 1638.

Husband who fainted when he heard his wife's mother was coming?

Man who was shot for playing cornet or accordion?

And if so, where do these people live?

POTATOES were introduced into Boston by the Scotch in 1720.

THE "Jesuits' estate," in Quebec, comprises eighteen lots of land, in all 616,500 acres. In the district of Montreal, they own 48,000 acres; in Three Rivers, 439,000; and, in Quebec, 115,500.

The Lemon.

FEW people know the value of lemon juice. A piece of lemon bound upon a corn will cure it in a few days; it should be renewed night and morning. A free use of lemon juice and sugar will always relieve a cough. Most people feel poorly in the spring; but if they would eat a lemon before breakfast every day for a week, with or without sugar as they like, they will find it better than any medicine. Lemon juice, used according to this recipe, will sometimes cure consumption. Put a dozen lemons into cold water and slowly bring to a boil; boil slowly until the lemons are soft, then squeeze until all the juice is exhausted; add sugar to your taste and drink. In this way use one dozen lemons a day. If they cause pain and loosen the bowels too much lessen the quantity and use only six a day until you are better, and then begin a dozen a day. After using five or six dozen the patient will begin to gain flesh and enjoy food. Hold on to the lemons and still use them freely for several weeks more. Another use for lemons is for refreshing drink in summer, or in sickness at any time. Prepare as above directed, and add water and sugar. But in order to have this keep well, after boiling the lemons, squeeze and strain carefully; then to every half pint of juice add one pound of crushed sugar; boil and stir a few minutes more until the sugar is dissolved, skim carefully, and bottle. You will get more juice from the lemons by boiling them, and the preparation keeps better.

A New Remedy for Tapeworm.

DR. HARRIS, of Simla, calls attention in the Lancet to the value of the fruit of the *Embelia ribes* for tapeworm. He states that the drug has for the last five years been used extensively, not only by the natives, but also by the Europeans, with great success. The dose of the pulverized fruit is from one to four drachms, which should be given in the morning with milk. The fruit has an aromatic taste, and is about the size of a pepper seed. According to Dr. Dymock, they have recently been exported in large quantities to Germany, where they are said to be used as the chief ingredient of several

patent tapeworm "specifics." The drug is said to heighten the color of the urine.

Laying the Corner-Stone of a Parochial School.

THE impressive ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the new parochial school in St. Thomas' parish, Jamaica Plain, Boston, took place on the afternoon of the 22d of July. Owing to the inclemency of the weather, the procession was omitted, and, after the blessing of the corner-stone, the attendant ceremonies took place in the church. The officiating prelate was the Right Rev. Matthew Harkins, D. D., Bishop of Providence, R. I., who was assisted by Very Rev. W. Byrne, Vicar-General, and Rev. Fathers Bodfish, McNulty, Metcalf, Blenkinsop, Collins and Magennis.

There was a large attendance of the reverend clergy. The building is to bear the name of our glorious Pontiff, Leo XIII. It is located on St. Thomas Street, corner of Woodman, and extending to Jamaica Street. The building is 68×61 feet, and will have, at either end, hall and staircase, 33×13 feet. On the basement floor there will be, for the boys, a gymnasium, 60×30, with reading-room and library adjoining. In the basement, the girls will have their music room, sewing room, and cooking school. On the first floor there will be four class rooms for the girls; on the second floor, four class rooms for the boys. On the third floor will be a parochial hall, which will seat six hundred and fifty people, and will be fitted up with stage, ante-rooms, ticket office, etc. The school will accommodate about four hundred children, and will be in charge of the Sisters of St. Joseph, who, for the past fifteen years, have taught the existing schools of the parish. An excellent parochial school for girls has existed for over twenty-five years past on the grounds of the Academy of Notre Dame, Roxbury; but St. Thomas, Jamaica Plain, was the first parish in the Highland District to provide parochial schools for both boys and girls. They were opened by Father Magennis in 1873, and placed under the care of a band of Sisters of St. Joseph, from St. Joseph's Convent, Flushing, L. I. The schools prospered, and the community increased. Candidates sought admission to the sisterhood, and the convent at Jamaica Plain became the mother house for the Sisters of St. Joseph in the Archdiocese of Boston, and remained such until 1885, when the mother house was removed to the Fresh Pond property, Cambridge, now adapted to conventual uses, under the name of Mount St. Joseph's. From Jamaica Plain the Sisters of St. Joseph went out to take charge of schools in the Gate of Heaven parish, South Boston, and in St. Mary's, Stoughton. Since the removal of the mother house to Cambridge, the Sisters have been placed as teachers in the parochial schools of St. Joseph's, Amesbury, and St. James, Haverhill.

The address of Father Conaty, delivered on this occasion, will be found elsewhere.

GEN. PHIL. SHERIDAN still lives. He is nursed by two devoted Sisters of Charity, who accompanied him from Washington to his summer residence.

The Great Cardinal.

ON Sunday, 15th July, his Eminence Cardinal Manning, Archbishop of Westminster, completed the eightieth year of a great and beneficent life. The venerable prelate stands out prominently amongst the foremost men of the time, a notable figure. Sweetness and strength and noble devotedness to lofty aims, distinguishes him, who, oppressed by the weight of years, labors all the more assiduously for the glory of God and the good of his fellow-man, because his time here below must be brief.

O'Brien Wins his Suit.

THE libel action of William O'Brien, against the Cork Constitution, has resulted in a verdict in favor of Mr. O'Brien for one hundred pounds damages. He claimed five thousand pounds. Mr. O'Brien left Cork for Dublin. A great crowd assembled at the railway station to see him depart, and much enthusiasm was displayed. Mr. O'Brien, speaking from the train, said he considered the verdict in his libel suit a death blow to "Parnellism and Crime."

Good for a Tory.

An amusing story is told by a writer in the Leeds Daily News. He says that before Mr. Parnell appeared in the flesh on Wednesday, to confound the people who had been saying he was dead, one of the Conservative members, a fine old crusty country gentleman, was much excited by the news. He wanted to know when and where it had happened, and a great many other things that nobody knew. He met a fellow M. P. "Have you heard the news?" he asked. "Parnell's dead."—"Oh, that's all nonsense," was the reply. "I happen to know that he isn't."—"How do you know?"—"Well, I've just seen him, and he says he isn't."—Pooh!" was the reply. "Parnell would say anything!"

Boston Daily Globe: "The British government, that used to be held up for admiration as the most humane on earth, stooping to torture its political prisoners to death! For shame! Poor Mandeville!"

Buffalo Catholic Union and Times: "The Englishman, Goldwin Smith, when glibly prating, last Fourth of July, upon commercial union between the United States and Canada, said:

"'Annexed by commercial blockade, Canada would be almost as recalcitrant and disaffected as she would be if annexed by military force. You do not want a Poland or an Alsace-Lorraine.'

"And yet this same individual would 'annex' Ireland 'by military force' to England; and, by bludgeon, bullet, and prison, would make that unfortunate island the bleeding Poland of the seas."

The Illustrated London News, for July, is profusely illustrated. The defeat of the Spanish Armada, in 1588, is well illustrated. Price, only 10 cents.

St. Patrick's New Church, at Fall River, Mass., was dedicated Sunday morning, July 22, by Bishop Harkins of Providence. The church is located on South Main Street, is built of Fall River granite, and is one of the handsomest church edifices in New England. Its seating capacity is fourteen hundred, and the structure cost about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars and has no debt. The pastor is Rev. T. P. Grace, formerly of Newport, R. I.

Sister Mary Francis Clare, foundress of the Sisters of Peace, now established in Jersey City and elsewhere, but best known to our people for her literary, benevolent, and patriotic work in Ireland as "the Nun of Kenmare," has published a statement denying the malign report that she had left the Catholic Church. She has simply resigned, by physician's order, her position as Superior of the Sisterhood. Her physician certifies that further business care and annoyance will bring on heart disease.

Good.—It has been announced in the Catholic churches in Lawrence, Mass., that during the past two years, fifty-one thousand dollars has been paid to the depositors in the Augustinian Bank, whose suspension five years ago caused such a sensation. The priests are working hard to pay all the depositors, and confidently hope to clear off every cent of liabilities.

It is rumored that the President is likely to appoint Mr. W. J. Onahan, recently removed from the office of City Collector by Mayor Roche to be Postmaster of Chicago. We trust the rumor may prove true.

Rev. Father Lowney was the recipient of a purse containing eleven hundred dollars, presented by the parishioners of St. James parish, this city. Father Lowney was well entitled to this mark of esteem.

Mr. Parnell says in the Pall Mall Gazette that the proposed new bill will provide, I imagine, for the retention of the Irish members in the Imperial Parliament, while leaving the Irish Parliament at Dublin free to control the affairs of Ireland. After Ireland has had some experience of Home Rule, the Scotch will probably require to have their Parliament at Holyrood, but they will certainly insist upon their continued representation at Westminster.

Father Conaty's Address.

WE give the admirable address of Father Conaty in this issue of our MAGAZINE. The reverend gentleman kindly revised the copy published in the daily papers. It is an excellent reply to the opponents of the parochial schools and to the blatant blatherskites who held forth at Faneuil Hall and Tremont Temple in this city.

DUBLIN Freeman's Journal: It is rumored that the young Duke of Newcastle has become a Catholic. He is only twenty-four years of age. His mother and sisters are Catholics, and it is added that a certain American young lady has joined her very powerful influence with theirs to bring about the young duke's formal adhesion to the Catholic Church. The young nobleman was during his teens under the guardianship of Mr. Gladstone, who was an old friend of his father's. He succeeded to the dukedom when he was fifteen. He has been an extreme Ritualist, and has built a costly church in his ducal park for the Ritualists. In the event of his really becoming a Catholic this edifice will be consecrated to Catholic worship.

The Empire Route to the East.

THE above article, which has lately appeared in the Dublin Review, is of great interest to residents of the States. DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE will give this important paper in its next issue.

MRS. ARTHUR, the wife of a member of the committee of the Rochfordbridge, county Westmeath, Branch of the National League, has given birth to three sons, who respectively have been christened Charles Stewart Parnell, William O'Brien and Michael Davitt Arthur.

HUMAN liberty in individuals, as in societies or governments, implies the necessity of conforming to a supreme rational law which emanates from God. The church is not an enemy of honest, legitimate liberty, but it is an enemy of license. It condemns false liberalism or naturalism, which declares that every one must form his own faith and religion. Such doctrine tends to destroy the consciousness of the difference between good and evil, between justice and injustice, and makes force the sole basis of society. The church is not an enemy of democracy, and rejects no form of government.—Leo XIII

Worse than Dynamite.

HARDLY a month passes but we read of terrible explosions, and loss of life from natural gas.

One writer has raked up Chinese history, wherein it appears, that away back in the time when the famous Chinese wall was building before the use of gas walls was discovered, a terrible explosion took place.

The big wells in some way got the start of the little ones, so that enormous volumes of air were sucked down into those subterranean magazines. When the air reached certain proportions, the whole thing went off like a leaky gasoline stove. The result was horrible in the destruction of lives. The same writer predicts similar conditions underlying the great natural gas belt of this country, from Toledo, through Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky, whereby that whole vast region might be ripped up to the depth of fifteen hundred feet, leaving a chasm for the waters of the great lakes to pour down into, blotting out every living human being in this now densely populated valley from the face of the earth. That writer might easily have shown further, that throughout our whole country not only in densely populated regions and cities, but in country and village houses as well, natural gases far more dangerous than is found in the lake regions, are carrying off not only "pig-tail" Chinamen, but our own families and friends, during the hot waves of July and August.

Scores of people are dying daily from typhoid fever, diarrhœa, dysentery, cholera-morbus, and infant summer complaints; all caused by poisonous gases and ferments, far worse than hydrogen gas or dynamite in their explosions. Fortunately this latter danger can all be averted, by the use of a simple, old-fashioned remedy, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, used internally, as explained in a pamphlet sent free to any one, by I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass. No matter if you have used this remedy before, it will pay you to get a bottle and read the directions, or send for the pamphlet just to learn how to use it economically.

THE Festival in aid of the Carney Hospital takes place on the 3d of September, at Mechanic's Building, Huntington Avenue. The principal object is the addition of a new wing for consumptives.

THE engagement is reported of one of New York's greatest belles to Sir Thomas Henry Grattan Esmonde of Ballynastragh, county of Wexford, Ireland, who has lately visited this country as the Home Rule envoy. The lady, on her father's side, has a strain of Irish blood in her veins, so that there would seem to be a certain fitness in the match.

BOSTON was incorporated into a city in 1825, with a population of 58,277.

The Ave Maria.

THE current monthly part of the Ave Maria begins a new volume. It is begun auspiciously. There is a frontispiece illustration of the Madonna and Child, and the leading article, one of great interest and value, is On Devotion to the Blessed Virgin in the Primitive Ages of Christianity. Miss E. L. Dorsey's absorbing story, Desmond's Inheritance, is continued, and Charles Warren Stoddard contributes a highly interesting sketch, descriptive of life at the Franciscan Mission, in California. There is an important paper on The Roman Congregations, by Father Lambing, a charming sketch by Katharine Tynan, An Instruction on the Christian Life, written by Leo XIII. when Archbishop of Perugia (now for the first time translated into English), etc. The shorter articles are of great variety and interest, — several of them, as one would naturally expect, referring to the Blessed Virgin. The Readings from Remembered Books, this month, are carefully selected, and will be read with delight and edification. The poetry is by Edmund of the Heart of Mary, C. P., Mary E. Mannix, William D. Kelly, Angelique de Lande, and other well-known writers. Notes and Remarks, and Notices of New Publications, with a number of bright stories, sketches, poems, etc., for younger readers, make up an eminently readable number of this popular magazine.

A "Dangerous" Catholic.

From the Martha's Vineyard Herald.

WHEN we read about the Catholic being a dangerous element in the republic, we wonder whether the timid authors of these tirades ever think of the sick hero of Nonquitt.

THE Catholics of the United States will join with us in offering our best congratulations to Cardinal Manning on the completion of his eightieth year. His Eminence was born at Totteridge, Hertfordshire, on July 15, 1808.

SINCE the death of Rev. Joseph F. Gallagher, of Newburg, Ohio, Right Rev. Bishop Gilmour has been endeavoring to procure the services of a priest who could hear confessions in Irish. Most Rev. Archbishop McEvilly, of Taum, Ireland, was written to, and from that famous diocese, comes Rev. James Quinn, who arrived last week, and is now stationed at the Cathedral, in Cleveland. Father Quinn is a graduate of the Irish College, at Paris, and spent six years on the mission in the archdiocese of Tuam, part of the time in the wilds of Connemara. He is a native of the county Mayo, and a thorough Irish student.

ANDREW JACKSON, inaugurated President of the United States in 1829. Visited Boston in June, 1833. He died June 8, 1845, aged seventy-eight years. He was of good old Irish stock.

A DISPATCH from Valparaiso states that Col. William R. Roberts, United States Minister to Chili, has been stricken with paralysis, at the capital of the Andean Republic, and that his recovery is despaired of. It will be remembered that Gen. Kilpatrick, who previously served as United States Minister in Chili and Peru, died there under almost similar circumstances. The many friends of Col. Roberts, throughout the United States, will sincerely pray that so sad an event, in the providence of God, may be averted in his case.

MR. L. W. REILLY, of the editorial staff of the Catholic Review, has resigned his position and will retire to some mountain country in the South, and there devote his time to literary work. We regret that Mr. Reilly's health is not the best, and he goes West or South to recuperate. The position he occupied on Mr. Hickey's papers is open to him whenever it may please God to restore him to health. An article from his pen appears in this issue of our MAGAZINE.

O'Brien.

IN reply to the question as to whether he intended visiting America, this year, Mr. O'Brien said: I am so profoundly impressed with the absolute necessity of continued material and moral support from America, in

order to insure the success of our cause, that, if the case against me in the court should break down, I shall, with Mr. Parnell's consent, start for the United States as soon as I possibly can. If, in this supreme crisis, our friends in America will stand to us,—as I know they will when our case is put before them,—I am as confident as I ever was of anything in my political life that we will hunt Balfour, landlordism, and the Castle out of Ireland."

THE Sovereign Pontiff, who, in the month of March last, gave half a million francs to the Propaganda, has just bestowed a similar sum on that institution. This new gift of Leo XIII. attests the extreme importance which the Holy Father attaches to the development and extension of the civilizing work of the Missions.

What Royalty Costs.

THE following table contains the amount of public moneys that have been received by the royal family of England up to the time of Her Majesty's jubilee last June:

	Name.	Amount.
1.	Princess Augusta	$1,980,000
2.	Landgravine of Hesse	2,675,500
3.	Duke of Sussex	3,770,000
4.	Princess Sophia of Gloster	1,330,000
5.	Princess Sophia	2,610,000
6.	Queen Adelaide	6,000,000
7.	Duke of Cambridge	5,570,000
8.	King of Hanover	5,330,000
9.	Duchess of Gloucester	3,275,080
10.	Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz	554,200
11.	Duchess of Kent	4,485,000
12.	King of Belgians	1,367,000
13.	Prince Consort	3,950,000
14.	Princess Alice	640,000
15.	Duke of Albany (and widow)	940,000
16.	Prince of Wales (and wife)	17,061,000
17.	Empress of Germany	1,395,000
18.	Duke of Edinburgh	1,359,415
19.	Princess Helena	780,000
20.	Princess Louise	630,000
21.	Duke of Connaught	1,675,000
22.	Princess Beatrice	210,000
23.	Duchess of Cambridge	1,110,000
24.	Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz	660,000
25.	Duke of Cambridge	3,125,000
26.	Princess Mary of Teck	765,000
27.	The Queen	143,455,000
	Total	$216,702,195

Another Good Work.

THE Catholic Total Abstinence Union of Philadelphia has taken steps to establish a labor bureau for the benefit of unemployed members of the Union. The success attending everything the Union undertakes promises that this will become a big institution in the near future, and that it will widen its field in the interest of the servant girls of our race and religion. Boston should have something of this kind.

Their Ages.

A COINCIDENCE occurs in the ages of the Presidential and Vice-presidential nominees, in that both Thurman and Morton are older than Cleveland and Harrison. Of the four, Cleveland is the youngest. The President was born in New Jersey in March, 1837, and he is consequently fifty-one years old. Harrison comes next. He is fifty-five. Morton was nine years old when Harrison was born, and is now sixty-four years of age. Thurman leads them all. He was born in 1812, and Time has cut seventy-four notches on his stick of life.

One of Our Contributors.

MR. T. H. MURRAY is gracefully complimented by the Connecticut Catholic. The Connecticut Catholic [Hartford], under date of July 7, has the following editorial notice:

"The article on the Irish in Connecticut, which appeared in a recent issue, has attracted wide-spread interest. Originally published in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, it forms one of the most valuable contributions that has appeared for many a day. The press of Connecticut has very favorably commented upon the article, and made it the basis of numerous editorials on the increase of the Celtic element. We want more of such articles; with the same healthy tone we would soon hear less of the "glorious Anglo-Saxon," and similar lugubrious fallacies. Interest in the article naturally leads to interest in the author, Thomas Hamilton Murray, who is, at present, night editor of the Bridgeport Morning News. He has resided in Connecticut about a year having come here from Boston. As an authority on ethnology, genealogy, and early American history, he stands, perhaps unexcelled. In the line of bibliography his attainments are also of a high order." It then continues and gives an interesting biographical sketch of Mr. Murray.

Notes on Recent Publications.

"Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting, and profitable books."—*Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

BOOKS.

FAMILIAR INSTRUCTIONS OF REV. MOTHER McAULEY, founder of the Order of the Sisters of Mercy.

These valued instructions, with the imprimatur of Very Rev. Philip P. Brady, V. G., of St. Louis, are now in print for the first time. The editors, on their part, have spared no pains to render the volume, in every way, acceptable; and, though addressed to Sisters of Mercy, it is replete with instructions suited to Religious in general. The book being intended for Religious only, it is humbly requested that these will order a sufficient number of copies to defray the expense of publication. In one volume, bound in cloth, red edges, 75c., net (exclusive of postage). Please address your orders to Convent of Mercy, Morgan and Twenty-Second Streets, St. Louis. Mo. The book is to be had only at the above place. Also, THE POPULAR LIFE OF CATHARINE McAULEY, late edition, suitable for Premiums and Sunday-School Libraries, at $1 per copy.

THE NEW SUNDAY-SCHOOL COMPANION, Containing the Catechism, Devotions, and Prayers for Church, School and Home; Hymns, and simple music for Mass and other solemnities.

Published by Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago. 244 pages. Price, retail, 25 cts. By the hundred, $15.

THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC HISTORICAL RESEARCHES, published quarterly by Martin I. J. Griffin, editor and proprietor, 711 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Price, $1 a year.

This July issue is an interesting number, and filled with good matter interesting to every Catholic.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE HON. AND RT. REV. ALEXANDER MACDONNELL.

First Catholic Bishop of Upper Canada and (incidentally) of other old residents of the province. "Gather the fragments lest they be lost."

Williamson & Co., Toronto, Ontario.

TARIFF CHATS. By Henry J. Philpott. "When, therefore, thou doest alms sound not a trumpet before thee."

Can be had of John F. Dowd, Hyde Park, Mass.

SIXTEENTH ANNUAL CATALOGUE of the teachers and pupils of Chauncy Hall School, 259 Boylston Street (near Dartmouth, Boston), 1887–1888.

Containing also sketches of the school work and of the general management. Published by David Clapp & Son, Boston. We direct attention to the advertisement of this long-established and excellent school in our advertising pages.

THE Baltimore Publishing Company, Baltimore, Md., will publish, about Aug. 15, an entirely new edition of Father Ryan's Poems. It is printed from new plates, and otherwise improved in style, and contains a memoir, many beautiful songs which have not heretofore been printed, and many new and fine illustrations. This compliment to the poet-priest will, no doubt, be appreciated by the many admirers of the "sweetest voice that ever was raised in behalf of the faith and clime he loved so well."

MUSIC.

White, Smith, & Co., Boston.

Vocal: "Guide to the Better Land," Quartette, by E. H. Bailey. "Magnificat," by Caspar Ett. "Joy shall e'er be thine," Male Quartette, by C. A. White. "Madeleine," Song, by same author, for Tenor or Soprano. Also same arranged for Mezzo, or Baritone, and Cornet accompaniment. "Resolve to be Merry," Serio-comic Song, by Harry Birch. "Look from out thy Window," Serenade, words by Ambrose Davenport, music by Louis Gregh. "Three Cheers for Cleveland," Song and Chorus, by J. M. Munyon.

Instrumental: "Casket of Pearls," by Paul Keller, comprising No. 1. "Dress Parade March;" No. 2. "The Primrose Waltz;" No. 3. "Bewitching Fairy Polka;" No. 4. "Hearts Delight Schottishe;" No. 5. "The Harvest Dance Polonaise;" No. 6. "The Merry Boatman Barcarolle." "Cradle Song," arranged for piano, by Theo. Oesten. "Po-ho-no Waltzes," by E. H. Bailey. "Victor Grand

March," for Banjo, by Geo. H. Dobson. "Valse Brilliante," by Moszkowski. "Violin Studies," by E. H. Kayser. Book 3. "President Cleveland's Victory March," by C. A. White "Bride's Song," from "Wedding Music," by Adolf Jensen, arranged for Piano-forte by Edward Lassen.

Fifty Million Acres.

In the House of Representatives a yea and nay vote on the passage of the Land Grant Forfeiture Bill resulted in yeas, 177, nays, 8, so the Bill passed. The first section of the substitute provided that all lands heretofore granted by Congress, to any State, or to any corporation, to aid in the construction of a railroad and telegraph line "opposite to, and coterminous with, the portion of any such road," not constructed and completed within the time specified in the act making the grant for the construction and completion of the whole of such railroad, are declared forfeited to the United States, and restored to the public domain, with the exception of rights of way, depot and machine shop, grounds and lands within towns.

Irish laces are coming into use again. There have been some ecclesiastical lace pieces made by the art students in the Irish schools during a competitive trial for the prizes for making a set of jubilee laces as a presentation to Pope Leo XIII. The first prize was won by a class in the Convent of Poor Clares at Kenmare, the second by the young women students in the Metropolitan and Cork Schools of Art. The Irish lace workers of this period are producing the finest flat needle points in stitches and designs, which prove the high artistic feeling and genius of the Irish people. Many of these late Irish laces are said to rival the finest raised points of Venice or Brussels, or the filmy fineness of Chantilly or Mechlin laces.

Death of a Well-Known Publisher.

Michael R. Gately, of 198 Warren Street, Boston Highlands, died at his summer residence on Jerusalem Road, Cohasset, Mass., at noon on the 26th of July, from paralysis, with which he was stricken while bathing at Pleasant beach, the evening previous. Mr. Gately was born in Dorchester about forty-six years ago, and received his education in the Boston schools. For the past twenty years he has been in the book publishing business; being at the head of the firm of M. R. Gately & Co. of Boston, with branch houses in nearly all the large cities in the country. He was a member of St. Joseph's parish, Boston Highlands, and of the Catholic Union. He leaves a widow and two children, one of twelve years and the other of seven months.

Foreign Substances in the Eye.

Nine persons out of evey ten with a cinder, or any foreign substance in the eye, will instantly begin to rub the eye with one hand while hunting for their handkerchief with the other. They may, and sometimes do, remove the offending cinder; but more frequently they rub until the eye becomes inflamed, bind a handkerchief around the head, and go to bed. This is all wrong. The better way is not to rub the eye with the cinder in at all, but rub the other eye as vigorously as you like. A few years since I was riding on an engine. The engineer threw open the front window, and I caught a cinder that gave me the most excruciating pain. I began to rub the eye with both hands. "Let that eye alone, and rub the other eye" (this from the engineer). "I know you doctors think you know it all; but if you will let that eye alone and rub the other one, the cinder will be out in two minutes," persisted the engineer. I began to rub the other eye and soon I felt the cinder down near the inner canthus, and made ready to take it out. "Let it alone, and keep at the well eye," shouted the doctor *pro tem.* I did so for minute longer, and, looking in a small glass he gave me, I found the offender on my cheek. Since then I have tried it many times, and have advised many others, and I have never known it to fail in one instance, unless it was as sharp as a piece of steel, or something that cut into the ball, and required an operation to remove it.

OBITUARY.

—"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

REV. JAMES E. O'BRIEN, pastor of St. Peter's Church, Cambridge, Mass., died suddenly at his home on Concord Avenue, shortly after seven o'clock on the evening of July 23d, of apoplexy. Physically Father O'Brien was a picture of perfect health, and by his friends was regarded as one having a long lease of life. The day previous those who saw and spoke with him say that he never appeared to better advantage. About a year ago Father O'Brien was confined to his bed with gastric trouble, and at one time was so dangerously ill that his life was despaired of. He pulled through, however, although his sickness had cost him something over sixty pounds of good hard flesh. During the past winter and spring he had regained not only the lost sixty, but several additional pounds, so that at his death his weight would not fall short of one hundred and eighty pounds. The news spread very rapidly over the parish, so that within a very few moments after he had passed away crowds of his parishioners had flocked about the parochial residence. Father O'Brien was born in Boston in 1843. The funeral took place on Thursday, July 26, and was attended by a large concourse of people. When a boy he assisted as an altar boy in the Old Cathedral. Graduating from the English High School, he entered Holy Cross College, whence he took the degree of A. B. in 1866. In the fall of the same year he entered the Seminary at Troy, N. Y., where he was ordained in 1869. His first work in the ministry was as an assistant to Father Purcell at Pittsfield, whence a year later he was removed to St. James' parish, Boston. Pittsfield at that time belonged to this diocese, the Springfield diocese not having been then formed. When he came to St. James' parish Rev. Father Healy, now bishop of Portland, Me., was pastor. Father O'Brien was next transferred to Jamaica Plain, and later to Randolph. In the later place he was appointed a pastor and for four or five years officiated with marked success. He had endeared himself to his parishioners to such an extent that on his removal to Cambridge to succeed Father Doherty in August, 1877, some of them followed him to his new field.

When he took charge of St. Peter's parish there was a debt of over thirty-five thousand dollars upon the church and the church property. At the present time that debt has been reduced to twenty-five hundred dollars, about thirty-three thousand dollars having through his management been paid off in a little more than ten years.

Among other things which he had in contemplation, in the near future, was the erection of a parochial school, having announced that the first collection for that purpose would take place in August.

Father O'Brien's friends are numbered among the ten thousands, and comprise alike Catholics and Protestants.

THE FUNERAL.

The funeral services over the remains of Rev. James F. O'Brien took place from St. Peter's Church, morning of the 26th. Many priests were present from different part of New England. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Thomas A. Magennis of Jamaica Plain, with Rev. Lawrence Morris, of Brookline, as deacon, and Rev. P. A. McKenna, of Marlboro, as master of ceremonies. At the conclusion of the Mass, Rev. Richard J. Barry of Hyde Park, delivered an eloquent oration, every allusion to the dead priest plainly touching the hearts of his faithful parishioners. There were noticed among the vast audience Mayor Russell and members of the Cambridge City Council; Rev. Mr. Spalding, of Christ's Episcopal Church, Cambridge; Edward Ball, of East Cambridge ; Hugh Malloy, principal of the Randolph High School. Hundreds of Catholic and Protestant ladies and gentlemen occupied seats in the body of the church, many of whom were on most intimate terms with the deceased. At the close of the services the remains were taken to Holyhood cemetery at Brookline, and deposited in the family lot.

SISTERS.

THE death of Mother Xaveria Fallon, late Superior-General of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin, is announced. The sad event took place in Loretto Abbey, Rathfarnharm, Dublin. Mother Xaveria Fallon (sister of Mr. John Fallon, Ballygar) was born Feb. 6, 1832, and was in her fifty-seventh year.

Mr. O'Kelly Arrested.

MR. JAMES J. O'KELLY, the well-known journalist and Member of Parliament for the North Division of Roscommon, was arrested in London, "for offences under the Crimes Act." The arrest has caused general surprise. He is so quiet a member in the House, and so universally popular, that the news that he had offended Balfour's delicate feelings was quite unexpected.

WESTERN Watchman: Fulton should lose no time writing another book; this time on "Why Baptist preachers should not marry so much." Last week a returned Baptist missionary, for whom a number of churches were competing, signalized his entrance upon his labors in the home vineyard, in Nova Scotia, by eloping with the richest and most accomplished "sister" in Halifax. It was his second escapade in six months. His business in Halifax was to attend a Baptist convention, and warn his unsophisticated brethren of the dangers to Protestant morality resulting from the growing strength of Rome. These vultures are flying very low all over the country this season, and the young chicks and goslings with rich papas should be kept under strict parental surveillance.

ACCORDING to the Board of Trade returns just issued, 7,340 persons emigrated from Ireland during the month of June, bringing up the total for the beginning of the year to 47,695.

BOSTON Transcript: The Irish question is to England what slavery was for a long time to the North. It thrusts its unwelcome presence, unbidden, into the halls of Parliament, and stays there in some form so as almost to preclude any business of a different nature. . . . It is an irrepressible subject that no power or government can keep from rising to the surface. This will be so until England does justice to Ireland.

THE Rev. Dr. Hassan is on his way to Rome, where he is to take up the post of Vice-Rector at the Irish College, vacant by the migration of Mgr. Verdon to Sydney, to take charge of the new college which is being established by Cardinal Moran at Port Jackson. Dr. Hassan made his ecclesiastical studies at Rome with great distinction. For some time past he has been President of St. Columb's College, Londonderry, which he brought to a state of great efficiency, as proved by the high honors won by its alumni in the examinations of the Royal Universities, and the Intermidate Education Board.

ST. PETER'S ORPHAN ASYLUM, Lowell, is now completely out of debt, thanks to the unwearied exertions of the Rev. Michael Ronan, his assistants, Fathers McManus, McKenna, and McDonough, and the generous people of the parish. The gross receipts of the recent fair for the asylum were $12,500, which, when expenses were deducted, paid off the mortgage of $11-000, and the floating debt of $456.35, and left a balance of $34.65 to the credit of the institution. St. Peter's Asylum, Lowell, is the second Catholic asylum in Massachusetts absolutely free of debt. The other is St. Vincent's Asylum, Boston.

THE CORNER-STONE of the O'Connell Memorial Church, Cahirciveen, to the erection of which national edifice the Very Rev. Canon Brosnan, parish priest of that district, has been devoting himself with such energy, was laid on the 1st of August. The Most Rev. Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel, preached on the occasion.

WHILE in Louvain, Archbishop Riordan elevated to the priesthood Rev. James C. Clunes, a negro, for the diocese of Trinidad. Father Clunes was born in America.

DONAHOE'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XX. BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1888. No. 4.

"THE future of the Irish race in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics.—RIGHT REV. DR. IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

Under Which Party, Citizen?

THE two great American parties are now drawn up in line of battle. Both are admirably equipped and under able leaders. Each claims that in its success lies the future welfare of the Republic. One charges the other with sinister designs against the nation, and the other retorts with vigorous denunciations. Meanwhile a big amount of dust is being thrown in the eyes of the honest voter. Never was there a time in the history of our country when good, healthy thinking was more in order than now; and never was there a time when the fearless voter should be more untrammelled than now.

The glare of the torch, the shouts of the partisan, and the rhetoric of the stump orator are but expedients to prevent us from thinking. Let no citizen be carried away by such tin-rattle bait. Great questions agitate the country, and to the solution of these questions every conscientious American — native or adopted — should bring his best effort. This Republic is the handiwork of God, and as Catholics took a valiant part at its inception, so are they now most sincerely concerned in its welfare and perpetuity. The casting of a ballot is no frivolous matter, but should be influenced by a reverent appreciation of the great privilege and responsibility involved.

"Many men, many minds," is an old truism. All good citizens will not vote alike, but each according to what he deems the best interests of the country. Thus many favor the Democratic ticket, believing that the nation will best be served by a continuance of that party in power; others will support the Republican candidates for a similar reason. But both elements will be equally devoted to the safety and defence of our national institutions. They differ merely in the men and measures to be employed. A healthy sign in the present campaign is the general shaking up at present agitating both the old parties. We read every day of prominent Democrats declar-

ing for Harrison and Morton, and of leading Republicans coming out for Cleveland and Thurman. Many of these conversions and perversions are, no doubt, due to conscientious motives, while others, it is to be feared, are based upon purely selfish grounds.

A particularly notable feature of this campaign, and also of that of 1884, is the large number of citizens of Irish birth or extraction, mustering under the Republican banner. To some, this appears to be reprehensible, and to be regretted. To the writer, however, it appears quite otherwise. Bishop Ireland, of St. Paul, Minn., has always advocated independent political action among American citizens of Irish extraction. In fact, he declares that in this lies their future temporal welfare. Our element has long since become a power in the Democratic party; there is no reason why we should not attain equal prominence in the Republican party. Controlling, therefore, both great parties, toadying of either to England would cease, a better and more pronounced spirit of Americanism would spring up, and the aspirations of Ireland for independence would find a firmer friend on this side of the Atlantic.

The platforms on which the present campaign is being fought, possess but little essential difference except in the matter of the tariff. Each platform opens with a general recital of the past services of their respective parties to the country. Glittering verbosity constitutes the greater portion of both the Democratic and Republican platforms. On the tariff question, however, there is a wide divergence between the two parties. The rallying cry of the Republicans is "Protection;" that of the Democrats, "Tariff Reform." Both parties appeal to the American workman in the strongest and most solicitous manner. The accusation that the Democrats desire free trade will hardly hold water, or, if it does, then the Republicans have desired free trade for many years past. President Arthur declared in his last message: —

> "I recommend an enlargement of the free list, so as to include within it the numerous articles which yield inconsiderable revenue, a simplification of the complex and inconsistent schedule of duties upon certain manufactures, particularly those of cotton, iron, and steel, and a substantial reduction of the duties upon those articles, and upon sugar, molasses, silk, *wool, and woollen goods.*"

President Arthur was not a free trader; yet because the Democratic party, to-day, believes as he did, it is falsely branded as a free trade party. President Grant, in his seventh annual message, took practically the same position on tariff reform that President Cleveland now takes; yet one was held up as a spectacle for angels and men, while the other is condemned as selling out to the Cobden Club. Whether we be Republicans or Democrats, nothing is to be gained by deliberate misrepresentation. The Democratic party has made some grave mistakes, it must be admitted, but not the mistake of advocating free trade.

The Republican National Convention, in its platform, adopted a resolution expressing sympathy with the people of Ireland in their

struggle for self-government. They incorporated it in their official utterance as a party, and sent it forth to the world. The Democratic party failed to do as much. No sympathy for Ireland appears in their platform. Shortly before they adjourned, the Democratic Convention rushed through a resolution relating to Ireland. It finds no place in the platform, however, and seems to have been altogether an after-thought. This negligence can hardly be palliated.

Hon. Patrick A. Collins presided at the Democratic Convention and Hon. Daniel Dougherty made a masterly address. Patrick Egan was tendered the chairmanship of the Republican Convention, but declined. In proportion to the support Irish-Americans have given the Republican party in years gone by, they have been better recognized than by the Democratic party. A few years ago the Republicans of New York nominated a practical Catholic, of Irish descent, for Secretary of State. That same year the Democrats put in nomination, for the same office, a man who had frequently denounced the Irish. The Democrats thought a Catholic would weaken their ticket and were defeated; the Republicans thought a Catholic would strengthen theirs and scored a great victory. Many similar cases of Republican liberality might also be cited as against Democratic intolerance. These things being so, we should endeavor to maintain the balance of power; pledged irretrievably to neither party, we should demand the respect of both the great political bodies. Demanding it by our independent stand on all great public questions, we would undeniably obtain it.

THOMAS HAMILTON MURRAY.

Bridgeport, Conn., August, 1888.

The Foolish Undertaking of To-day.

SOME ministers of the Protestant churches have of late, to a great extent, left off preaching religion and taken up, in its stead, abuse. Read the daily newspapers Monday mornings, and what do you find? The several columns which are given to sermons (?) contain nothing but abuse, thrown out, in some instances, by men who not only profess to be Christians, but ministers of God, and who should, at least, know better, against parochial schools, the Catholic Church, the Pope, and, in fact, everything relating to the Catholic Church. The good and holy Jesuits also have come in for much of this abusive treatment. Protestants, in dealing with the Catholic Church, in addition to showing their narrow-mindedness and prejudice, display a great deal of ignorance. The Jesuits have had little to do with parochial schools in Boston. It is the pastors of the churches, in most cases secular priests, who are engaged in the work of erecting structures wherein the children of Catholic parents may be properly educated. The Protestants, by the way they use the name "Jesuit," evidently labor

under the delusion that all Catholics, lay as well as clerical, are members of that order, which is looked upon by them as being a secret organization, like the Freemasons, for instance. Some of their bigoted journals have openly accused Mayor O'Brien of being a Jesuit! Of course, there are a great many Protestant clergymen who are above heaping abuse upon a church which they are liberal-minded enough to see is doing a great good. The abuse comes from the cheaper class of ministers, who know as little about theology as they do about the Catholic Church.

The pulpits of the Catholic Church are never used for anything but a holy purpose. Ministers and churches differing from them are never referred to, and their worst enemies are not even mentioned. Catholic priests teach religion, not at the expense of abusing others, but simply attending to their own and not interfering with outsiders.

We suppose that when one of these dirty-mouthed ministers reads his trash in a daily paper he chuckles all over, and thinks within himself that the "Catholics will be wild." But not so. Catholics who read such stuff do so for curiosity only, and instead of being "wild," only smile. The greatest church in the world, which is every day progressing most grandly, has been abused and ransacked thousands of years. That church has already contended with greater evils than are ever likely to come up again; and she certainly does not mind the feeble thrusts made at her by cheap ministers who prowl around the city in the summer time, talking to empty benches, and trying hard to cause a sensation so the benches will be occupied at future shows. These ministers and their followers can yell and fight all they like, — abuse the Catholic Church, her priests, and her schools, — but pray, what good is it going to do them? All of them banded together, will succeed just about as well in disturbing her as a one-year-old child would in knocking down the Bunker Hill Monument by bumping its immature cranium against its granite walls.

ONE GLASS OF WINE TOO MUCH.— A glass of wine, for instance, changed the history of France for nearly twenty years. Louis Philippe, king of France, had a son, the duke of Orleans and heir to the throne, who always drank only a certain number of glasses of wine, because even one more made him tipsy. On a memorable morning he forgot to count the glasses, and drank one more than usual. When entering his carriage he stumbled, frightening the horses, and causing them to run. In attempting to leap from the carriage his head struck the pavement, and he soon died. The glass of wine overthrew the Orleans rule, confiscated their property of twenty million pounds, and sent the whole family into exile.

THE surest means of obtaining God's grace is by holy indifference, and by resignation to His holy will.— *St. Joseph of Cupertino.*

The Dead Hero.

We briefly announced in our last issue the death of Gen. Phil H. Sheridan. As a boy he had but few opportunities for education or advancement. The family was poor and his school-days were few. At the age of twelve, Phil had to go to work. First he drove a watering-cart in Zanesville, and afterwards he found employment in a hardware store in the village, kept by John Talbot, with whom he remained four months. He then obtained a place as a clerk for Fink & Dittoe, in the dry-goods business, remaining with them until 1847. He was getting sixty dollars salary, when he read one day of a vacancy at West Point, which half the fathers of the district were begging from Gen. Ritchie, the Congressman. Phil sat right down and wrote Gen. Ritchie a straightforward application, without anybody's indorsement or even advice. Ritchie knew who the Sheridans were, — the Irish were becoming quite numerous among his constituents,— and he thought it would be a happy idea to let it go abroad that he had appointed one of the race to the best military school in the world. The appointment was quickly made and widely announced.

The young cadet's education being limited, he at once went to work to prepare himself for the examination. An old man living here, by the name of Clark, who was considered a fine mathematician, assisted him. But during this time he came near never seeing West Point. While lying on his bed at night, tired out after his day's work in the store, he was hard at his studies, a lighted candle standing near the bed. Gradually his eyes grew heavy, the book slipped from his grasp, and he fell asleep. In some way the candle fell and set the bed on fire, and he barely awakened in time to save himself and the building. In three months' time he was ready for his examination, and left Somerset for West Point, where he was admitted, in 1848, at the age of seventeen. While there he was put back a year for whipping a higher classman. Thus it took him five years to graduate; but still he was only twenty-two when he came out, graduating in 1853. Sheridan's character as a soldier is summed up in one of his famous phrases at Five Points, — "Push on!"

For his gallantry in battle, Sheridan was made Major-General of Volunteers, on the recommendation of Gen. Rosecrans.

In speaking of the engagement at Murfreesborough, or Stone River, Gen. Rosecrans said to a friend: "I thought it was infernally hot there before I got in; but I knew it when I saw Phil Sheridan, with hat in one hand and sword in the other, fighting as if he were a devil incarnate, or had a fresh Indulgence from Father Tracey every five minutes." Father Tracey was the Chaplain to Gen. Rosecrans, and often officiated at Sheridan's headquarters, both generals being Catholics.

There is no poem more familiar to the American people than that of T. Buchanan Reid, celebrating the romantic and magnificent "ride"

of Sheridan, when he "saved the day" at Cedar Creek. It has become a part of the history of Sheridan's career, and will now be read with an interest surpassing even that which it has heretofore inspired in the hearts of his admirers:

Up from the south, at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight;
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with his utmost speed:
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from the swift hoofs thundering south,
The dust, like smoke from a cannon's mouth;
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to enemies the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on with his wild eye full of fire;
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is sniffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers and then the retreating troops.
What was done? What to do? A glance told him both.
Then striking his spurs with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray,
By the flash of his eye and the red nostril's play
He seemed to the whole great army to say:
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down to save the day!"

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky —
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame —
There with the glorious general's name,
Be it said in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day,
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester, twenty miles away!"

Cardinal Gibbons' Sermon at the Obsequies of the Late Gen. Sheridan.

As the last strains died out on the organ the Cardinal ascended the pulpit, and waiting a few moments for perfect quiet, and as if to gather in his audience, he proceeded to read his text. The address was a model of eloquence in its simplicity, its pathetic references to the illustrious captain, the fervor with which he dwelt upon Gen. Sheridan's military deeds, the proud recognition of what God's providence had done for us in giving us a restored and strengthened union. Then rising with his theme, as became a Prince of the Church before the altar of God, the Cardinal, in strains of graceful eloquence, drew the moral lesson of Gen. Sheridan's Christian life, bearing testimony to the humanity and modesty of the dead general and his horror of war. The following is a full report of His Eminence's discourse:

"And Jonathan and Simon took Judas, their brother, and buried him in the sepulchre of their fathers, in the city of Modin. And all the people of Israel bewailed him with great lamentation; and they mourned for him many days, and said: How is the mighty man fallen that saved the people of Israel." — 1 Mach. ix. 19-21.

Well might the children of Israel bewail their great captain who led them so often to battle and to victory. And well may this nation grieve for the loss of the mighty chieftain whose mortal remains now lie before us. In every city and town and village of the country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, his name is uttered with sorrow, and his great deeds recorded with admiration.

There is one consoling feature that distinguishes the obsequies of our illustrious hero from those of the great Hebrew leader. He was buried in the midst of war, amid the clashing of arms, and surrounded

by the armed hosts of the enemy. Our captain, thank God, is buried amid profound peace, while we are enjoying the blessings of domestic tranquillity, and are in friendship with all the world.

The death of Gen. Sheridan will be lamented not only by the North, but also by the South. I know the Southern people; I know their chivalry; I know their magnanimity, their warm and affectionate nature; and I am sure that the sons of Southland, especially those who fought in the late war, will join in the national lamentation, and will lay a garland of mourning on the bier of the great general. They recognize the fact that the nation's general is dead, and that his death is the nation's loss.

And this universal sympathy coming from all sections of the country, irrespective of party lines, is easily accounted for when we consider, that, under an overruling Providence, the war in which Gen. Sheridan took such a conspicuous part has resulted in increased blessings to every State of our common country.

> There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Roughhew them how we will."

And this is true of nations as well as of individuals.

And what constitutes the great difference between the wars of antiquity and our recent war? The war of the olden time was followed by subjugation and bondage. In the train of our great struggle came reconciliation and freedom. Alexander the Great waded through the blood of his fellow-man. By the sword he conquered, and by the sword he kept the vanquished in bondage. Scarcely was he cold in death when his vassals shook off the yoke, and his empire was dismembered into fragments.

The effect of the late war has been to weld together the nation still more closely into one cohesive body. It has removed, once for all, slavery, the great apple of discord; it has broken down the wall of separation which divided section from section, and exhibits us more strikingly as one nation, one family, with the same aims and the same aspirations. The humanity exhibited in our late struggle, contrasted with the cruelties exercised toward the vanquished of former times, is an eloquent tribute to the blessings of Christian civilization.

In surveying the life of Gen. Sheridan, it seems to me that these were his prominent features, and the salient points of his character,—undaunted heroism, combined with gentleness of disposition; strong as a lion in war, gentle as a child in peace; bold, daring, fearless, undaunted, unhesitating; his courage rising with the danger, ever fertile in resources, ever prompt in execution, his rapid movements never impelled by a blind impulse, but ever prompted by a calculating mind.

I have neither the time nor the ability to dwell upon his military career, from the time he left West Point till the close of the war.

Let me select one incident, which reveals to us his quickness of conception and readiness of execution. I refer to his famous ride in

the Valley of Virginia. As he is advancing along the road, he sees his routed army rushing pell-mell toward him. Quick as thought, — by the glance of his eye, by the power of his word, by the strength of his will, he hurls back that living stream on the enemy, and snatches victory from the jaws of defeat.

How bold in war, how gentle in peace! On some few occasions in Washington, I had the pleasure of meeting Gen. Sheridan socially in private circles. I was forcibly struck by his gentle disposition, his amiable manner, his unassuming deportment, his eye beaming with good nature, and his voice scarcely raised above a whisper. I said to myself: Is this bashful man and retiring citizen the great general of the American army? Is this the hero of so many battles?

It is true Gen. Sheridan has been charged with being sometimes unnecessarily severe toward the enemy. My conversations with him strongly impressed me with the groundlessness of a charge which could in no wise be reconciled with the abhorrence which he expressed for the atrocities of war, with his natural aversion to bloodshed, and with the hope he uttered that he would never again be obliged to draw his sword against an enemy. I am persuaded that the sentiments of humanity ever found a congenial home, a secure lodgement, in the breast of Gen. Sheridan. Those who are best acquainted with his military career unite in saying that he never needlessly sacrificed human life, and that he loved and cared for his soldiers as a father loves and cares for his children.

But we must not forget that if the departed hero was a soldier, he was, too, a citizen; and if we wish to know how a man stands as a citizen, we must ask ourselves how he stands as a son, a husband, and a father. The parent is the source of the family, the family is the source of the nation. Social life is the reflex of the family life. The stream does not rise above its source. Those who were admitted into the inner circle of Gen. Sheridan's home need not be told that it was a peaceful and happy one. He was a fond husband and affectionate father, lovingly devoted to his wife and children. I hope I am not trespassing upon the sacred privacy of domestic life when I state that the general's sickness was accelerated, if not aggravated, by a fatiguing journey, which he made in order to be home in time to assist at a domestic celebration in which one of his children was the central figure.

Above all, Gen. Sheridan was a Christian. He died fortified by the consolations of religion, having his trust in the saving mercies of our Redeemer, and an humble hope in a blessed immortality.

What is life without the hope of immortality? What is life that is bounded by the horizon of the tomb? Surely it is not worth living. What is the life even of the antediluvian patriarchs but like the mist which is dispelled by the morning sun? What would it profit this illustrious hero to go down to his honored grave covered with earthly glory, if he had no hope in the eternal glory to come? It is the hope of eternal life that constitutes at once our dignity and our moral responsibility.

God has planted in the human breast an irresistible desire for immortality. It is born with us and lives and moves with us. It inspires our best and holiest actions. Now God would not have given us this desire, if he did not intend that it should by fully satisfied. He would not have given us this thirst for infinite happiness, if he had not intended to assuage it. He never created anything in vain.

Thanks to God, this universal yearning of the human heart is sanctioned and vindicated by the voice of revelation.

The inspired word of God not only proclaims the immortality of the soul, but also the future resurrection of the body: "I know," says the Prophet Job, "that my Redeemer liveth, and that on the last day I shall rise out of the earth and in my flesh I shall see my God." "Wonder not at this," says our Saviour, "for the hour cometh when all that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of Man, and they who have done well shall come forth to the resurrection of life, and they who have done ill to the resurrection of judgment." And the Apostle writes these comforting words to the Thessalonians: "I would not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning those that are asleep, that ye be not sorrowful, like those who have no hope; for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so those who have died in Jesus, God will raise unto himself. Therefore comfort yourself with these words."

These are the words of comfort I would address to you, Madam, faithful consort of the illustrious dead. This is the olive branch of peace and hope I would bring you to-day. This is the silver lining of the cloud which hangs over you. We followed you in spirit and with sympathizing hearts as you knelt in prayer at the bed of your dying husband. May the God of all consolation comfort you in this hour of sorrow. May the soul of your husband be this day in peace and his abode in Zion; may his memory be ever enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen, and may our beloved country, which he has loved and served so well, ever be among the foremost nations of the earth, the favored land of constitutional freedom, strong in the loyalty of its patriot citizens, and in the genius and valor of its soldiers till time shall be no more.

Comrades and companions of the illustrious dead, take hence your great leader; bear him to his last resting-place; carry him gently, lovingly, and though you may not hope to attain his exalted rank, you will strive, at least, to emulate him by the integrity of your private life, by your devotion to your country, and by upholding the honor of your military profession.

It is better to bear injury without murmuring, than to give food to numberless poor people, or to fast austerely. — *B. Egidius of Assisi.*

From the German.

The Kings of the East.

Fourth Part: The Meeting.

I.

Though many leagues they've travelled far
From home, nor still the journey tires;
In the effulgence of the Star
Sun, moon, and stars have paled their fires,
They feel not sleep's nor hunger's need,
Around them shone perpetual day,
Naught, save the rush of hurrying steed,
The silence broke which round them lay.

II.

No pleasure beckons them aside;
They seek for rest no hostelry;—
With tramp on tramp through deserts wide,
And splash of feet along the sea.
They stream through cities; in a cloud
Of blinding dust the ground they spurn;
The ear doth mark the tumult loud,
The eye them scarcely can discern.

III.

The trampled soil proves they had been
No wild creation of the brain;
With bated breath each asks: "Hast seen
Yon phantom train sweep o'er the plain?
Whence come they? whither leads their way?
What mighty King, what holy shrine,
Their homage claims?"—thus questioned they,
But none the truth could e'er divine.

* * * * * * * *

I.

When the twelfth day its course had ended,
A darkness fell, the kings o'erclouding,
And far o'er land and sea extended,
In pall of gloom the Star enshrouding.
The sunlight, too, from heaven departed;
Much marvelled they, and deeply pondered;
For the first time since forth they started,
In blackest night they blindly wandered.

II.

One drew up nigh a mountain's summit,
Jagged with rock and steep and sterile;
With weary, faltering step he clomb it,
Filled with a boding sense of peril;
Arabia's king it was, who peering
Into the distance, gloom-invested,
Deemed he was now some city nearing —
And there his toil-worn followers rested.

III.

A noise is heard, a sudden bleating,
A rustling as of flocks in motion,
Arabia's steeds neigh shrill in greeting,
And all is tumult and commotion.
Behold the cloud's star-quenching curtain
From heaven's face is rent asunder;
The king's dark thoughts and fears uncertain
Are all absorbed in silent wonder.

IV.

Near to the height on which he's standing,
Where meet two highways intersecting,
A cavalcade he sees extending
Along the plain beneath him stretching;
Its leader seemed some kingly warrior,
A guard of mail-clad troops surround him,
As halting nigh that rock-bound barrier,
He gazed in mute amaze around him.

V.

And now along the way advancing,
A third troop comes from distant regions,
Of steeds and camels gayly prancing,
A dark-browed Moor led on the legions.
And drawing rein, aloud then cried he:
"Say whence you've come, O friends, and whither?
Or, if like me, a Star doth guide ye
From far-off orient countries hither?"

VI.

One answering spake: "Well have I followed
Long while a Star, from climes far sunward;
No fancied good, no lust unhallowed
Of gain or conquest draws me onward."

The other spake: "A Star in heaven
Thus far my wandering steps hath lighted,
Whose piercing rays the mists have riven
That dimmed my pagan soul benighted."

VII.

Each spake the language of his nation,
And still was clearly comprehended,
Knowing, by heaven-sent inspiration,
To Whom and where their journey tended.
And each to each pledged love eternal,
One heart within their breast pulsated,
They chant in unison fraternal
Anthems of praise with joy elated.

VIII.

The cloud that veiled the light of morning,
That with a shroud the Star did cover,
They look on as a sign and warning
That now their toils are well nigh over.
Its folds are round the hill-top streaming,
The Star hath scattered far its shadows —
Behold Jerusalem now gleaming
Amid her olive-cinctured meadows.

IX.

Know ye, O kings, what mountain olden
You've reached with travel stained and weary,
And why the Star its pinions golden
Hath o'er it closed in darkness dreary?
Seek not His birth-place in the crowded
City; no crown doth He inherit;
Here on this mount, in eclipse shrouded,
Shall He one day yield up His spirit.

REV. JOHN COSTELLO.

THE CATHOLIC COLUMBIAN: Popular Protestant opinion, respecting the growth or decline of the Catholic Church varies like our thermometers. It is subject, it would seem, to occasional hot and cold waves. There is a Dr. Charge, of South Boston, who avers that the power of "the Roman Church" is declining; whilst, at the same time, Messrs. Moxom, Miner, and others, in spasms about the Boston school-book affair, are loud in their declarations that "Romanism is strong, and threatens our Republican institutions."

One of Those Horrid Jesuits.

THE Rev. S. J. Perry, S. J., F. R. S., of Stonyhurst College, England, who was one of the specialists sent out in the years 1874 and 1882 by the British Government, to take observations upon the transit of Venus across the sun's disc, lectured recently in England upon that subject. Father Perry said he had no doubt that many of them had read accounts in the newspapers, during the last ten years, of the expeditions that were sent out by the different governments of Europe and America, to observe the transit of Venus in 1874, and again in 1882; and he also had no doubt that some of them had some idea of the value of the observations then taken. He would not have time to dwell upon that question, but he would just mention one thing, and that was, that the matter to be determined by these expeditions was as valuable to the astronomer as the yard measure was to the British public. What would they do without the measure? Similarly he might ask the question with regard to astronomy, — what would the astronomer do without a knowledge of the distance between the earth and the sun? This was the object of the expeditions to accurately ascertain. There were a number of methods of ascertaining it; but this method of the transit of Venus had, for many years, been considered one of the most important; and he thought the results they had obtained so far equally showed the importance of that method. One thing was certain with regard to it, — that they had a chance of carrying it out, and that that chance would not occur again for more than a century; so that, since it was one of the best methods of determining a most important point in astronomy; and since it was the only chance they had, it was necessary that the astronomers, — and not only the astronomers, but also the civilized world, — should do their duty on that opportunity. He was speaking on the subject that evening because he had the honor of being appointed by the British Government to head the two expeditions which were, he thought, the posts of danger, and, therefore, the posts of honor. He was sent near the South Pole in 1874, and to the savage part of Madagascar in 1882, — the first, one of the coldest places on earth, and the second, a spot where the sun was nearly vertical. He was going to give them an account of these two expeditions, as they were very similar, in regard to the preparations that were made, and the observations carried out, to the other expeditions.

In regard to the method adopted the lecturer pointed out that the object of sending observers to such distant quarters of the earth's surface was, to complete a base line from the angles of which they could calculate the whole of the triangle, and if they could do that they could get at the distance of any heavenly body. They had chosen for these observations the planets that were nearest the earth, — viz., Mars and Venus, — because a change of position on the part of the observer would change the result, and the position of those

bodies that were nearest would change the most. The planet that approached nearest to us was Venus, and she came nearest when, owing to her quicker movement, and the inclination of her orbit, she passed between the earth and the sun. It was only when the three bodies were almost in a line, and when they could see Venus projecting on the sun's disc, that they could see her well, and at other times she was a most difficult planet to see. The views were at this point thrown upon the screen, and the lecturer, at some length, entered into the calculations of the period of the recurrence of this phenomenon, and spoke upon the previous observations that had been made of it. The lecturer described the incidents of his first voyage to Desolation Island in the Antarctic region, and showed several pictures illustrative of the entomology of the region, as well as several photographs taken by himself of the instruments used in the expeditions. The results of only the first expedition had, he said, been published by the British Government; but the report of the 1882 expedition was also progressing. In concluding, Father Perry alluded to the results of all the methods which had been adopted to ascertain the sun's distance from the earth, and they gave, he said, the mean figure of ninety-two millions of miles, and this exactly corresponded with the results of their observations in 1874. They were now, he said, awaiting the results of the other observations that had been taken, when they hoped to present them with an accurate definition of the sun's distance.

The Commission to Try Parnell.

Of the *personnel* of the commission, whatever may be thought of the fairness of their selection, no one, even among Mr. Parnell and his friends, can raise a voice as to their eminent ability.

Sir James Hannen, the first named and the head of the commission, is of a ripe legal age, being in his sixty-seventh year. His reputation as a keen-witted, hard-working counsel is still one of the memories of the old home circuit. He successfully contested Shoreham, as an advanced Liberal, in 1865, and was appointed a judge of the Queen's Bench division, in 1868, and president of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty division in 1872. As a judge, he has the reputation of being exceedingly careful, and has had few of his decisions overruled.

Sir Archibald Levin Smith, the second of the three, has had much experience in election petitions, and his shrewd knowledge of politics, and of the artfulness of the average parliamentary candidate, is relied upon by the government as likely to be of use to them. He is only fifty-two years old, and his specialty has been commercial cases and election petitions. He is one of the few judges who never "took

silk," that is, never attained the rank of queen's counsel, as a preliminary to judicial promotion.

The last, but not least important, member of the commission, is Sir John Charles Day, against whose appointment an earnest, but ineffectual, protest was made. His conduct as chairman of the Belfast riots commission, in 1866, afforded the ground for the opposition to his appointment; but the government insisted on their choice, and he refused to take the very plain hints that he ought to decline the service expected from him. He is a Roman Catholic, is about sixty-two years old, the editor of the Common Law Procedure Acts, and of Roscoe's Nisi Prius.

CLEAR CASE OF DISPROOF.

THE Dublin Freeman's Journal gives prominence to an authorized paragraph declaring that Mr. Parnell is able to make the clearest case of disproof of the charge that he was the author of the Times letters by a chain of evidence of the most perfect character. Messrs. Walter and Buckle, says the Journal, will deny all knowledge of the letters and say that they got them from Manager McDonald, who will refuse to give evidence. The Freeman's Journal gives fifty pounds to the fund, and the archbishop of Dublin gives the same amount. The archbishop says in his letter to the editor: "We in Ireland must look to it that we are not left behind. The cause is mainly ours. It is for our sake that Mr. Parnell has braved the anger and hate of his assailants. Grateful, then, as he cannot but feel to those honest Englishmen who are preparing to stand by him, and to do their part in bringing him safely and triumphantly through the coming conflict, it is to his own country and to her children, whether at home or in exile, that he will naturally look for a practical expression of sympathy and encouragement.

THE good seed sown by the martyrs of Japan was not lost. A Catholic missionary who has been twenty-two years in that country, writing to a Belgian journal, relates the remarkable circumstance, that when thirty years ago Catholic priests returned to Japan they found at Nagasaki, where twenty-six Catholics were crucified, in 1597, a large number of persons who were really Christians at heart. They had lost nearly all knowledge of dogma, but they had preserved certain vague memories of the ancient faith, and administered Baptism to their children. They joyfully welcomed the glad tidings which the Catholic clergy brought to the country once more. At present there are sixty European missionaries in Japan, and the faithful number thirty-five thousand.

NEW YORK WORLD: Among fall fashions Mr. Parnell's Scotch suit is likely to attract most general attention.

An Australian Example.

Part II.

In Australian history there is a name as memorable and significant as the name of John Pym or John Hampden in English history. The one native Australian whom all the colonies agree to honor, and on whom his contemporaries bestowed the title of the "Australian Patriot," is William Wentworth. He was the son of an Irish surgeon in the employment of the government; but, like Grattan and Flood, in the time of his ancestors, he passed in a stride from the official class to the service of the people whom they ruled and oppressed. He was sent to England, when a boy, for his education. He returned to the colony an English barrister, and brought with him the seed of public liberty, — a library of constitutional law, and a printing-press, to found an independent newspaper. The journal soon produced a political organization to carry its teaching into effect, and many of the best of the free population joined Wentworth in the Patriotic Association. After asserting, successfully, in a convict colony, the fundamental, but forgotten, rights of public meeting, a free press, and trial by jury, he took the decisive step of claiming a Legislature and representative government for the people of New South Wales. The demand was resisted by the official class with the exaggeration of wrath and horror which we have seen displayed recently on a grander scale at home. To grant to convicts and the sons of convicts, to Irish rebels and the sons of Irish rebels, political power was, these grave persons predicted, to lay the basis of a turbulent republic. But it laid the basis of the free State, which sent an expedition to the Soudan, a couple of years ago, at the instance of men who inherited both these reproaches. Wentworth pressed on, and, in 1843, when O'Connell was claiming a native Parliament and Executive for Ireland, the first concession to Australia was made. A Legislative Council was established in New South Wales, consisting of twenty-four members, two-thirds elected by the colonists and one-third nominated by the Crown. It was a maimed and imperfect instrument; but it was used, as it was altogether inevitable it should be used, to exact in the end what was grudgingly withheld at the outset. In the new Legislature, the outlying district of Port Philip was assigned six members. But the colonists in the latter settlement were engaged in attending to their private business, and fit men could not be got to travel a thousand miles to Sydney, and reside for months at a distance from their homes. Port Philip, they declared, was as large as England, and could only be adequately governed by a Legislature of its own. One of their members, a man of exceptional originality and vigor, a Presbyterian minister resident in Sydney, moved that their wishes should be complied with, and Port Philip be created a separate colony. He was opposed by all the New South Wales representatives, with a memorable exception. Robert Lowe,

then a practising barrister in Sydney, who was not a political pedant in colonial affairs, considered the union between Port Philip and New South Wales an injustice and a grievance, and voted for its immediate repeal. The motion was ignominiously defeated; but the pioneers of Australia Felix, as the settlement was already called, in the language of poetry and oratory, were not to be repressed. They sent their complaint to the Home Government, despatched an agent to London to "flap" the Colonial Office, and even secured a certain tepid interest for the question in the London press. It was of no imaginary wrongs the colonists complained; Port Philip was treated like another Ireland by its distant mistress. The remonstrances of the population were disregarded, and their native resources, especially the large fund derived from land sales, were expended in the adornment of Sydney.

Their next step was a significant illustration of the spirit and intelligence of the young community in Melbourne. In the summer of 1848, when Europe was electric with revolutionary passions, a peaceful *coup d'etat* was struck on the small stage of the aspiring little settlement. At the nomination of the Port Philip members to serve in the Sydney Legislature, which happened at this time, not one candidate appeared. Nothing, it was conceived, would so effectually realize to the Colonial Office the distrust and contempt entertained by the colonists for the existing system, as an abstention like this by an entire community; and it would have the additional advantage of compelling a more respectful attention to their demands in the New South Wales Legislature, as that body could not proceed legally to business in their absence. The local authorities were alternately in a panic and a rage, and exercised all their skill to defeat the popular device. A few days later, at the nomination for the borough of Melbourne, which was separately represented, a government candidate appeared. He was duly proposed and seconded, and, as a single vote would suffice to elect him, the ingenious strategy of the colonists seemed for a moment to be defeated. But they had not exhausted their resources. It was moved that the Right Hon. Earl Grey, then Secretary for the Colonies, was a fit and proper person to represent the borough at Sydney. A poll was taken, and the noble Earl was elected by a triumphant majority over his local competitor. Mr. La Trobe, the Superintendent, and official persons in general, were much scandalized at this profane use of the name of a peer and a Cabinet Minister; for, in those days, the official uniform in colonies usually covered a temper and demeanor closely akin to those which flourish under plush. Such a people, they said, was manifestly unfit for self-government, which is scarcely the reflection it will suggest to a philosophical reader. The Secretary of State, like a man of the world, took the matter in good part; and it was, doubtless, this stroke which awoke him to the conviction, which he soon afterwards expressed, that Port Philip representation had become an unreal and illusory, not a substantial, enjoyment of representative institutions.

Letters from London accordingly announced that a Legislature

like that of New South Wales would be established in Port Philip. But, while the colonists were waiting for the promised constitution, they were tried by a serious crisis, and met it with a courage and resolution which proved them worthy of self-government. A ship, freighted with ticket-of-leave men, was despatched to Port Philip, on the pretence that New South Wales had invited convicts, and Port Philip was still undeniably a district of New South Wales. From the period when the new community became in any degree organized, it seems to have steadily determined upon two things: to claim self-government, as we have seen, and to shut out the felonry of Great Britain and Ireland. In 1845, a cargo of convicts from England arrived in the bay; but the news created such a storm of wrath in Melbourne, that they were ordered by the Superintendent to proceed to Van Diemen's Land. And now, in 1849, when the desire of self-government was about to be gratified, the renewal of the attempt — of which a fast-sailing ship forewarned them — wounded their pride as much as it alarmed their fears. A meeting was immediately held, at which the chief men of the settlement — English, Irish, and Scotch — were spokesmen, of the popular determination that the convicts should not be received. And not in the masquerade of savages, like the patriots of Boston, but, without disguise or fear, they delivered their will. The magistrates of the city and district met soon afterwards, and indorsed the popular decision. The governor at Sydney, at this time, a *ci-devant* dandy, aiming only to keep things quiet, promised, for peace' sake, that no convicts should be permitted to land in Port Philip until "the feelings of the community were made known in Downing Street." The colonists on their side determined that no felons should be intruded upon their wives and children, whatever might be the response of the distant oracle. The prison ship, however, the *Randolph*, in due time reached Hobson's Bay, and the captain, refusing to be bound by the concession of the governor, insisted on his right to land his passengers, inasmuch as, if he failed to do so, he would imperil his insurance. Another public meeting was called to renew the protestation of the colony. The speakers declared that England had no constitutional right to tax the colonists for Imperial purposes by requiring them to maintain a portion of her criminals; that the introduction of felons would discredit the fair name Port Philip had begun to acquire in England, and deter the most eligible class of emigrants from coming out; and, finally, "that they had never received convicts, and were prepared to undergo any extremity rather than submit to do so." The meeting agreed, *nemine contradicente*, that the prisoners *should not be permitted to land*. This intrepid resolution, like all daring action, was originally the work of a few; but it suited the temper of the people, and was adopted with as near an approach to unanimity as can ever be attained in communities where individual opinion is free. "The convicts must not land," became the popular watchword. The governor at Sydney, having as little the temper as the resources necessary to play the part of a tyrant, adhered to his promise, and the

captain at last yielded to his peremptory orders, and set sail for Sydney. Thus, for the second time in half a dozen years, the colonists successfully protected themselves against the mischievous errors of the Colonial Office. But the flame was too violent to subside with a temporary success. It spread to Sydney, where the convicts were also refused admission, though the Imperial Government were able to plead a certain amount of local sanction for sending them there; finally it spread to Van Diemen's Land, then still a penal settlement, but where the younger colonists were determined to deliver it from this reproach. It is worth noting that the men who took the lead in Port Philip were so far from being "selfish and reckless demagogues," as was alleged in London,* that half a dozen of them afterwards became Ministers of the Crown; and thirty of them contributed £100 each to the Anti-Convict fund — a munificent subscription from a settlement of shop-keepers and sheep-farmers.

In the Australian summer of 1850, the mid-winter of England, the news reached the settlement that their wishes were accomplished, an Act of the imperial Parliament having created Port Philip a separate colony, and, as a mark of special distinction, the name of the Sovereign had been conferred upon it. It was to be pre-eminently the colony of Victoria, as in earlier times Virginia was named after an attribute of the renowned sovereign, who, in those days (before the coming of Mr. Froude, who is fatal to the reputation of his heroes and heroines), was supposed to resemble cities which have never surrendered. The joy of the colonists passed all bounds. There were public rejoicings for four days; processions, sports, bonfires, illuminations, public and private feasts, could scarcely exhaust their enthusiasm; and to the present time, when a new generation scarcely comprehends its meaning, every recurring anniversary is celebrated as a public holiday, under the title of Separation Day.

When the delirium had abated a little, there were not wanting grounds of apprehension and cavil in the new statute. One third of its thirty members were to be nominated by the governor, and the remaining two thirds were not distributed so as necessarily to represent the population, intelligence, and wealth of the community. The Imperial Parliament, feeling ill-qualified to deal with details demanding local knowledge, had empowered the New South Wales Legislature to fix the franchise and the representation at its discretion. But the New South Wales Legislature were precisely the persons whom of all others the new colonists most feared and distrusted. Sydney merchants and bankers had taken possession of large tracts of the public lands of Port Philip, which they held as tenants of the Crown, and the town population was jealous of their monopoly, and disposed to fear their subserviency on political questions to the authority under which they held. These absentees, like their congeners in Ireland, being active politicians, were supreme in the Sydney Legislature, and it was feared they would employ their power to make the representation in

* The colonial malcontents were treated by the London Press as merciless as Irish boycotters have been in later times.

the new colony partial and unequal. This fear did not prove ill-founded. When the act fixing the representation of Victoria became law, it was found that thirty thousand of the town population got seven members, or one member to every five thousand inhabitants; twenty-one thousand of an agricultural population got three members, or one member to every seven thousand inhabitants; seven districts, chiefly pastoral, with a population of fourteen thousand, got seven members, or one member to two thousand inhabitants; and a number of purely pastoral districts, with fifty-eight hundred inhabitants, got three members, or one member to nineteen hundred and a fraction. This was the parting gift of the "foreign Legislature" at Sydney; when it could hold them no longer, it sent them to sea in a boat built to capsize.

The territory which the new Legislature would control is situated in the most southern region, which, in that hemisphere, is the most cool and temperate. It lies in the same latitude as the favored countries of Southern Europe, and produces abundantly whatever fruits or cereals are to be found between the Mediterranean and the Hebrides. Since Columbus gazed with rapture on the teeming valleys of Cuba, a richer prize had not been given to human enterprise and industry. In the fifteen years since Batman's landing a prodigious change had taken place in the character and extent of the population. The four white men who constituted that expedition were now represented by a population of nearly eighty thousand, of whom about half resided in Melbourne and its suburbs. The professional and educated class were estimated by official statistics at fifteen hundred, the houses in the little capital reached four thousand, and land which had been bought at early sales at forty pounds the half-acre allotment now sold in good positions at forty pound a foot. Of the houses, three thousand were of stone, the rest of all "shapes, materials, and colors." When the new country first became known to me I wrote a description of early Melbourne which is probably truer to the facts than any I could fish out of my memory at present:

"The four thousand houses, which look so trim and regular in a tabular return, were sown in patches over a wide, straggling township, where groves of wattles and clumps of gum-trees still reared their sombre foliage. Next to the ambitious stone house of the successful merchant there squatted, perhaps, a wooden shanty, roofed with zinc or tin, or it might be a tent, or a hut constructed out of packing cases, or there was a vacant space strewn with broken bottles and the tin boxes which carry unwholesome dainties from Europe. Right in the middle of the highway sometimes stood the stump of a gigantic gum-tree, lately felled or burned; at ten perches distant you saw a public establishment at which you needed to transact business; but between you and it ran a natural watercourse cut by the semi-tropical rain in the porous soil — a rapid current if it were full, and if it were empty such a chasm as one may fancy yawned for Curtius in the Roman Forum. Close to the busiest marts of industry was often a quagmire, upon which a flock of geese found recreation; and men plunged through swamps of mud and sludge, or raised clouds of gritty dust, as they tramped through the city to their daily industry. It resembled a settlement in the American Far West in its external aspect; but with the external aspect the resemblance ceased. There was no violence or disorder, no roughs or rowdies. No man carried arms; every man knew all those whom he met, as

he might know his neighbors in an English country town. Outside the official class there was practical equality, and a man's social position depended upon his character and capacity alone. The dress and habits of the people were simpler than those of a village at home, and nobody considered any task menial which was necessary to the successful pursuit of his business. Old colonists love to tell stories of Mr. Such-a-one carrying home the groceries of his customers in a hand-barrow; or Mr. Such-another standing behind his bar in shirt sleeves and open vest; both having attained to a rank in later times which lends the stories a touch of malice. But this is the common history of new settlements. Miles Standish, no doubt, blackened his own jack-boots on occasion, and John Arden probably carried home the dinner of his chief on a skewer; only life was more indolent on the banks of the Yarra, and less colored by ceremony or checkered by action than in a military station. The colonists were indolent, it is said, but not idle; it is certain that they established the essential agencies of civilized life with commendable promptitude. Churches and schools of the principal Christian denominations had been built in Melbourne, and were served by a clergy who lived in tolerable peace together. There were two or three national societies, a teetotal society, and the rudiments of a club; but institutions for public amusement or culture there were none; and they were not greatly missed, for the habits of the people were purely domestic. An annual race meeting, indeed, brought out the whole population in their holiday attire, and in later times, when rival amusements are not wanting, it has still the same attraction; the young Australian loves the horse with an attachment that resembles the passion of the Arab or the Scythian rather than the tepid good-will of the European.

"To estimate this community by numbers alone would give a very inadequate gauge of its power and resources. Every fifth man you met had done some successful work. He had made a prosperous business, or reclaimed and fenced wild land, or imported valuable stock, or explored new country, or had built a house and had planted an orchard and vineyard, when orchards and vineyards were in effect nurseries for the whole community. Or he had taken a part in the successful resistance to the Colonial Office on the convict question, or cooperated in the movement for Separation. At the lowest he had furnished evidence of a certain vigor and decision of character by crossing two oceans to seek a new home. And the squatters in those days were trained by the nature of their pursuits to frank, fearless lives, when men travelled with no other guide than the firmament and the landmarks of nature, and no protector but their right hands. Highways and bridges or punts there were none; and houses of entertainment in the Bush were far apart; but hospitality was universal, and if there were no question of their 'rights,' of which they were as jealous as Alabama planters, these big-bearded, sunburnt men were pleasant hosts and good fellows; and for any adequate public need would have furnished such soldiers as followed Stonewall Jackson."

A little earlier, while the fortunate community was still awaiting their new constitution, news had come from America which disturbed them seriously for a moment. In California the fabulous and incredible had suddenly been accomplished. The maddening vision which inspired Columbus to explore unknown seas, and which drew Cortez, Pizarro, and Raleigh in his adventurous track, was realized in a land seamed and sown with virgin gold. Men who had left their first home were easily tempted to leave their second, and a number of the settlers determined to sail for California. It is difficult to read without a little cynical laughter the exhortation of the Melbourne newspapers at that time against trusting the delusive attractions of a gold country. Wages might be higher, but they purchased fewer comforts; all that

made life precious was forfeited in a community inflamed with the gold fever, and life itself habitually insecure. The flight to California never reached dangerous proportions, and by the time Separation was accomplished fear on this score was forgotten. But while the exultant colonists were still employed in the task of distributing the offices and functions of local government, other news arrived, calculated to disturb their self-confidence more perilously. Gold was discovered, not on the other side of the ocean, but on the other side of the imaginary line which separated them from New South Wales. If distant California had seduced away an appreciable proportion of the population, what might be feared from a gold field within a week's journey? It was soon plain that much was to be feared; an emigration to New South Wales began on the moment large enough to affect in a few weeks the rate of wages and the price of provisions in Melbourne, and even the value of personal and real property; and this was but the beginning of an unknown end, which few were bold enough to forecast.

What to do in these circumstances was a problem to test the capacity of the leading spirits of the community, and they faced it with promptitude and decision. The new Parliament was not yet elected, and the new government had not learned to walk alone; but the most energetic citizens acted in lieu of Government and Parliament. According to the British precedent in difficulties, a committee was chosen, and as a political separation from New South Wales did not include a geological separation, and there was reason to hope that the gold region was not bounded by the river in the north, or the arbitrary line on the east, which marked the new frontiers, the committee offered a reward for the discovery of a gold field "within the boundaries of Victoria." Several parties commenced simultaneously the search; and before many months gold in small quantities was brought to the committee from four separate districts. Early in September, however, a field was opened on a muddy creek in that part of the forest land of Buninyong, now called Ballarat, which eclipsed not only the gold-fields of the neighboring colony, but eclipsed all that had been reported of California or feigned of El Dorado. Gold was found on the surface, and a few inches or a few feet under the surface; sometimes in solid lumps of immense value (which the miners, after the Californian example, called "nuggets"); sometimes in "pockets," where a number of smaller nuggets lay close together; sometimes in scattered particles mixed with the soil, but easily separated by sluicing the earth in water. And beneath these alluvial fields stretched huge masses of basalt, deep underneath which enterprise and science were destined to discover a new subterranean treasury of auriferous deposits practically inexhaustible. The new legislature, created to regulate the simple interests of graziers and traders, would soon, it was plain, find itself called upon to rule the turbulent population of a gold country, and to face large and unexpected problems of policy and government.*

* The credit of discovering the Ballarat gold-field belonged to two of the irrepressible race, — Thomas Dunne and Patrick Connor.

The community itself seemed in danger of fatal disorganization. The population of the chief towns were seized with a mania for gold-hunting. When two men brought into the quiet village of Geelong half a hundred-weight of gold which they had found within five feet of the surface, and another party carried to Melbourne a basketful of specimens like a nest of golden eggs, the excitement broke all bounds. Tradesmen abandoned their shops, professional men their clients, servants their masters, fathers their families; the whole manhood of these towns seemed to be precipitated on the latest "rushes." Many of the civil servants resigned their employment under government, and the bulk of the police had anticipated them. The ships in the bay were nearly all deserted by their crews, and as new ships arrived rewards or punishments proved insufficient to retain the sailors. The mania spread to rural and pastoral districts; it was feared for a time that the land tilled for human food would be allowed to fall out of cultivation, and the flocks of the colony become ruined by disease or scattered from neglect. It spread to the neighboring colonies. The peaceful and industrious farmers of South Australia deserted their homesteads, and the workmen on the famous Burra Burra copper mine, more lucrative to its owners than a lead of gold, gave up service to adventure for themselves in more dazzling fields. In the midst of this multitude, delirious with sudden prosperity or exaggerated hope, there soon appeared a more dangerous class. Convicts with tickets of leave, or whose servitude had expired, convicts who had broken bounds, and, it was believed, convicts whose keepers had connived at their escape to be rid of the cost and danger of such a charge, swarmed in from the neighboring colonies. A community which had resolutely shut out a single cargo of prisoners was now, it seemed, in danger of becoming a common sewer, which "sucked in the dregs of each corrupted state."

The officials originally appointed to administer the affairs of the outlying settlement of Port Philip, from the superintendent downwards, had been retained in office in the new colony, and were, in most cases, far behind the community in intelligence and vigor. While the search for a gold field was at its height the ancient police magistrate, promoted to be colonial secretary, issued a notice (as his contribution to the undertaking), warning all whom it concerned, that searchers of gold, "not authorized on that behalf by her Majesty's Colonial Government," would be proceeded against civilly and criminally. The notice was naturally disregarded. But when the great discovery at Ballarat was made without the aid of the bewildered officials, a fee at the rate of eighteen pounds a year, payable in advance, was imposed, not only on the diggers, but upon the men employed in cooking their food and guarding their tents. These impossible conditions were fiercely resisted, and in a couple of weeks it was ordered that persons not employed in gold-digging might be excused from paying a license fee; a necessary change, but the beginning of a system of uncertainty and vacillation which led to disastrous results. The governor sought to arrest the flight from the towns to the diggings by forbidding the

issue of a license to any person who could not produce a certificate of discharge from his last employment, or some equivalent evidence of good character; but the attempt wholly failed, and, after a little, no troublesome questions were asked. For a spurt the fee was doubled; but the experiment had to be speedily abandoned. This official fickleness was pleasantly quizzed by some irreverent digger in a mock translation of the governor's decrees for the benefit of foreigners: "Il est defendu de chercher de l'or. Il n'est pas defendu de chercher de l'or. On ne demandera pas de l'impot jusqu'a la fin de deux mois. Il faut payer l'impot sur le champ; ou les fers vous attendant. Vive La Trobe!"

Mr. La Trobe put the *comble* on his administrative blunders by a proclamation that no license for a public-house should issue on the gold-fields, where fifty thousand miners were at work under a mid-summer sky. He must have brought a transcendental theory of public duties from Exeter Hall, when he assumed that men exhausted by twelve hours of manual labor below the surface of the earth would drink muddy and unwholesome water at official bidding. "Sly grog shops," as they were named, became universal, and the net result of the governor's policy was that the State lost its license fees, and the digger had no protection against adulterated and poisonous drink. The Press, which was already a considerable factor in affairs, was enraged by these follies. The Argus declared that the whole establishment, from the governor down to the humblest constable who yielded a baton, were imbecile and incapable.

It was under these circumstances that the new Legislature met in the hall of the St. Patrick's Society hired by the Executive for the purpose; a good omen for national equality, as it seemed to the enthusiastic Milesians. They were still more reassured by the freedom from sectarian influence which it exhibited at the outset. It was proposed to open the sittings with prayer; but the motion was peremptorily negatived upon the grounds that men of all creeds met there as representatives of a community in which all creeds were equal. Mr. La Trobe's theory of self-government was peculiar. The Legislative Council ought, he conceived, to be denied the special function for which it was created,— the control of the public income and expenditure. The expenditure had been enormously swollen by the discovery of gold, for clerks and constables could only be kept at their posts by increased salaries. The licenses to mine yielded a fund more than sufficient to meet this outlay; but the governor insisted that it must be retained untouched in the Treasury till the Colonial Office had declared its pleasure in the premises, and, meantime, as payments were made from month to month, he invited the colonists to tax themselves for this purpose. Before self-government was established, it had been the practice to reserve half the land fund to be expended by the Imperial Government on emigration, and though the elected representatives of the people were sitting in St. Patrick's Hall, the governor insisted that this practice must continue. The

Council did all that was to be expected from a body which had no control over the Executive; they laid down the right principles, and advised that they should be put into action. The gold must bear its own expenses; the land fund ought to be at the disposal of the Legislature for local purposes, there being no longer any necessity to expend it on subsidizing immigration, as gold would soon bring a crowd of volunteers. The vexatious license fee they insisted ought to be abolished, and an equivalent obtained by an export duty on gold collected at the ports of departure for Europe. None of these things the governor could or would do without authority from Downing Street, and the leading colonists began to perceive that the remedy for the paralysis which prevailed was Responsible Government.

William Wentworth in the mother colony set an example which greatly stimulated opinion in Victoria. He demanded plenary powers for the New South Wales Legislature, and debated the principles of parliamentary government in careful detail and with knowledge and dignity. Opinion ripens rapidly in colonies, and before two years had elapsed there was a universal desire for Home Rule throughout Australia. A select committee, empowered to frame a constitution, was appointed by the Legislatures of New South Wales and Victoria respectively, and after prolonged consideration the new constitutions were framed, under which these commonwealths have since grown in strength and prosperity.

The political history of Victoria began with its first Legislature; but its history as a self-governed State was now to commence. The Colonial Office has rarely understood the wisdom of gracing its concessions to colonists by a frank and generous confidence in their good sense. While the Victorians were waiting with grateful hearts for their constitution, a new governor was sent out in advance to administer it. He was a post-captain who had spent his life on the quarter-deck, and knew no more of constitutional government than a Pasha. Though his record was not satisfactory, the colonists gave him a splendid welcome. A triumphal arch spanning the landing-place in Hobson's Bay bore a device in which the name of the colony was blended with that of the royal lady who was supposed by simple persons to have selected their new ruler.

"Victoria welcomes Victoria's choice."

But a cynical journalist, who thought the post-captain had been chosen by the official in the Colonial Office known in those days as Mr. Mother Country, proposed an amendment:

"Hobson's Bay welcomes Hobson's choice."

The condition of the colony demanded a considerate ruler in the critical interval before it passed under the control of its own Parliament. The population had grown to a quarter of a million, the bulk of whom were engaged in gold-digging. The miners were often high-spirited gentlemen. It used to be said (with a touch of what colonists call "blast" and Frenchmen *blague*), that if you met a red-shirted

digger emerging from his hole, the chances were that he was a graduate of a university, the younger son of a good family, or a member of the learned professions. At any rate, there was more than one dangerous element among them. The foreigners were estimated at between thirty and forty thousand; the convicts from the neighboring colonies, of whom a census was impossible, were very numerous, and, for a long time the new-comers exceeded three hundred a day. The license fee imposed on them was now at the rate of twenty-four pounds a year, and they complained that they did not get security or tranquillity in return for it; highway robbery had become a profitable trade, and the escort carrying their gold to the Treasury was repeatedly robbed. It was contended, with great bitterness, that the miner who found no gold was unjustly treated when he was required to pay as largely as his successful neighbors; and that, while thousands of acres lay idle around them, they were forbidden to cultivate a field or a garden. This population had agreed ill with Mr. La Trobe; some could not pay the license fee, because they had not yet found gold, and many refused to pay because they regarded it as excessive. But the new governor was confident he would restore order and re-establish authority by methods with which he was familiar. Twenty months of firm government, and all would be well. The law must be obeyed without question before complaints could be listened to. Mounted troopers were despatched with orders to arrest any digger who either had no license, or could not produce it when demanded. Clergymen and domestic servants were arrested, and "new chums" on the very day of their arrival. As prisoners became numerous, and prisons were few and far apart, measures were invented for retaining them in custody which were cruel and even brutal. The best-disposed diggers, who only desired to be left in peace to pursue their industry, were galled into resistance by these constant interruptions. Deputations were sent from the gold-fields to confer with the authorities; but the governor treated them as insolent malcontents. Leading men in Melbourne remonstrated; but in vain. At length the diggers, who were all armed for self-protection, selected a leader and broke into open insurrection. Troops were sent against them, and, after blood was shed on both sides — among the killed were a dozen Irishmen — the governor prevailed, and many of the diggers were arrested and carried to the capital to be tried for high treason. But now public opinion in Melbourne exhibited itself. Jurors would not convict men who had been goaded into rebellion by misgovernment, and after several acquittals the prosecutions had to be abandoned. The executive were as perplexed as Mr. Balfour is just now; but that the Melbourne jurors administered substantial justice in the case is, I believe, the universal opinion of colonists to this day.

Before the new constitution came into force the governor died, overwhelmed by a task beyond his powers and unsuitable to his temper. After his death a despatch arrived from a new secretary of

State,* giving him judicious counsel, it was understood; but before it reached Victoria the writer also was dead. Here was a pregnant text for reformers; under our new constitution, they said, we must govern ourselves on our own soil; we can no longer be dependent on despatches from the dead to the dead.

The experiment about to be made in Victoria was identical in many of its conditions with the experiment which will have to be made in Ireland when Home Rule is established. Though the Irish were but a fourth of the population, they were the most prompt and vigilant section, and, for a considerable time, the burthen of the trial fell mainly upon them. It was said by a shrewd Scotch journalist, that they were the only politicians in the colony,— the majority being men bent on making money, and little disposed to be drawn aside from the comfortable prospects of a gold country by theories of government. Some of the Irish colonists came from the governing class at home, and had been taught to regard the places of authority as their proper inheritance; and others, to whom authority had been unfairly denied in their native country, brought to public affairs the ardor of a long-repressed passion. The *quasi* government awaiting the constitution might be called an Irish one. The colonial secretary was a namesake and descendant of the last speaker of the Irish Parliament. The attorney-general, a man of remarkable gifts, was his near kinsman. The commissioner of public lands was a military engineer of Irish blood, who has since held office in many divisions of the empire, and is now a Home Rule candidate for an English constituency. The solicitor-general was cadet of a noble Irish family, and a member of the Dublin Bar. The second judge of the Supreme Court was the son of an Irish major-general who claimed kin with an historic house. The chief commissioner of police was the son of an Irish judge. The commissioner of public roads, destined to be first speaker in the new Parliament, was the son of the Governor of Cork gaol. These men all belonged, by birth or connection, to the Anglo-Irish who had ruled Ireland since the Revolution of 1688.

The Celts, though they outnumbered their more fortunate fellow-countrymen as three to one, held no political office. Only one in the entire colony had been admitted to the unpaid magistracy; and they were unknown in the Civil Service, except a few drudges, who fetched and carried in its most menial offices. But they were conspicious wherever force of individual character could prevail, and determined to open the door for their fellow-countrymen to the honors and employments from which they were unjustly excluded. The leader of the democratic party in the defunct Council, leader designate in the Parliament which was soon to come, was a pure Celt. One of the most successful advocates at the Bar, his future attorney-general, and another associate, who had been trained in politics and Parliament in the old country, were of the same race. The chief, whom the discontented diggers had placed at their head in the struggle

* Sir William Molesworth.

which public opinion had pronounced just and necessary, was a son of a former popular leader in Ireland. Others, only a pace behind these, were beginning to be recognized in the professions, and on the gold-fields, as men of the future. The injured are necessarily reformers, and, as theirs was the party of progress, the English and Scotch radicals, for the most part, sympathized with them. They held the executive responsible for the escapades of the governor, respecting which we now know they were really consulted. New administrators, for new laws, became the cry; we will not put the fresh wine of our liberty into the damaged utensils of the Colonial Office.

Outside of politics the Irish of both sections had prospered conspicuously. The most successful banker, who is said to have since outgrown the great American capitalists in realized wealth, was from Armagh. The big-limbed, big-browed stock-owner, who speedily became political adviser of his class, was originally a peasant from Down, and had arrived a few years before as a steerage passenger. A hospital attendant from Dublin was already one of the largest owners of city property, and, as, unlike men of his blood, he held altogether aloof from politics, he has since grown to be ten times a millionnaire. A conveyancer, born of a good family in Carlow, rivalled him in the same pursuit. A Celtic soldier from Tipperary, who had bought his discharge from the regiment quartered in Melbourne and taken to rearing stock, was owner of many flocks and herds, and spent his wealth freely in any cause where his countrymen were concerned.

Neither in the first Parliament under the new Constitution, nor in any which has succeeded it, did the Irish obtain representatives commensurate with their numbers in the population. But they made an approximation to that standard very creditable to the liberality and good sense of the community. There was only one constituency in the colony in which they were a majority; but no competent Irishman was shut out by national intolerance. They commonly attained about the same proportion in the Parliament at Melbourne that they reach in the Parliament at Westminster; but their fate was widely different in the New World. A few Irish Protestants, with English connections, like Canning and Palmerston, have arisen to the highest office in England; but no Irish Catholic has ever sat in a British Cabinet. In Victoria both Protestant and Catholic Irishmen have, over and over again, held all the highest offices of honor and authority. The first four speakers who fixed the practice of the legislature, and controlled its debates for more than a generation, were Irishmen. The two chief justices were of the same nation. In nearly half the administrations, during the quarter of a century when the affairs of the colony were best known to me, either the highest office, or the office on which the main stress of legislation fell, was filled by an Irishman. And not for lack of worthy competitors. I passed from the House of Commons to the Commons of Victoria, and, deducting half a dozen exceptional statesmen, the latter, to my thinking, were as

competent in debate, and as well informed in the business it was their duty to know, as the former.

But the possession of power is a doubtful honor if the employment of it be not judicious and beneficent. The constitutional history of Victoria cannot be written in a paragraph; when it comes to be written, it will be seen how large and effectual a factor were the Irish of both sections. It would be absurd to suggest that they were fitter than Englishmen to administer a system honorably known to the world as "English liberty;" but they were more eager to show that they were fit, and readier to make the sacrifice which a public career involved in a gold country, where "be in a hurry to grow rich" was the accepted gospel. And the work they took in hand was precisely the work for which they are represented as having the least aptitude; they drove deep the piles, and laid wide, like blocks of granite, the solid bases on which a free industrial community must rest. If Victoria is covered with municipalities, citadels of temperate liberty, the system was organized in towns by the engineer officer to whom I have already alluded, and carried into the remotest rural districts by the first Irish leader of the democracy. If religious equality exists there, and throughout the entire continent, replacing a system of shameless favoritism, an Irish governor and an Irish attorney-general in Sydney — when Sydney was in the ascendant — laid the foundations.* If a popular land system which gives universal contentment spreads over the whole continent, a young barrister, fresh from the Irish Tenant League, assembled the people of Victoria in a great convention, and got the right principles accepted; and an Irish Minister of Lands carried into law the practical recognition of these principles. If a popular magistracy exist instead of a corps of dilapidated clerks and subservient crown tenants, the example of choosing men of good personal character, who possessed the confidence of their neighbors (without applying tests absurd and impossible in the circumstances), was set by an Irish chief secretary. Another first taught the crowd of immigrants, who still regarded themselves as the casual passengers in a packet-boat, there to-day, gone to-morrow, that they were citizens of a bountiful State, and must love and honor the Australian flag, which symbolized happy homes, and perfect personal and public liberty. The statute-book in more than a dozen volumes is crowded with their work; but it is enough to notice a few cardinal enactments. The acts codifying the laws of the colony, amending and perfecting the land system, abolishing property qualification for the Legislative Assembly, and opening the University to women, were carried by Irishmen. If the principles of self-government were pushed to their legitimate conclusion, a young barrister, born in an Irish parsonage, showed the way; if federation of the colonies be partly accomplished, the path was opened up by another Irishman.

* Mr. Bonwick, in his Early History of Australia, describes the system which was overthrown. Every convict was required to attend the Church of England service. "Expostulations were unheeded. If a man humbly entreated to stay behind because he was a Presbyterian, he incurred the danger of a flogging. It is said that upon a similar appeal from another, who exclaimed, 'I am a Catholic!' he was silenced by the cry of a clerical magistrate, 'Go to church or be flogged!'"

In the chart of social progress their labors have left as conspicuous landmarks. The University was founded by an Irishman, as well as the university of the people, the Free Public Library. The National Gallery was projected by another Irishman, and both institutions are now under the provident care of a third. An Irishman opened up the colony with roads, another with railways, and a third announced the pregnant truth that the iron way is not only the most effectual, but the most economical highway for new countries. An Irishman was leader of the expedition which gave the continent a new and immense territory, and planted an unknown wilderness with sheep farms and homesteads, and the first thousand pounds of the outlay was contributed by one of his fellow-countrymen. The project of teaching the people the industries of Southern Europe by experts brought from France and Italy obtained the sanction of Parliament at the instance of an Irishman, and another commenced a system of technical education which spread from the sea to the Murray. The one actor who interpreted Shakespeare with consummate success, the one man of genius who wrote an Australian novel recognized in Europe as a masterpiece, were of the same nationality. And the rank and file in the army of industry were worthy of its leaders.

"They were [says Mr. Hogan] amongst the earliest pioneers in the development of gold-mining; thousands of them, favored by liberal land legislation, established homes for themselves in the Bush, whilst hundreds of scholarly attainments found admission into the government service. When, a few years ago, the telegraph flashed the dire intelligence that the hideous pall of hunger was darkening the face of the Old Land, a simultaneous movement stirred the whole of the Australian continent; donations poured in from all ranks of society, and soon the magnificent sum of £94,916 16s. 8*d*. was raised by a population of less than four million, as a spontaneous gift of fraternal sympathy."

Of the same class another critic has said:

"They exercised a large influence in public affairs, and a beneficial and a salutary one. Every enlargement of Australian liberty had them for zealous friends; every enemy of Australian rights had them for uncompromising antagonists."

Sometimes in honorable rivalry, sometimes in concert, the two sections which constitute the Irish nation in Ireland worked side by side at the making of Victoria. The problem whether they can perform the essential offices of self-government like sensible and temperate citizens can scarcely ever be more effectually tested than it was on that colonial stage. They proved their right and capacity to govern by governing.

It must not be supposed that under such rulers the political or social character of the community had ceased to be English. St. Patrick's Day, indeed, was a legal holiday in Melbourne, while it was not so in Dublin, and the green flag flew freer by the Yarra Yarra than on the Liffey; but the British character of the community met the stranger at every step. It ran sometimes into caricature and

absurdity. Politicians had their Acts recorded in a "Victorian Hansard;" travellers lost their temper over a "Victorian Bradshaw;" lawyers might be consulted in Chancery Lane; and new arrivals in Melbourne, if they were so disposed, could take their recreation, after half an hour's drive, at Brighton, Kew, or Windsor, or dine, if they were rash enough, at the Star and Garter, Richmond, or even at Lincoln's Inn, *sans* wig or gown.

Colonists have a pleasant conviction that their spirits rise, like quicksilver in a thermometer, when they return from Europe to Australia, and Irishmen insist that they and the sunshine have both contributed to make life less gloomy at the antipodes. They were never accustomed to take their pleasure sadly, and they have certainly furnished a liberal share of the good stories and happy *mots* which are the salt of political life. I will select a few which have not found their way into print, as a relief from so much political speculation.

Place aux pretres.— A Catholic bishop gave one of his priests, in a rural district, the serviceable gift of a horse. To commemorate the circumstance, the young priest named the animal after the donor, and "Saddle 'The Bishop,'" "Feed 'The Bishop,'" "Water 'The Bishop,'" and so forth, became familiar phrases in his household. Sometime afterwards the children of the parochial schools were ready for confirmation, and a day was fixed by the diocesan to confer this Sacrament of the Catholic Church upon them. The priest, who was the soul of hospitality, invited the principal official persons in the district to meet the prelate at dinner after the ceremony. It was a sweltering day in the Australian midsummer, and just as the distinguished company sat down to the table the door opened slowly, and the priest's groom put his head in the room and whispered, "Might I have a word with your reverence?"—"Oh, not now, Mick; don't you see I am engaged with his lordship? Come to me after dinner."—"It will be too late then, your reverence." The prelate considerately suggested that Michael should be heard on the spot. "Well, Mick, his lordship will permit you to tell me what you want at once."—"It's a horrid hot day, your reverence; I was thinking whether I oughtn't to throw a bucket of water on 'The Bishop'?" *Tableau vivant.*

There is a rival story of the other Episcopacy for which I can vouch. The bishop of the English Church in one of the colonies (which need not be specified) was a decided Evangelical, and offended the High Church section of his clergy by his strong sympathy with Dissenters. When it became necessary to replace him (in consequence of his death or retirement), a conference took place on the question of his successor. Various tests and securities were debated to obtain a bishop more in sympathy with the bulk of the Church. An Irish parson was observed to maintain an unusual silence, and was invited to state his opinions. "For my part," said he, "I am against fettering our new bishop with conditions and restrictions;

leave him independent; but it would not be unreasonable, I think, to make sure this time that he is an Episcopalian!"

The Bar has beaten the church by long odds, at least in the number of its pleasantries; but two or three specimens must suffice at present. A sly old county-court judge from Dublin was trying a question of disputed account, when the counsel for the defendant, a young barrister, fresh from home, and eager to make his mark, took occasion to break into an harangue on mercantile remedies and the law of agency. The judge interrupted him quietly. "That's very sound law, Mr. X.," he said; "I make no doubt it's for my general information you intend it; and when the business of the Court is over, I will be much obliged for the conclusion. But just now we must apply ourselves to the case before us."

The briefs, in prosecutions for misdemeanors, used to be distributed among the junior bar at the discretion of the crown solicitor, and were very welcome to new-comers. One attorney-general, who perhaps thought the work was ill-done by juniors, or it may be had a less lofty motive, took all the cases and fees into his own hand. Justifying the change afterwards, he declared that it was in the interest of the profession he interfered, as the distributed briefs degraded the bar, and had come to be known among them as "tickets for soup." "Think of his goodness," said an Irish junior; "to save us from the reproach of accepting tickets for soup, he swallows the whole tureen himself."

The lower agents of the law were generally Irishmen, and their agile fancy sometimes led them into curious escapades. Here are a couple:

Many Chinese names sound like a burlesque, and are probably barbarous renderings of the original Mongolian. Fong Fat, Ah Sue, Ah Foo, and the like are common. A newly appointed crier, in a county court, was ordered by the judge, in a case in which a Chinaman was a witness, to call for Ah Song. He looked puzzled for a moment, and cast a sly glance on the judge; but finding him as grave as an undertaker, he turned to the audience, and blandly simpered, "Gintlemin, would any of you favor his Honor with a song?" In another court a new chum policeman was ordered by the judge to go in search of the official interpreter, whose name was Ah Kat. "Constable, go for Ah Kat." — "Yes, your Honor; is it a Tom cat your Honor wishes for?"

The epigrams struck out in the conflict of politics, like sparks from clashing weapons, are as plentiful as nuggets in Australia. Here are two or three:

After protection was established it became a serious question whether duties should be levied on the ascertained value of the goods, or more rapidly and conveniently by superficial measurement of the cases. A member of inordinate length and breadth professed himself unable to understand what all the bother was about. What difference could it make to the State in which way it received its Customs duties? "Let me assure the honorable member," said the Commis-

sioner of Customs, an Irishman from the gold-fields, "that measurement and valuation sometimes represent quite different amounts. It would be a profitable transaction, for example, to buy the honorable member *ad valorem* and sell him by measurement." A gifted young English barrister, one of the brightest and blithest spirits ever entangled in party contests, made a better protectionist *mot* than the Irishman. He stood for a constituency where free trade was in bad odor, and was pestered by questions which he had never considered. What duty ought to be put on woollens? What on dry goods? Ought breadstuffs to be exempt? and so forth. At last he escaped by an audacious pleasantry which would have ruined a commonplace candidate. "Pray, sir," a shoemaker demanded, "what would you put on boots?"—"Well, sir," the candidate replied, "if they were patent leather, I would recommend French polish; if not, Day and Martin."

There is ordinarily no personal canvassing at elections, the distances being commonly too vast for that practice. But there is a story current of two noted Irishmen who were candidates for a gold-field, which included an agricultural settlement supposed to exercise a decisive influence in the contest. Each of them determined to make a canvass of the district. Murphy and Kelly (as it will be convenient to name them) hoped to steal a march each on the other, and set off in the early morning. Murphy, who was an indolent, solemn, and imposing personage, so grandiose that one of his colleagues declared that on public occasions he constituted a procession in his own person, became quite genial and familiar; and, in the first farm-yard which he reached, might be seen in a little time helping the farmer to bail up the cows for milking. After such a stroke of condescension and good-fellowship he assumed that his cause was won, and asked triumphantly if they had heard anything of his rival in the district? "Oh, dear, yes," said the farmer; "Mr. Kelly is a nice gentleman; he's helping the mistress just now in the other farm to feed the calves."

I have spoken only of the light which Victorian history throws upon the Irish problem. But if it were examined by publicists, with the philosophical insight which Mr. Bryce has recently brought to bear upon American history,* it would help effectually to elucidate the English problem. How to harmonize democratic suffrage, with a limited monarchy and two legislative chambers, is an enigma to statesmen just now; and they forget, for the most part, that men of their own race have made this experiment, and encountered its perils and surprises, for more than a generation.

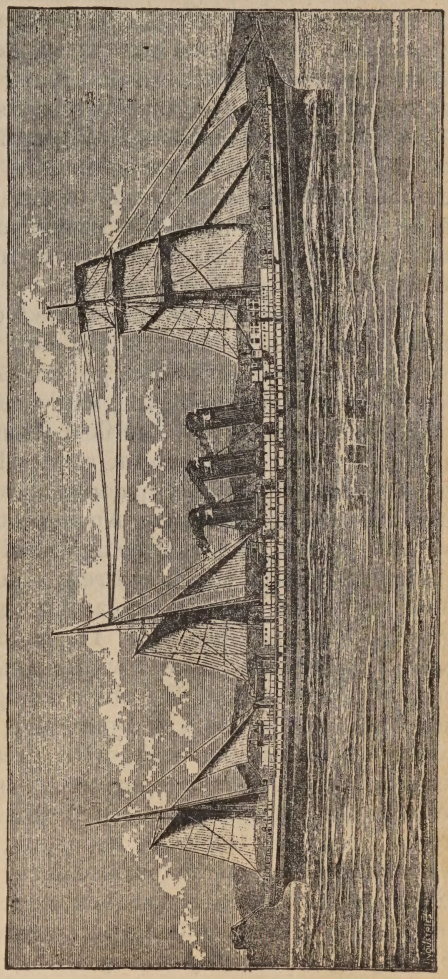
C. GAVAN DUFFY, in the Contemporary Review.

PRACTICE solid piety, and do not be taken up with short-lived devotions, which are only a fitful blaze.—*St. Joseph of Cupertino.*

*The Predictions of Hamilton and De Tocqueville. By James Bryce, M. P. Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore.

New Steamship City of New York.

On March 15 there was launched on the Clyde, the splendid twin screw steamship, *City of New York*, the first of the two liners now being built by Messrs. James and George Thomson for the Inman and International Company, plying between New York and Liverpool. The Inman Company is well known to Atlantic travellers as providing in their floating "cities" a safe and comfortable means of transit across the Atlantic, and next to the Cunard, it is the oldest Atlantic steamship company.



THE NEW STEAMSHIP CITY OF NEW YORK—10,500 TONS. 560 FEET LENGTH.

For some years, however, it retired from the struggle for pre-eminence, at least so far as speed is concerned; but now, after the reconstruction of the company, about a year ago, under the title of the Inman and International Company, it is coming to the front again by building two splendid steamers, with the view of trying conclusions with the present "greyhounds" of the Atlantic. It is expected that the speed of these vessels will be at least as great as the fastest liners now afloat; but, at the same time, speed is by no means the first consideration which the directors of the company have kept before them, the two paramount considerations being the safety and comfort of the travelling public.

The general appearance of the ships is well indicated by the illustration, and which shows to advantage their smart, yacht-like form, with three masts and three funnels, which will before long be well known to seamen on the Atlantic. The length of the *City of New York* is 560 feet, the breadth 63 1-4 feet, and the depth to the upper deck 43 1-4 feet. Above this upper deck, however, is a promenade deck, supported on stanchions, and affording a promenade which is uninterrupted for the whole length of the ship. The most important structural

feature in these ships is the thoroughness of the system of water-tight subdivision which has been adopted. There are fifteen main water-tight compartments separated by steel bulkheads extending from the keel to the upper deck, or to a height of sixteen feet above the water line. Two of these compartments could be knocked into one and flooded by the sea without rendering the vessel unseaworthy. Of these fifteen compartments three are devoted to the boilers, which are thus separated into three independent groups. Two other compartments are occupied by the two sets of triple expansion engines, which are also entirely independent, so that if any breakdown were to occur at any time to either of the engines or screw shafts, the ship could still proceed at about three-quarters full speed. The advantages of this duplication of the machinery are so obvious that it is surprising it has not been adopted before this in any of our large Atlantic liners, and there can be little doubt that the Inman and International Company will reap the reward of their enterprise in being the first to provide the additional security of twin screws.

The main saloon is constructed on a principle patented by the builders, which was first carried out in the National liner *America* recently sold to the Italian government. The central part of the saloon is of a dome-like shape, and rises in a graceful arch to a height of twenty-two feet above the floor, thus giving an air of spaciousness which has never before been attained on shipboard. The drawing-room and library are also spacious apartments, and will be fitted in a style of luxurious comfort. An important feature in these ships is the hydraulic system, which is being fitted by Messrs. Brown & Brothers, of Edinburgh, and which entirely takes the place of steam for such duties as steering, warping, heaving the anchors, loading and unloading cargo, hoisting ashes, &c. The rudder and steering gear is specially designed to be entirely below the water, so as to be efficiently protected in the event of the ships being employed as armed cruisers. The cargo will be worked by twelve hydraulic derricks, which will discharge and take in cargo with great dispatch and an absence of noise, and which will be appreciated by both passengers and officers. From the foregoing description it will be seen that the launch of the *City of New York* marks an important step in the continuous effort to overcome the dangers and discomforts of the stormy Atlantic voyage; and the performances of this new "greyhound" will, no doubt, create considerable interest during the coming season among all classes of the shipping community.

ARRIVAL OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

The steamship, *City of New York*, the crowning triumph of the Inman Company's marine architecture, was sighted off Fire Island at 1.15, morning of the 10th of August, exactly 7 days 4 hours 55 minutes after her departure from England. Her length and beam are such as to insure a minimum of "rolling," the great detestation of persons afflicted with *mal de mer*, and in all the appointments of the saloons

and state-rooms she is luxurious in the extreme. She has also realized her builders' anticipations of great speed. The greatest day's run recorded on her log was 441 miles, which is, indeed, remarkable for a new ship. The *Etruria* of the Cunard Line, with her record of 502 miles, stands at the head of the list of ocean greyhounds, and she did not attain this until she had been running four years. The officers of the *City of New York* confidently expect to log off 520 miles in 24 hours before they have crossed the ocean half a dozen times. The voyage was without incident worthy of special note. Some disarrangement of the packing around the steam-pipes caused a delay of 12 hours at Queenstown; but such mishaps are the common lot of new ships. On the second day out the pumps got out of order, and the speed was necessarily so reduced that only 188 miles were covered in 24 hours. It is stated that the *City of New York* cost about $1,750,000 and the builders were bound under heavy penalties to construct a ship that should make the passage from land to land in 5 days 15 hours. This penalty, however, will not be enforced in the first few trips. The engines are supposed to have 19,000 horse-power, the greatest driving power possessed by any vessel afloat with the exception of one Spanish man-of-war. She has a passenger-carrying capacity of 2,000. The *City of New York* brings 257 first cabin, 128 second cabin, and 463 steerage passengers.

Love for the Soldier.

Gen. Henry A. Barnum is a gallant soldier and stanch Republican. He carries to this day several ounces of lead in his body. He was a candidate for sergeant-at-arms of the State Senate last winter. The Republican senators passed him by, and gave the office to a mere political partisan.

Gen. Denis F. Burke is another gallant soldier and an active Republican. He bears honorable scars received while an officer in the renowned Irish brigade. He was a candidate for a deputy clerkship in the State Senate. The Republican majority there cavalierly sent him to the rear and rewarded a time-serving politician with the office.

Col. Michael W. Burns was also a gallant soldier, and an unwavering Republican. He was severely wounded at the second battle of Bull Run, and was made colonel and brevet brigadier-general for gallantry on the field of battle. Col. Burns was a Roman Catholic. His widow was the guest of his regiment at the Gettysburg reunion. She is in needy circumstances. On Friday night a bill allowing her a pension of fifty dollars a month was called up in the House of Representatives. Without even waiting for the report accompanying it, a Republican member coolly postponed its consideration to the 12th of July, the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne.

This congressman was the Hon. Joseph B. Cheadle of Indiana. He represents Tippecanoe County and the aspirations of Gen. Benjamin Harrison in the House of Representatives.

The Flower Miracle.

SEEK ye a miracle? Behold these seeds,
These tiny, dusky spheres, scentless and dull, —
I drop them in the sombre soil, and pull
A veil of earth athwart them. Pluck the weeds,
And water the dry loam. Thence there proceeds
No hint of bloom or fragrance; all is dull
And scentless as the fresh-sown soulless seeds.
But hither comes in June. How beautiful
The radiant flowers bloom! God's chemistry
Hath drawn from dusky seed and sullen clay
Rarest of flowers, scents of Araby —
A fragrant vision fairer than the day!
Bow down, proud heart, and bless the gracious Power
Which works a miracle in every flower!

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Happy Marriages.

MARRIAGES are happy when they take place from pure love between two persons who are already thoroughly acquainted with each other, and who are quite content with each other as they then are.

First, love must be the motive. Marriages of convenience, as they are called, almost always turn out to be anything but convenient, and, on the contrary, exceedingly inconvenient.

If people marry for money, even if the money be obtained,—which is by no means always the case,—the husband or wife who is taken with it, is, of course, and necessarily, merely regarded as an encumbrance to be endured for the sake of the more highly prized pecuniary acquisition. Then, if it chance, that the coveted money be not received, or that it be subsequently lost, the situation is still more deplorable, for the encumbrance alone remains, without the compensation calculated upon for its endurance, and becomes all the more unendurable.

If people marry for what is called position, they marry something which cannot be obtained in that way. A sound title to position can only be got by merit; never by matrimony.

Secondly, happy marriages can only take place between two people who are well acquainted, and who are satisfied with each other as they are.

Young persons who are so blinded by love that their judgment is rendered torpid, who are unable to see each other's faults, and who marry, in real form, an imaginary character, are soon and sadly undeceived by the experience of married life; and such matches are most miserable.

So of those who marry, not because they are satisfied with each

other as they now are, but who are quite confident of their ability to change the character of the person they wed. Such hopes prove delusive. Do not be deceived by the idea that you can remould a character already cast, in consequence of assuming the matrimonial relation. The probability is, that the objectionable or disagreeable qualities which you already perceive will increase, and not diminish, after marriage; while the possibility of discovering new ones always exists.

These suggestions may be heeded with advantage by the endless procession continually moving toward the gates of matrimony.

An Anti-Masonic Monarch.

EUROPEAN Freemasonry has suffered a severe loss because of the refusal of the new German Emperor to join its ranks. Many of the newspapers throughout the Empire are full of Masonic reminiscences connected with the last two emperors. William I., it appears, was a stanch Mason, but Frederick, his son, was not. The *Freisinnige Zeitung* reproduces the words which his father addressed to him on Nov. 25, 1853, on receiving him into the craft. He said: "The work of the order, is most earnest, holy, and sublime. The order will make you understand the one thing needful which is the be-all and the end-all of man, and this you will have arrived at when you shall have absorbed its sacred teachings."

The future emperor, however, found, as his judgment became more mature, that he could not conscientiously remain a member of the sect. On March 1st, 1874, he resigned, giving this remarkable explanation of the step he was taking; "I resign this office, because the lodge compels him who belongs to it to enter upon relations (*verbindungen*) which cannot but stand in the way of the justice of a reigning sovereign." In his view the practice of Freemasonry was incompatible with the discharge of the duties of the head of a nation. The Prince of Wales does not share the opinion of his late brother-in-law, for he is grandmaster of England, having succeeded in that post, Lord Ripon, when that nobleman became a Catholic. But the present Emperor of Germany has evidently taken to heart the words of his father; for he refuses to have anything at all to do with the order.

Northwestern Chronicle.

THE good-will and desire to imitate the Passion of Our Saviour is a particular grace which the Holy Ghost gives to the soul which loves God truly and is resolved to serve Him; because the soul which is occupied with its own affections and only loves itself, does not relish, or rather detests, this doctrine of the Holy Ghost. It does not believe that to reach perfection it is necessary to share in the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ. — *St. Francis.*

A Bostonian in New York.

IX.

In Boston, on a holiday in the summer time, the average laboring person looks for some place where he can get a breath of fresh air and have a good time too. Nantasket is a place where all this can be obtained; and thus it is that thousands crowd the boats that run to this and other pleasure points on all pleasant days in summer, and especially on Sunday. New York has its many places of amusement, where the weary and tired Gothamite can bask before the rolling and splashing waves on the sandy coast; but their prince of sea-shore resorts is Coney Island. Do not miss going to Coney Island if visiting New York in the summer. Sometimes people say that Nantasket is the Coney Island of Boston and *vice versa*. But the difference between these two places is so great that it is absurd to attempt to compare them. After taking the steamer at the Battery, a short and beautiful sail is had in the harbor. The cars are taken the same as going to the Point of Pines. The steam cars are great, big, ugly-looking things, open like the open cars that crawl through the streets of Boston, only that they are propelled by steam, and go tearing through a beautiful country at a furious rate. The passenger has to snuggle up closely in his seat, muffle his coat around his neck, and if he has a cigar in his mouth, he will be constantly tapped on the shoulder by the person sitting next on the seat, and asked to knock the ashes off as they are finding lodgement in the eye of the mild objector. After knocking the ashes off my cigar twice, I was asked to refrain from puffing entirely, as the sparks were flying around dangerously, and I accordingly stopped smoking. This only goes to show the terrific rate of the car's travel, for the day was a warm one. The conductor walked along the step, which runs on the sides of the car, to collect the fares, with a coolness which was something remarkable; and I am quite sure it must have startled many of the passengers. I have never as yet done anything I considered very daring; but I believe I would rush down the circus spring-board, spring up in the air, and twirl around three times over the backs of six elephants as soon as I would walk along the steps of these cars while they are spinning on the track. Little towns wrapt up in the quietude of Sunday are left behind; cemeteries with their hundreds of white statues standing up in their ghostly whiteness; here a group of mourners kneeling and weeping over a new-made grave; a crowd of boys playing base-ball; here a crowd standing around an impromptu fight; people coming home from church; boys with their girls taking a walk, and many, many other things which make the ride a most interesting and delightful one; while residences now stately and pretty, and again poor and humble, stand out with a profusion of the loveliness of nature all around, that makes such an impression on the passenger that he is really sorry, I believe, when the car slackens up, comes to a

stop, and the daring and bold conductor cries out in stentorian tone — "Coney Island — all aboard."

Coney Island, the popular watering resort of New York, Brooklyn, and other cities near by, extends along the southern coast of Long Island, where are many other pleasure resorts. Although famous to-day for their numerous pleasure attractions, they are comparatively new places, and the men of to-day did not have the advantages offered them when they were young, so far as these beaches are concerned, as has the young men of to-day of New York. Prior to 1875 this fine stretch of beach, five miles long, was little more than a barren waste of sand. At the present time it is reached by a dozen or more ways. The beach has many light and airy buildings of all sizes and for all conceivable purposes, — some of them not of the best, — and during the warm weather the beach is covered with people, as Boston Common is on the glorious Fourth. Dime museums are numerous, and one or more of the attractions stand on a platform in front of the show, such as a young woman coiling a snake around her form, while a young man with good lungs stands beside her and tells of the wonders she can perform; and advises the hearers, many of them countrymen, to come in and see the man who eats glass, the educated pig, man-dog, and numberless other monstrosities. Then there are dozens of free-and-easys, where cheap variety shows by cheap performers delight a crowd of beer-drinkers and sandwich-eaters. There are the swinging-horses, coasters, and, in fact, everything that can be imagined. Here the professional fakirs make a rich harvest, notwithstanding their statements that they give away "one dollar for a dime." "Hit the little dolls; knock down one, you get a fine Havana cigar," etc.; throwing rings over a glittering stock of cheap jewelry, canes, knives, etc., catches the unwary. I never before saw so many fakirs at one place. It would certainly be a good time for the members of this profession to hold a reunion. These cheap merchants and street orators, who ply their art in the large cities in the winter, come here in the summer and make a fortune. A person can come here and have a good time, for the place is large enough for all. Coney Island could swallow up our Oak Island, Point of Pines, and Crescent Beach. Although it was Sunday when I visited this great island everything was going on that I have mentioned and much more. If the name of this island is ever changed, here is an appropriate one for it — "Fakir's Island." Brighton and Manhattan beaches are not far from here, and they, too, are famous sea-shore resorts.

Another island, familiar by name to Bostonians, is Blackwell's Island. This is the island on which is the penitentiary, like that on our own Deer Island, the workhouse, charity hospital, and other institutions, where many unfortunate persons are placed. To visit this island a pass must be secured. The passport is had by applying at the office of the Commissioners of Charities and Correction. When I went to this office I found the place crowded, and had to fall in line with old men and women, many of them after passes, and others speaking

in behalf of relatives and friends. A young man attends to them in a very gruff way, and the manner in which he asks them what they are after nearly drove terror and fear in the old people, and actually made them shrink before this bully, for he was nothing short of this, and doubtless his treatment is suggested to many who have applied at this office by the harsher treatment they subsequently receive at the several institutions on the island. I expected that he would attempt to chew me up when it was my turn to appear before his highness. I took him very coolly, resolved in my own mind that if he attempted any of his ill manners on me I should simply tell him what I once heard a Republican stump speaker say he would tell a Democrat if the latter asked him to vote his ticket, to go "where water never freezes." I got through with him, however, without any trouble, got my passes and was off. When the clerk found out that I was a stranger, and only wished to visit the institutions, and was not acquainted with any one there, he was quite affable for him, and condescended to direct me how to get to the boat, with as much softness as his rough voice was capable of expressing.

Soon after I was at the wharf ready to take the boat for Blackwell's Island, which makes three or four trips daily. A large crowd was there waiting for the boat. One would think they were going to a poor picnic, for nearly all of them had bundles, large and small, containing, no doubt, good things, for dear ones in the institutions. Although having a pass it costs twenty cents to ride on the boat for the round trip. While waiting for the boat a van, or, as it is better known, the "Black Maria," hove in sight. The door is opened and the passengers file out one behind the other, and are placed in a room the door of which is not left open. Soon the large crowd pass down the wharf and on to the boat. After they are all aboard freight is taken on, the baggage smashers being convicts from the penitentiary, whose terms will soon expire. A big, burly ruffian was the boss of this gang, and the way he pushed, cursed, kicked, and generally abused the poor fellows, was, to say the least, disgraceful. He looked more like a prisoner than the humble employees, who are, after all, only held for mild offences, but are, nevertheless, treated like dogs. Presently all eyes are squinted over the rail, and when I looked to see what the matter was, I was surprised to see a file of boys, young and old men, black, white, and with facial decorations of colors as numerous as in the rainbow, march along and go below in the boat. After they were secured, another line composed of women, young and old, were put aboard. There were some of them young in years, mere girls, whose faces were smirched with the marks of early dissipation; others brazen and not in the least appearing to feel ashamed. Among these were old women, way beyond the sixties and seventies, toddling along, keeping in line, whose downcast and wrinkled faces were pitiable sights to look upon. Soon the whistle blew, and the boat started on its voyage. Although the ride was pleasant enough, the surroundings were not of the pleasantest, and by the conversation of some I could see that they

had been passengers before on the boat, when they were the last to get aboard and occupied quarters below. Others grouped together told painful stories, and, all in all, it was a ride I would not care to take more than once.

After a short time the boat was hauled up at the little dock and the passengers stepped upon *terra firma*. Some went to the right, others to the left, as the several buildings are separated, and, in some instances, far away from each other. Blackwell's Island is a long, narrow strip of land, containing about one hundred and twenty acres, and very prettily laid out. Upon it are the penitentiary, the almshouses, lunatic asylum for females, workhouse, blind asylum, charitable hospital, hospital for incurables, convalescent hospital, and others. Most of these buildings are granite, of substantial build, and rather imposing. They have all been built from stone quarried on the island, and by convict labor. Around the shores of the island are heavy granite walls, all built by convicts. It would seem as if the convicts sent here have to work pretty hard for their board and lodging. The island is very fertile, and farming and gardening is carried on all by the convicts. In the summer the island is very attractive, with gardens of beautiful flowers here and there; fields with all kinds of vegetables growing; trees shading paths which are laid out with the most careful accuracy, evenness, and neatness. There is probably no spot so beautiful in the city; in fact, it is so beautiful that a good deal has been said by some of the New-York papers favoring the idea of using the island for a pleasure resort, and placing the inmates of the several buildings in places not so attractive. I thought this was a very ungrateful desire, — for the people should remember that there are others on this island besides prisoners, — the inmates of the workhouse, for instance, who, amid all their misery may find some little pleasure in strolling along the part allotted to their use, or seating themselves on the seats under the trees and glancing on the boats plying up and down the harbor, and taking in the refreshing air, which is about the best thing they have.

The first institution I entered was the Charity Hospital. After remaining in the office for a short while an attache of the place came along and piloted the visitors through the different wards. Most of them had come to see some particular person, and a good deal of red tape was gone through before they reached the one of whom they were in search. I was shown through the various wards, where large rooms are filled with beds containing patients suffering with all kinds of ailments. There were many suffering with that dread disease consumption. There was a ward for the men and a ward for the women. Some of the patients were quite young, while others were middle aged, and others bore the marks of extreme old age. The coughing, whining, and restlessness of the poor patients was something terrible. The guide said that four or five died in these consumptive wards on a daily average, and even while he was telling me this, one old man, with a ghastly countenance, rose partly up in his bed, his bones as visible through

the surface of his skin as if they had never been clothed with flesh, and with one horrifying yell fell back dead. A sigh went up from the other inmates, and the visitors who saw that terrible death-bed scene nearly dropped, it was so thrilling. Reaching the corridor again, I told the guide I did not wish to see any more wards, and all those that were in the party said naught, their silence, however, being a willing consent. The dining halls were shown then, and are very large, with long tables covered with good, plain, substantial food. Just as we were about to leave, the bell struck, and the way that room filled was decidedly amusing. Those eating here were convalescent, and able to walk about. Indeed, the swiftness they showed in answering the always welcome summons told that very eloquently., The guide said that it was hard to get rid of some of the inmates at times, many of them insisting, when told to go, that they are not well enough to depart. The guide was inclined to be chatty, and before the trip was concluded he told me that he, too, was a patient who would have to go soon. He spoke with a poor and whining tongue, which was a polite invitation to give him something, and he was rewarded for his trouble.

I visited the penitentiary next. The visitors were taken round by an officer. It was dinner time at this institution, and all the prisoners were seated closely at long tables covered with plain food, minus dainties. The inspection consisted only of a walk along the first corridor and a look at the interiors of the clean and narrow cells, which, in some cases, held two convicts, — they, at that time, having a full house, more than a thousand persons being on the register. Two or three floors above were duplicates of the first one, and a walk up stairs was not necessary. The officer, who was a heavy and strong man, looked very much as though he could hold his own with anybody, and he wore a determined expression, which as much as said that it would not be well for any of the prisoners to fool with him. Passing one cell the officer said it was once occupied by Most. This brought back some of the visitors who wished to take a better peep at the dingy apartment which only a short while ago was occupied by one of the greatest cowards in New York. When one of the interested parties asked where Most was now, the guide answered in an off-handed way, "Oh, I suppose he is blowing his bag off somewhere."

On leaving the penitentiary a long walk was taken on the island where were located some of the other institutions. The walk was a very pleasant one, for the beauties of the island are really superb. Soon a lot of old women were seen, all dressed in a homely yet neat and clean dress. These were the inmates of the workhouse. They had faces which were as silent and as sad looking as a graveyard, and most of them were very old and feeble. Seated here and there in groups, they look very much like a flock of sheep. Some of them stray off a little way, and sit in a quiet nook near the roadside, alone, with little baskets, and other simple articles, made by their withered old hands, and which are for sale. No price is attached, in fact, there is no regular price for them, the purchaser can give what he pleases, and,

of course, they always receive more than they are worth. It is a simple appeal from these poor creatures which is quite touching. Although having a pass to visit these other institutions, I refrained from doing so, for it was the same thing over and over in different forms. I took the next boat for the city having seen all the misery I wished to, voluntarily, for a long time.

There are other islands in New York on which institutions are erected for the care of sufferers by all kinds of diseases and misfortunes. On Ward's Island there are a lunatic asylum, houses of refuge, a nursery or home for children, and a home for invalid soldiers of the late war who served in the regiments of the city. Sick and destitute aliens arriving in the city are also cared for here. The buildings are imposing-looking structures, and the island is very prettily laid out. Randall's Island is not far from here. On the latter are the house of refuge, idiot asylum, nursery, and children's and infants' hospital, schools, and other charities provided by the city for destitute children. In another part of the island is a house of refuge under the care of the Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents. The boys and girls are kept separate, and those guilty of social crime apart from the more youthful. Children brought before police magistrates are sent to this institution. The average number of inmates is eight hundred, all of whom are taught to work and otherwise educated. This island, like the others, is handsomely laid out, and shaded with fine trees. There are a great many hospitals, dispensaries, etc., in the city, where those meeting with accidents are brought, and those suffering with the eyes, ears, and numerous other complaints, are cared for. A great many persons visit the islands, and the money they are obliged to pay for the ride on the boat is handed over to the city, for the Sinking Fund, I believe.

Many of these institutions, on the islands especially, have not escaped suspicion in the way of their management, and, in some cases, investigations have been made. Rottenness in the management of these houses, for some reason or other, seems bound, I might say, to be in vogue. The poor inmates of the workhouses, insane asylums, etc., if the truth were only known, have been treated as vilely as were those in the workhouse in England where Oliver Twist was born. To go through these institutions the surroundings appear to be all right. One from Massachusetts cannot, while perambulating around these scenes, forget to think of Tewkesbury, and, perhaps, wonder if the patients here are put to death by inches, and have their bodies carted to a medical college, and their clothes cut up for carpets, and in their brighter transformations sent to the houses of the officers of the institutions as was done at the workhouse in Tewkesbury, and was only brought to light when the State had as its chief executive, Gov. Butler. It was the tales, very often true, of inhuman treatment generally given such unfortunates, who dare not say that their soul is their own, that made old Mrs. Betty Higden, in Our Mutual Friend, flee from friends, and prefer death by slow starvation and bitter weather rather

than be a parish charge. I trust, for the sake of the poor inmates of these New-York institutions, that they receive just and proper treatment; but stories of the past, and recent developments, seem to dispel any such hopeful belief.

The Tombs is still another place worth seeing. You have to apply at the same place for a pass as you do to visit the island above alluded to. I visited the Tombs before going to the island; and if I had not, it is doubtful if I would have gone there at all. The Tombs is the city prison, built after the Egyptian style of architecture, and if in a better location would be quite an imposing structure. It is on Centre Street, and takes up a whole block. This building has stood here more than seventy-five years. The Police Court and Court of Special Sessions convene here, and they are reached by passing up the main entrance, a flight of dark stone steps. The interior presents a dingy and unattractive appearance. Lawyers of the cheaper kind are leaning against the walls, and the court rooms are filled with witnesses and fine payers, like in any other court. The judges are not so dignified looking as those of Massachusetts, and may be seen conversing with the lawyers, joking and wreathed in smiles, and sprawling in their elevated chairs, after the style of lazy members of the Common Council. This is owing, no doubt, to the fact that these judges are not appointed by the governor, but nominated by the people and elected at the polls. For this reason they have to stand in with the lawyers and others, many of them being politicians who pull political wires and speak at caucuses; or, if they do not do this, they may not succeed themselves. The dignity of the bench should be maintained, and it should be absolutely honest and impartial; but I cannot conceive how it can be this when the judges are themselves, in many cases, practical politicians, at the mercy of their clients and lawyers who are their political creators.

To reach the prisoners' dens it is necessary to pass through an entrance on the side of the building. When I entered I found a long line of people, like that seen at a theatre when some great star is coming, and the ticket speculators are getting in their work. The only thing for me to do was to join the line, which I did; and although it moved up one at a snail's pace, the wait was not in the least monotonous, but, to me, a stranger, extremely interesting. A little gate is placed across the entry; and one officer is writing at a small desk while another blue-coat is at his side. The book-keeper, for such I will call him, asks numerous questions of the first one in the line, and enters the replies in a great, big book, while the other attendant keeps his eye on the person catechised, and he will certainly know him if they ever meet again. This latter official is, without doubt, the toughest and most vicious-looking person I ever saw. He must weigh in the neighborhood of three hundred pounds, with a tremendous head, bullet-shaped, and his hair cut with a clipping-machine shows many marks and blows, when he takes off his hat. He was very slovenly in his habits, so so much so that every little while spittle would drop from his mouth

(partly concealed by tobacco-stained lips,) on his clothes, or to the floor. His place was probably a hard one to fill, and, doubtless, a hard-looking man was required for it. If this was the principal requisite for the position, the one that engaged him could not possibly have found a harder-looking human being. The book-keeper was a mild and methodical-looking man, who appeared like a dwarf with the aforesaid elephantine man by his side. The name, address, person in search of, etc., was asked, and the answers entered in the book. Sometimes the big man would interfere when the replies were not definite. For instance: one young man, when asked where he lived, gave the name of the street without the number. Instantly the big man grunted, "Umph! don't you know where you live? would you have a barrel of flour sent to —— street?" The young man soon gave the number, while the big man looked on him with scorn. After all the questions were asked, the heavier official would take any bundle the visitor might have and pass it over to still another officer, whose business it was to open all packages for the prisoners, and examine the contents; and if found to be all right, it would, in due time, find its way to the cell of the prisoner whose name it bore. By this means it is difficult for anything dangerous to reach the prisoners; and if the bundle is found to contain any thing of this sort the book-keeper has the name of the person who brought it; and, in that case, the carrier would be likely to be put behind the bars. There is still another process for the visitor to go through, and it is quite a novel one. After being questioned to the satisfaction of the sentinels at the outer gate, and being relieved of his bundle, he is told to put up his hands, in a fashion that would have put Jesse James to shame, and then he is embraced by the big man, who rubs his monstrous hands up and down the length of a person, to see if anything suspicious is felt on him. If all is well he then takes the visitor's hat off, to see if anything is in that; and then rubs his hands through his hair, if it is not like his own, cut to the scalp. Some of the persons smile while undergoing this operation; but they have to go through it just the same, even if they call every day. A friend visiting a friend in the Tombs has to go through a good deal to see him. I naturally supposed that to pass beyond this gate I would have to submit to this fatiguing process, but fortunately did not, for the happy reason that I was visiting for curiosity and not looking for any one in the cells. I had to give my name, though, and my Boston address, as well as my New York stopping place. I was very glad to escape the pawing over. Those who are looking for some one are brought direct to them, and not allowed to wander about at their will. Those visiting, like myself, are furnished with a ticket, which must be kept in sight all the time.

Soon after passing the gate I was in the city prison proper. The entrance was fenced, and an official opened it on my appearance. After questioning me a little he allowed me to walk in and peep in the cells, with the warning that I must not loiter or talk to the prisoners. In the centre of the building, from the first floor to the roof,

was an opening which poured down good light. The walk is so narrow that not more than two persons abreast can pass along on it. The cells are small and in great numbers. After passing around the first floor I went to the second and then the third, the cells on each being the same. The only variety to them was in the looks of those incarcerated in them. The prisoners do not wear any convict garb, and were attired in the same clothes they had on them when arrested, unless, perhaps, somebody came along after their arrest and claimed and proved that the clothes was his. There were young men not yet old enough to vote, and old men ancient enough to be their fathers and grandfathers. Two and three were in most of the cells. They are allowed to smoke, and the most of them had pipes in their mouths, or were chewing the weed. Some were playing cards, using the bed for the table, while others were reading, sleeping, and pacing up and down in their small apartments. The fence, with its officers, is on each floor, with one or two turnkeys prowling about. As you pass the cells they will cry out, "Give us a match, will yer?" "Got any weed, Boss?" "Give us dat paper will yer, please?" and many other such requests. When I got out of this part of the building, I was minus of all my matches, a couple of cigars, and a few Boston papers.

Passing into still another building the cells, to my great surprise, contained little boys from seven up to about fifteen years of age. A bright little chap, with a very pleasant face, volunteered to show me around without any solicitation on my part. There were several boys in some cells, and while some kept peeping through the bars, as they heard approaching footsteps, others were jumping around apparently enjoying themselves, many of them being too young to fully realize where they were. The guide was not at all bashful, and would point out a boy, almost sticking his finger in his face, and say, "He's a witness;" "He stole some newspapers;" "He's in for hooking lead;" and so on, making it quite interesting. When the premature criminal was pointed out, he would, boy like, smile, and think it quite a joke, not being old enough to know any better. It is a pity to arrest some of these little fellows, and certainly cruel to put them in cells. Before leaving I asked my bright little guide what he did here, and reddening in the face, he bashfully said, "I'm a prisoner too," but collecting himself he continued, "I'm innocent though, and will get out soon." Like all obliging New Yorkers, when there was anything to be made, he had to be "tipped."

Wandering about I found myself in still another building, and was just about to enter the place, when a middle-aged woman approached me on the threshold, and with a face beaming with smiles, good naturedly asked me what I wanted. I asked her if there were prisoners within, and she told me that there were, but I could not see them as they were females. Continuing she said, "Why, if you were to go through here the girls would all go crazy," and, not in the least daunted, I replied, in a why-to-be-sure way, "Oh, no doubt." After a pleasant talk, and just as I was about to leave, she said, "You bring

your sweetheart with you and I will let you go through." I asked her if she wouldn't play the role of Juliet for that occasion; but she coyly said, "Oh, no," and I departed.

From here I stepped into the yard, the very yard where condemned prisoners are executed on the gallows, and where many have met their ignominious end. Glancing skyward I saw a little bridge running across. Over this bridge the prisoners pass, and on either side of it is this inscription in large, white letters: "The Bridge of Sighs." Prisoners passing over this bridge have reason to sigh, for some of them are kept there weeks, months, and years; some never leave it until they pass to the yard to be, according to their fearful but just sentence, "Hanged by the neck until you are dead, and may God have mercy on your soul."

Some of the prisoners are pretty cheeky, and not content with asking for money, they will want the visitor to go to their houses, or some "pal's" place, and "tell him that —— is here." Two or three wanted me to travel around the city for them, and when I told them I did not know where such places were, which was true enough, they did not hesitate to direct me; but I then concluded it was time to move on. I was reminded twice by different officers, but on different floors, fortunately, that I was breaking the rules by talking to the prisoners, for which I gave as an excuse that I was ignorant of the rules of the establishment. There is said to be an average of a deliberate murder in New York City every week during the year, and at the time I visited the Tombs there were nineteen persons under the shadow of the gallows, men and women, who paced their cells in dread of death, while in the best of health, at the rope's end, with their lives, in many cases, hanging on slender threads. The hundreds of cells in the Tombs do not offer room enough for the many prisoners that are constantly being placed there, all waiting for sentence, except in the cases of murderers already sentenced, and for that reason three and four of them are piled together, black and white, young and old, rich and poor, dude and bum.

Warden Walsh, who was in charge of the Tombs at the time of my visit, was said to be a notorious character. The papers kept after him, dogging his footsteps closely, until he was at last forced out of the position. There used to be a good deal of money made here by the warden in ways such as doing errands for the inmates, many of whom often are wealthy and have good connections, providing meals for them, and other favors, which paid very handsomely, being, in every case, an extortion. While the warden did not himself do the errands, he saw that they were done, and particularly took care that he lost nothing for his trouble. "Fatty" Walsh, for such he was called, worked the place for all it was worth. Several reforms have been introduced here since the latter's departure, and there is not so much in the place for future wardens as there was for Mr. Walsh. The Tombs is, without doubt, the very worst place I ever saw, and I would much prefer to be placed in the cold earth, dead, than in one of these crowded cells.

When Herr Most was the tenant of a cell here on the fourth floor, he complained of being bothered with rats. To a reporter he said,—

"Oh, the rats, they jump about in my cell. They were cold last night, and they snugged themselves into my blankets. The warden ought to give them a bed on the floor."

"I never saw a rat in the prison since Warden Walsh had the holes all plugged up. It's mice you have," said the keeper.

"Mice," Most said cynically. "Rats! so big as that," and he measured off twelve inches on his right arm. "Did I see them? One big fellow lay right down on me and sneezed."

It is hard enough to suffer the confinement and the associations; but when rats, too, share the beds, it is rubbing it in pretty hard.

Imprisonment for debt is abolished, to a great extent, in New York. There was a time when a good many persons woke up in the morning, and before the day's sun had hidden its lustrous face found themselves prisoners in Ludlow-Street Jail, an institution which was similar to the prison where the immortal Micawber was confined with his host of young ones hoping for "something to turn up." Visitors who have friends confined at this jail are permitted to pay them a daily visit. The number of inmates at this institution varies considerably. At times the number is as low as thirty-five, again it reaches as high as sixty. This jail to-day is merely an institution for the confinement of persons upon process in civil actions. There are also in custody here prisoners for offences such as counterfeiting, post-office offences, etc. Splendid accommodations are furnished to those able and willing to pay for them. Other gentlemen of wealth and influence are at times quartered here instead of at the Tombs. In fact, it might be called the dude prison of the city. It was here, in nicely furnished rooms, not cells by any means, that "Boss" Tweed died; here where Ferdinand Ward awaited trial; last, but not least, where Jacob Sharp spent the last winter of his life, waiting to see if he would escape Sing Sing; and many other famous criminals have lodged here. The building itself is of brick, and not very pretentious in appearance. As I did not have any rich friend imprisoned in this institution, I could not go in, as visitors are not allowed to gape around as they are in other prisons. This rule, in this respect, I think should apply to all prisons, for the inmates have to suffer enough for their crimes without having the painful affliction of being the cynosure of the curious eyes of many persons at times who are no better, and sometimes not so good, as themselves.

I met a gentleman in Boston, a short time ago, who formerly made New York his residence. He is a locksmith by trade, and it was to have a key made that took me to his store. While squinting at a small piece of brass which would soon be a key, he commenced to tell of some peculiar instances in his experience as a tradesman, and told me this little story, which I think will not be out of place here:

"In the days that Tweed run New York, I was given a good deal of work in the public buildings. One job I did amounted to $500.

I put in my bill, and was paid all right; but, not long after, I was arrested and put in Ludlow-Street Jail. Tweed was there before me; and, as soon as he saw me, the great "Boss" cried, and said, 'If anybody told me, when I was putting up this building, that I would be in it myself, I would knock him down.' I found out that my bill was fixed by one of Tweed's lieutenants, who put a figure 1 before the right amount, making it $1,500, — of which $500 went to me, and $1,000 to the politicians. This was proven, and, after seven days in jail, I was let go."

This story of Tweed being a prisoner in a cage he was the means of erecting, brought back to my memory my primitive school-days. In school, the rattan, from frequent use, would often wear out, and the teacher would ask which one of the children would get her a new one, even going so far as describing the kind. Some one there would be who would volunteer to do this; indeed, there would be a number raise their little hands to officiate in this service. One would be chosen, and the knowing ones would say among themselves, "The one that gives teacher a rattan will get the first licking;" and this never failed to prove true. Here is a warning for school children, and for politicians, perhaps, a moral. WILLIAM F. DONOVAN.

An Honorable Settlement.

THE lower House of Congress, Aug. 10, by unanimous consent took up and passed a peculiar war claim. It was for the material of a Catholic church, used by Gen. Thomas in fortifying Chattanooga. Gen. Grosvenor, of Ohio, who had personal knowledge of the facts, explained them to the House. When the Union army captured the place and began to fortify it, they found the church of St. Peter and St. Paul in process of construction. The works were of cut stone, and about half completed. A great deal of dressed marble, much of it nicely cut, was lying about the grounds. It was all used for military purposes. After the war Gen. Thomas' Quartermaster made an investigation as to the order of the property there, and reported that, after deducting the value of stone returned, there was a fair claim against the government of $18,729. As to the question of loyalty, the large majority of the members were Union men, and many of them entered the East Tennessee regiments. The pastor of the church was such an outspoken loyalist, that he was shot by bushwhackers, and afterwards died of his wounds. The churches of other denominations had previously been made, by the Quartermaster's Department, as good as before they were taken by the government, — namely, a Presbyterian church, which was paid $4,600; the Cumberland Presbyterians, $2,450; and the Protestant Episcopal, $3,640. At the close of Gen. Grosvenor's explanation, the bill passed without objection. The bill directs payment of $18,729 to the Catholic Bishop of Nashville.

The Empire Route to the East.

THE battle of Empire is, in these latter days, fought with shovel and pick, no less effectually than with cartridge and bayonet. The war-paths of the nations are shod with steel, and the navvy is the precursor or coadjutor of the conqueror. Hence the two great expansive Powers of the modern world are stretching their iron feelers towards the uttermost bounds of their dominions, and linking ocean to ocean by lines whose tale of mileage is the span of continents. The trans-Siberian road by which Russia purposes to connect her capital with her furthest eastern port of Vladivostock is, indeed, as yet only a colossal project, but Britain — that Greater Britain whose citizenship confers the domicile of the universe — already fronts her with her completed Imperial Highway, circling round to meet her over a third of the convex of the world.

The chief characteristic of this newly-opened route has been summed up in the sentence, that giving, as it does, access to all the trans-oceanic possessions of the Crown, by a line extending altogether through British territory, or over those high seas where Britannia still claims to rule the waves, it forms "the great link required to unite in one powerful chain the whole English race."

All previously existing Pacific railways lay through the dominions of foreign States, and were, consequently, not available for imperial purposes. The earliest was that of the Isthmus opened in 1855 from Colon to Panama, the first point at which the locomotive reached the Pacific. Four United States lines have since followed, connecting their general railway system with the Western sea-board — the Central and Union Pacific, from Omaha to San Francisco, opened in 1870; the Northern Pacific, from Duluth on Lake Superior to Portland in Oregon, in 1883; the Southern Pacific, from New Orleans to San Diego in California, completed in 1881; and the Atlantic and Pacific, from St. Louis on the Missouri to San Francisco, running since 1883.

It was rather the necessities of intercolonial communication than the ambition of creating a great through route of commerce that stimulated the Canadian authorities to a rival enterprise, British Columbia having made it a condition of her entry into confederation in 1870. The Canadian Pacific Railway is thus, as it were, the wedding-ring of a continent, the visible bond of union between its previously isolated members.

Alternations of party government long delayed the fulfilment of the pledge, and the trans-continental railway scheme, become a war-cry of faction and a shibboleth of general elections, languished until that of 1878 returned a decisive majority in its favor. Abortive attempts at construction previously made by successive governments were then abandoned in favor of private enterprise, and the present Company was chartered in February, 1881, with one hundred million dollars authorized, and five million paid up capital. In addition to a subsidy of twenty-five million dollars and twenty-five million acres of

land, valued at 4*s.* an acre, and equivalent to five million sterling, the Company received as a gift seven hundred and twelve miles of railway already constructed at a cost of thirty-five million dollars, as well as all lands required for roadway and buildings. Exemption from taxation in perpetuity, free import of materials, a twenty years' monopoly, and a minimum guarantee of three per cent. up to 1893 were among the other privileges conferred on it.

Thus liberally endowed, its construction was rapidly proceeded with; work was carried on from both ends at once, thirty-five thousand laborers were at one time engaged on it, and four hundred and fifty miles of rail were laid in a single summer, that of 1883. Three separate and formidable mountain systems had to be traversed at points previously unexplored. The "divide" of the waters is crossed at five thousand three hundred feet above the sea, where the Pass of the Kicking Horse, called from the forward steed of the first explorer, parts two rivers issuing in opposite directions from the same lake.

The snowy Selkirks, never previously traversed, it was said, even by an Indian, are next surmounted, at a height of four thousand and six feet, by a pass discovered in 1883, by Major Rogers, whose name it bears. Eagle Pass, the next comparatively low threshold, leading over the Gold Range, is called from the bird by whose flight the first explorers were led to this, the only practicable breach in the rampart, which had previously baffled them at every point.

These three successive land-billows, while upheaved in a long, slow slope on their eastern sides, plunge steeply downward on the western face, presenting here great difficulties of construction. The gorge of the Kicking Horse, a stream whose turbulence quite corresponds to its name, has a fall of two thousand seven hundred and seventy-eight feet in sixty-two miles, and a still more rapid descent of two thousand three hundred and fifty feet in forty-two miles, on the Pacific slope of the Selkirks, is accomplished by a series of loops or zigzags, which form one of the chief wonders of the line.

Yet another range, that of the Cascade Mountains, forming the frowning scarp of the continent along the shore of British Columbia, bars the way to the sea, but here two rivers, the Thompson and Fraser, have cloven a pathway through the hills. For over sixty miles the railway follows this great canyon, either on ledges carved out of the rock, or in tunnels pierced through it, clearing the gorge from time to time by airy trestle bridges, swung high above the sullen flood. These constructions are, indeed, a specialty of the Canadian Pacific line, which boasts of one two hundred and ninety-six feet high and four hundred and fifty feet long, said to be the highest timber railway bridge in the world, and of another one hundred and seventy-six feet high and six hundred feet long, which makes a not unworthy companion to it. On the exposed summits, again, snow sheds, roofing in the line for considerable distances, are a necessary protection against avalanches, here prosaically termed "snow slides." The line, as originally surveyed, would have avoided some of these construc-

tive difficulties, at the cost of a detour of some hundreds of miles, crossing the Rocky Mountains, by the Yellowhead Pass farther north, at a height of a little over three thousand feet.

Engineering obstacles are compensated for from the tourists', if not from the shareholders', point of view by scenery equalling, or even excelling, any in the world. The first view of the Rocky Mountains, visionary with forty leagues of distance, as they soar skyward above two hundred miles of prairie horizon, is said by some travellers to surpass the two most celebrated panoramas in Europe — that of the Alps from Milan, and of the Pyrenees from Toulouse. The pass by which the range is crossed is overtopped, moreover, by its highest peaks; Mount Lefroy towering above it on one hand, six thousand feet above the traveller, and eleven thousand six hundred and fifty-eight feet above the sea, while the beautiful Cascade Mountain guards it on the other with the sheeted glory of its secular snows. The untrodden peaks of the Selkirks are not less tempting to the mountaineer, and here a "Glacier Hotel" already awaits the Alpine tourist of the future.

The difficulties of railway construction, through a country bristling with such formidable barriers, were enhanced by its desert and inhospitable character. Not only all materials, but food and supplies for the subsistence of the workmen, had to be brought from vast distances, through a wilderness previously untracked and unexplored. The gypsy encampments in which the laborers were sheltered at intervals along the line were the only habitations visible for hundreds of miles, and the stroke of the navvy's pick was, in many places, the first sound of human toil that had ever broken the stillness of the primeval forest. When the later stage of rail-laying was reached, the workmen were accompanied by railway-vans fitted with sleeping and cooking arrangements for their accommodation, their houses thus travelling with them along the newly completed line.

The tracks were finally joined at Craigellachie, or Craiglea, in the valley of the Eagle River, where, on Nov. 5, 1885, Sir Donald Smith drove home the last spike, and clasped the iron cincture of the continent. On the night of June 28, 1886, the first "Pacific Express" left Montreal, reaching the further ocean on July 4, after a run of one hundred and thirty-six hours. No sooner was the through traffic thus inaugurated, than measures were taken to clear off an advance of nearly one hundred and fifty million dollars, made by the Dominion Government during the construction of the line. On July 1, a loan of thirty-five million dollars was raised in London, by the issue of First Mortgage Bonds on the railway lands, while the remainder of the debt was satisfied by the retrocession to the government of other lands, at the rate of a dollar and a half an acre.

The girth of the continent is, from Montreal to Vancouver 2,906, from Quebec 3,053, and from Halifax 3,731 miles, that from New York to San Francisco being 3,271. The total cost of the Canadian line is estimated at one hundred and forty million dollars, or twenty-eight millions sterling; while the Union Pacific is said to have cost

over eighty thousand dollars (£16,000) a mile. The traffic receipts of the Canadian Pacific in 1887 were $10,973,000, against $9,593,000 in the previous year, the increased mileage being 265.

During the summer months, when the St. Lawrence is free from ice, Quebec is regarded as the Atlantic port of the trans-continental traffic; while Halifax, in whose harbor a thousand ships may ride at anchor, takes its place in winter. Vancouver, the "Terminal City," as she proudly styles herself, of the Pacific shore, owes her existence to her position in this respect. Here, where in 1885 a few log huts and a saw-mill stood in a woodland wilderness, on the obscure inlet known as Coal Harbor, there had sprung up, before the opening of the following year, a thriving town of two thousand five hundred inhabitants. But a terrible misfortune assailed the infancy of the new-born settlement; and the conflagration of June, 1886, which consumed not only the town, but the neighboring forest, left its inmates roofless on their charred and desolate beach. Nothing daunted, they set to work to rebuild the frame-house "city," which, in imagination, they already saw the toll-gate of a continent, and Vancouver rose from her ashes, ready to enter the lists against the "Golden Gate" of California itself for the future trade of the Pacific. A rival nearer at hand threatened, however, for a time, to dispute her claim, as the railway, owing to some misapprehension as to the capabilities of the two sites, had stopped short at Port Moody, twelve miles higher up on Burrard's Inlet, in a position ill-adapted to the requirements of ocean traffic. The mistake could not be immediately rectified, as the further progress of the line was blocked by speculators who had bought up the intervening land, and it was thought that their position would have to be turned by an embankment, carrying the roadway past it along an artificial beach. The doom of Port Moody is, nevertheless, irrevocably sealed, as the company's offices are about to be transferred thence to Vancouver, where they propose likewise to build a great opera house, in readiness for the performance of the "music of the future."

This port may, then, henceforward be regarded as the maritime capital of that "Great North-West" of Canada, whose capabilities equal, if they do not surpass, those of the similarly situated States of the American Union. Here the New World has still a great boon to offer to humanity, in an empty land of splendid promise, freely thrown open to the disinherited multitude of overcrowded Europe. Now, while our great cities witness the cruel spectacle of men hungering in vain for work, and children for food, a spacious land of plenty is brought by modern enterprise within a few days' journey of our shores; while the bitter cry of the unemployed rebukes the leisured luxury of London, the bread of millions, the harvest of the universe, is waiting for their labor in the productive energies of a soil whose fructifying powers have been hoarded up from the beginning of the world. For civilization has here laid her iron spell upon the waste, transforming the grazing-grounds of the bison into the granary

of mankind, where, from horizon to horizon, to the last slope of the Arctic basin, the illimitable prairie ocean shall roll away, a surging sea of golden grain.

We offer to England [said a member of the Dominion House of Commons]* a priceless boon which no other country can offer, a region and soil best adapted to the development of the Anglo-Saxon race, a country possessing the laws, traditions, and loyalty of that race, and practically as near to England as the Land's End was to Glasgow forty years ago. We have a new world to place at the disposal of the over-crowded mother-country,† and British statesmen will soon have to turn their attention to some system of co-operation with this Dominion for the development of the soil of that new world.

The construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway may indeed be said to have revealed to us the magnitude and value of our inheritance in the Great North-West. Jealously guarded as the exclusive "fur preserve" of the Hudson's Bay Company, this vast region was hitherto represented, in the interests of the monopolists, as an Arctic desert, traversed only by the hardy trapper, and voyageur in dog-sledges or bark canoes, and incapable of supporting a settled population. The fact, therefore, that there are here tracts of thousands of square miles where the snow lies for a shorter period than in the Maritime Provinces of Canada, with a climate found enjoyable and exhilarating by most Europeans, comes upon the general public with all the surprise of a new discovery. Few, indeed, could have dreamt that the "Great Lone Land" of Sir William Butler's adventurous journey, the desolate scene of Lord Wolseley's campaign in the wilderness, would, within seventeen years, be the high-road of the flying express, carrying mails and passengers by the shortest route from Europe to Asia.

Population, the surplus population of the elder world, is all that is wanted to make a garden of this wilderness. Over the entire area of British North America, a region of three and a half millions of square miles, nearly as large as Europe, is scattered a population of about 4,750,000, less than that contained within the City and Metropolitan police district of London. Even this small ratio of habitation diminishes westward, and the great province of Manitoba, larger than European Turkey, had in 1883 but 135,000 inhabitants, in an area of 73,200 square miles. The still more remote and ample region of 2,665,252 square miles comprised in the North-Western Territories has the insignificant figure of 56,446 inhabitants, of whom nearly half, or 25,000, are Indians. On the Pacific slope, 25,000 whites, with 36,000 Indians and 17,000 Chinese, occupy, in British Columbia, a territory with an area of 341,305 square miles larger than France, Italy, and Switzerland. The capabilities of this great province of the Midnight Sun can scarcely be exaggerated. The island fringe of its stupendous mountain coast shelters four hundred and fifty miles of ocean navigation through deep-water channels as unfretted as a mill-pond, while the climate of its southern shores is tempered to genial mildness by the Japanese Current, the Gulf Stream of the Pacific, and its soil is equally rich in animal, vegetable, and mineral productions.

PART II. IN NEXT NUMBER.

* Mr. Plumb, April 15, 1880.

† Whose population increases 400,000 a year,

What Irish Landlordism Has Done for Ireland.

THIS is what Irish landlordism has done for Ireland—it has practically expatriated the Irish race. But the people thus driven from their native shores have turned down their thumbs, and the doom of the baneful system is sealed. For many years these expatriated people sent large sums of money annually to aid their friends to pay rent. They do not send the money now for rent.

Then, we owe it to Irish landlordism that the number of inhabited houses, which was 1,328,839 in 1841, fell to 961,380 in 1861, and again to 914,108 in 1881. In other words, there were 50 per cent. more inhabited houses forty-seven years ago in Ireland than there are to-day. It has been estimated that the number of houses levelled by the landlords in the twenty years, 1841–61, was 270,000, and not one of them was the landlord's property but the tenant's. The English people are well aware that this levelling has not ceased, and they are also at last aware that the houses which the landlords level with such nonchalance, not to say such fiendish glee, humble as they are, belong to the evicted, not the evictor. In no other country in the world is a landlord permitted to destroy his debtor's property, yet in Ireland, as the landlords know, they hold and exercise that power.

The levelling of the people's houses has been consequent upon eviction, and in the squaring of accounts this is an item which can hardly be overlooked. The landlords, in presenting their case to Lord Salisbury, did not mention how much of other people's property they had appropriated in rack-rents, or by the eviction process; but it is pretty well known now that evictions up to the establishment of the Land League were highly profitable to a landlord. They were the means by which he got rid of a tenant he had ruined, and substituted another who could go on paying the old rent or even a higher rent, because he got his predecessor's house and buildings for nothing. All this will have to be carefully borne in mind when we come to the final settlement. It is calculated that, from 1849 to 1882, 482,000 families were actually evicted. Now, even if we suppose that only 200,000 of these were positively compelled to leave the country, then at the very moderate estimate of £100 each, the landlords may be said to have robbed the evicted people of £20,000,000 worth of property.

English Contemporary Review.

WE will never renounce the world as long as we preserve in the depths of our hearts the treacherous treasure of our own will.—*St. Francis.*

The Mosquito.

NO. II.

WITH your permission, I beg to supplement the very interesting article, in the September number of your excellent Magazine, on the "Mosquito," by a description of the proboscis and blood-sucking apparatus of that insect, which I hope may be found interesting to the readers of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. This is taken from a paper which I read before the members of the Natural History Society of Montreal, 30th of April, 1883, and published in the Canadian Naturalist, Vol. X., No. 8 (July, 1883); it is as follows: —

THE PROBOSCIS AND BLOOD-SUCKING APPARATUS OF THE MOSQUITO — *Genus Culex.* By MR. EDWARD MURPHY. Read before the Natural History Society of Montreal, 30th April, 1883.

"The object of this paper is to lay before the members of the Natural History Society the result of repeated observations made on the mosquito while feeding, and a careful examination of its organs, under the microscope.

"Having dissected a number of these little creatures, I can, with some confidence, submit the following results of my observations, taken from notes made on these insects, and shall illustrate the subject by mounted specimens, prepared by myself, now under the microscopes for examination.

"It is an interesting question how a creature as small as the mosquito, and so very light that the slightest breeze will blow it away, can hold on to its prey with sufficient tenacity to force through a hard epidermis, and into the solid flesh, the very delicate and very perfect instruments with which nature has furnished it for feeding.

"Entomology teaches that in the 'blood-sucking' insects there is a wonderful modification of the mandibulate mouth. In the mosquito a prolongation of the *labium* forms a fleshy proboscis, covered with minute scales, having a muscular contraction a short distance from the end, which not only holds the sucking tube, the saws, and other feeding organs, in a compact body for insertion, when required, but probably also forms a cleaning organ, through which they can be drawn. When the instruments are inserted into the flesh, the proboscis is pushed back at an angle, more or less acute, and having somewhat the appearance of a leg with a bent joint.

"The mandibles have been modified into a pair of extremely small and beautiful saws, whose sharp teeth, generally *ten* or *twelve* in number, occupy about one-twelfth to one-fifteenth of the length of the proboscis; the teeth are very small at the point of the instrument, but they increase in size as they recede from the point, and, being *set backwards*, they not only act as cutting tools, but from their barbed shape, give the creature the 'purchase' necessary to hold its prey.

"A careful observation of the insect, while feeding, shows it *pulling* the saw on one side, as it *pushes* in the saw on the opposite side. *The saw that it pulls is the saw that cuts;* thus the action that

increases the depth and size of the wound also gives the creature the necessary 'purchase' to enable it to push in the opposite saw.

"Between these saws and the tube, or sucker, the maxillæ are modified into a pair of irritators, so called (these are horny and stiff, like bristles), supposed to be used to excite and increase the flow of blood, and possibly used to prevent any solid matter entering the tube in drawing or sucking up the blood.

"The sucking-tube is a modification of the tongue, is horny in structure, sharp pointed, and *solid at the end*, so that it may be pressed firmly against the bottom of the wound without the risk of being stopped up, as it might be if the orifice was at end, the blood flowing through a hole, like the eye of a needle, which opens into the tube at a distance from the point equal to about the diameter of the tube.

"In conclusion, I have only to add, that in the feeding apparatus of the mosquito, we have a beautiful illustration of a perfect and wonderful adaptation of means to ends."

EDWARD MURPHY.

MONTREAL, Aug. 23, 1888.

Progress of the Church in India.

THE departure of eight members of the Society of Jesus for the Bengal Mission in India has again drawn attention to the labors of the zealous Belgian disciples of St. Ignatius Loyola in this far-off land. Although the ranks of the workers are constantly thinned by the climate, privations, and exhaustive labors of the missions, yet their places are always filled by self-sacrificing priests in Belgium. Those who are about to join the missions in Bengal are the well-known Father Schouppe, and Fathers Frencken, Bodsen, Delacroix, Canoy, and Meunier, having Brothers Lemoine and Didier as aids in the work. That the mission is one of the greatest works for Christian civilization carried on in dark lands, will be better seen from the following notes on its history and work. In 1859, when the mission was opened, there were only eight thousand Catholics in the eight hundred thousand inhabitants of Calcutta, or only one per cent. of the total population. To-day, the number of Catholics there is put down at forty thousand or fifty thousand, a truly marvellous increase. This rich harvest has not been won without sacrifices. Thirty-six missionaries have offered up their lives in the mission, whilst securing the addition of those thousands of souls to the true Church. The greater number of those died in the flower of their age, victims to their burning zeal. To the mission, one hundred and six Jesuits have been attached in the score and a half of years of its existence. There are two colleges under their charge; one in Calcutta, the other in Dargeling. The missionaries serve twenty-one stations, spread over the city and outside parts of the diocese. The number they have under

instruction is very large, and taxes the energies of the comparatively few workers to the utmost. But it is especially in the province of Chota-Nagapore that the labors of the Jesuit Fathers are blessed. Entire villages are often received into the church, as many as fifty settlements having embraced the faith after several weeks of instruction and preaching. At Torpa, it was not unusual to have one thousand conversions a month; in less than a year, the number under instruction has increased tenfold, and it is hoped that the figures will show more than fifteen thousand converts when the term has ended. Those facts are authenticated by the letters of Rev. Father Lievens, the missionary who cries out for fresh workers in this rich vineyard of the Lord. His words and figures are strengthened by Rev. P. Haghenbeek, who writes: "In nine days I have travelled one hundred miles; in this time I have slept in a house but three times; I have taken my meals at any time they could be procured. Happily, our travels have borne fruit; the five neighboring villages ask for instruction; but two months ago there was not a single Catholic in the canton; before the end of the year the population will be Christian; however, in Chota-Nagapore there are but seven missionaries, and there is room for one hundred and sixty." The great work of the missionaries is the brightest sign of vast India's glorious future.

The Catholic American.

The O'Connell Memorial Church.

LAYING THE CORNER-STONE. — SPEECH BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL.

THE 9th of August was a memorable one in the history of Cahirciveen, and, as such, the people evidently regarded it, to judge from the unbounded enthusiasm of the vast multitude that assembled in front of the stately temple that is being erected as a memorial to the Liberator. The corner-stone, which was blessed to-day, is an object of great interest, and has been presented to Canon Brosnan by the Pope. The stone formed portion of St. Clement's House, at Rome, the ruins of which were but recently discovered. The stone is placed in the tower of the church, from which a spire will spring that will be visible for many a mile beyond the birth-place of O'Connell, which is close to the town. At four o'clock, which was the hour fixed for the commencement of the ceremonies, the people congregated at all the approaches to the church, and it was not without some little difficulty that a way was made for the procession. The attendance of priests was very large, many of them having come from great distances to take part in the ceremony. The Archbishop of Cashel and the Most Rev. Dr. Higgins, Bishop of Kerry, were followed by the priests, who were attired in surplices. The procession proceeded to the tower, where the stone was placed in position. After the prayers

prescribed by the rubric had been offered, his Grace was presented with a very handsome silver trowel, which bore the following inscription: —

Presented to the
Most Rev. T. W. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel, on the
laying of the
Corner-stone of the O'Connell Memorial Church
On the 1st August, 1888,
By George C. Ashlin.
LEO XIII., Pont. Max.
CANON BROSNAN.

The stone having been duly laid, the procession passed around the boundaries of the church, and thence to a platform which had been erected at the northern end of the building. The Archbishop and the priests ascended the platform, where Canon Brosnan, who was received with great warmth, read the following address: —

May it please Your Grace —

We, the priests and people of Cahirciveen, hail the advent of your Grace amongst us on this memorable occasion, as one of the greatest events and one of the brightest parts in the history of our ancient barony. We welcome you as the representative of our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII. who has specially deputed your Grace to lay this block of marble from St. Clement's House in Rome as the corner-stone in this noble church, which by the contributions of the faithful children of our race throughout the world, is being raised to the greater glory of God, and to the memory of one of Ireland's greatest sons, Daniel O'Connell, the immortal Liberator. We welcome your Grace, besides, as our great Archbishop, the worthy successor in the long line of illustrious prelates in the See of Cashel, whose name is a household word in every Irish home as well as it is in that greater Ireland beyond the sea. We thank your Grace with all the fervor of our Irish nature for having come amongst us poor dwellers by the Western wave, as St. Brendon and St. Finian came to our fathers of old, to bless us by the exercise of your high and holy office, and we fervently pray the Almighty Giver of all good gifts to give you length of days to rule over your great archdiocese and this great Catholic province, and to inspire your countrymen with a lofty conception of their duty to their faith and country.

The address was received with loud cheers which were again and again renewed when the Archbishop came to the front of the platform.

In the course of an eloquent speech, his Grace said: O'Connell was, as you know, the founder of a school of political action that has done, and is still doing, a vast deal of good for this country. I refer, as you may suppose, to the constitutional, as opposed to the physical force, mode of securing political or social ameliorations, and in this connection it will be quite enough for me to say that, while personally far from questioning the lawfulness, under certain circumstances, of having recourse to physical means for the redress of acknowledged grievances, or subscribing to the slavish doctrine that no amount of national advancement could be legitimately purchased by the shedding of one drop of human blood (cheers), I acknowledge myself, at the same time, to be a disciple of O'Connell as regards the two great fundamental principles on which his distinctive policy was based (great cheering). I believe, accordingly, that constitu-

tional agitation — such as it prevails at this moment in Ireland — is capable of effecting the regeneration of our country; and I believe, moreover, that they who commit crimes, under any pretext whatever, while the present agitation is being carried on, apart altogether from their moral culpability, are the deadliest and most dangerous enemies of our cause (cheers). He who commits a crime, O'Connell used to say, gives strength to the enemy.

It cannot, I should think, do any harm, and possibly may do some good, were I to say a word or two on each of the important points, or principles, to which I have just referred. The present leaders of the Irish people, and all who act or think with them on Irish affairs, are commonly called Separatists by most of the great organs of public opinion in England, and by some lesser lights in thsi country also in contradistinction to those who go by the name of Unionists — that is, persons who affect to believe that the total separation of Great Britain, and Ireland, is aimed at by Irish agitators, and that the so-called Union between the two countries is, therefore, in some danger of being dissolved. Indeed, I have rarely met any prominent English gentleman at all interested in Irish politics who, in course of conversation, did not closely question me on this sore point; and I am sorry to say that, with all my solemn assurances to the contrary, I have not been fortunate enough in every instance to convince such persons that we, Irish Nationalists, have no desire to drift wholly away from England, and that all we really look for, and are determined on getting, is the right of making our own laws, and of regulating our own affairs after the manner of the other chief dependencies of Great Britain (hear, hear). Speaking individually for myself, and I think I am but voicing, in so far, the settled opinion of ninety-nine per cent. of the Irish people, I have no hesitation whatever in saying, now, especially, when we have so many stanch and influential Scotch and English friends at our back, headed by the greatest British statesman of this century (enthusiastic cheering), Mr. Gladstone (cheers for Mr. Gladstone), and when the people of England generally are showing such unmistakable sympathy for us, I have no hesitation in saying that if we had guaranteed to us the full measure of national autonomy to which we are plainly entitled, I should far prefer British protection to that of any other nation in the world. It would, in my opinion, best secure for us an orderly existence, while safeguarding us, besides, as far as possible from those wild and latitudinarian views in Church and State that are so wide-spread, and have proved to be so destructive in Continental countries (applause).

At the conclusion of his Grace's address a large sum was subscribed, the Archbishop of Cashel heading the list with a donation of twenty pounds.

In the evening the banquet was held in the Convent School which adjoins the new building.

Be patient in adversity and humble in prosperity.

Ireland Leads the World.

OBSERVE the following table. It shows the percentage of illegitimacy in births of Europe:

PROTESTANT.		CATHOLIC.	
Holland	4.0	Italy	5.1
Switzerland	5.5	Spain	5.5
Prussia (Prot.)	10.0	France	7.2
England and Wales	6.5	Prussia (Cath.)	6.5
Sweden and Norway	9.6	Belgium	7.2
Scotland	10.1	Austria	11.1
Denmark	11.0	Ireland	3.0
German States	14.8		
Wurtemburg	16.4		

In it you will see that the Catholic countries have less recorded to their shame, on the score of morality, than their Protestant neighbors, and poor, oppressed and poverty-stricken Ireland, who for seven long centuries has felt the good that would drive her from racial existence, who, during oft-recurring periods, has seen millions of her children starve and die in exile and in prison, yet stands out brilliantly leading the world in the richness of her moral character.

Oh, Ireland! proud mother of your sorrow-stricken children, through the never-ceasing torrents of their tears, has ever shown the matchless splendor of the sacred purity of the soul.

And Ireland, despite her sorrows and her tears, is happy, — not in temporalities, for she has none, — but in spiritual possessions that dazzle the eyes of all the world.

For the benefit of the reader we will add, that, in the most Catholic province of Ireland, the percentage of illegitimate births is nine-tenths of one per cent. In the most Protestant province, the percentage is over five per cent.

Catholic Tribune, St. Joseph, Mo.

A Protestant Minister's Tribute to Gen. Sheridan.

IN a recent discourse in Brooklyn, N. Y., Rev. De Witt Talmage paid this broad and generous tribute to the character and the creed of Gen. Sheridan:

"'Sheridan's ride,' I fear, is ended. He will never again put his foot in the cavalry stirrup. The rider on the pale horse hath emptied the swift saddle.

"What Stonewall Jackson was to the Southern army, Phil Sheridan was to the Northern army. At Corinth, at Perryville, at Murfreesboro, at Chickamauga, at Missionary Ridge, at Cold Harbor, at Fisher's Hill, at Winchester, at Five Forks, he distinguished himself.

"The war has so far gone by that all sides acknowledge his brilliancy and magnetism. In what a small body was compressed what a world of energy! Now bold to recklessness, now gentle as a woman, now evincing the simplicity of a child.

"He could fight or cry, and the one was as easy as the other.

"I shall not forget how the tears rolled down his cheeks at Greenwood, four years ago, while I was telling, in a memorial address, of the sufferings of the war. He could be a whirlwind in the stirrups, or a summer breeze shaking off the drops of the morning dew. In the highest military position of the land he lies down.

"He does not go defiantly, as some intimate they will do when they are called to die. If the infidels go out of this life as brave as they now talk, this country has yet to have a brilliant programme of death-beds. But Sheridan asked for the last offices of religion. With a courage that no one ever doubted, he does not want to enter the next world without prayer and the Sacrament of the dying Lord.

"Whether you belong to this church, or some other church, or no church at all, you must admire the fact that the commander-in-chief of the United States armies, in his last hours, shows very plainly that he believes in God and Christ, and the importance of preparation for the great future.

"If a man like that, his valor known all round the earth, calls for the reinforcement of religion in the last hour, these men of less nerve, who go strutting round shaking their clenched fist at God and Christ and the eternal world, had better look out. Notice how rapidly the prominent men of this land are taking their places in what William C. Bryant, in his 'Thanatopsis,' calls 'The Silent Halls of Death.'"

The Fisheries Treaty Rejected.

THE Senate has refused to ratify the Fisheries Treaty negotiated by Mr. Chamberlain. The vote which decided the fate of the treaty was a strictly party one, the Republican Senators voting against it, and the Democratic Senators voting in its favor. We confidently expected that such would be the result. With Mr. Chamberlain's artful and crooked diplomacy on the one hand, and Mr. Bayard's lack of genuine American decisiveness of character on the other, it was, indeed, easy to foresee that failure would attend the negotiations. As has already been said, it was not the price of fish which was in question; it was the dignity of a great nation. The Senators, through whose action this craftily devised instrument of international policy has been destroyed, rose to a full appreciation of the real principles at stake; and they have, in consequence, earned for themselves the gratitude of their country.

North-Western Chronicle, St. Paul, Minn.

ENVY is a most fatal evil; when it reigns in a soul, it troubles, blinds, and excites it to every excess. It is from self-love that envy springs, and it is the love of the common welfare that combats and destroys it. — *St. Anthony of Padua.*

Sheridan's Birthplace.

Oh! what do we care where the hero was born —
On the sea or the shore, at Cape Cod or Cape Horn;
Who cares where his cradle was rocked at his birth, —
Where he first saw the light on this broad-spreading earth?
We love the wild rider who marshalled the free
'Gainst the sons of the Southland — the Spartans of Lee,
Whose sword always flashed in the battle's red van,
Crown'd with victory resplendent for freedom and man.

Say! what do we reck where the hero was nursed,
What land, or what continent, welcomed him first?
We know when sedition's loud trumpet was blown —
When its banners triumphant defiant were thrown
'Gainst the land that we love — when our banners were torn —
We never inquired where the soldier was born.
No, we followed his star where the battle was red,
When the flash of his sabre to victory led.

We remember the victories won by his sword,
In the vales of Virginia, by forest and ford;
A soldier as dauntless, a patriot as true
As e're bore our standard of red, white, and blue.
A hero of heroes, a leader of men,
We know he was all an American then;
A faithful and fearless American warrior,
In the brunt of the battle a bulwark and barrier.

Charles J. Beattie, in Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Jesuits as Teachers of the Indians.

Senator Vest came to the defence of the Indians in a recent speech in the Senate of the United States. He declared it utterly useless to attempt to educate Indian children at day schools from which they returned to spend the remainder of the day in the tepees. He took advantage, as he said, of the absence of Mr. Blair to state that the best Indian schools on the continent were conducted by Jesuits. Wherever one saw an Indian school conducted by Jesuits he saw a school that was conducted on the proper system, and that was the result of nearly a century of experience. He had been instrumental, a few years ago, in having an appropriation of eight thousand dollars made for an industrial school in charge of Jesuits on the Indian reservation in Montana. The result of that appropriation had been that travellers could now see from the windows of the railroad cars comfortable houses, well-fenced farms, horses and cattle grazing, and a law-abiding population. Those Indians were to-day the furth-

est advanced in civilization of any North American Indians except those of the five civilized tribes. Jesuits devoted their whole lives to their work, being dedicated to it from their boyhood up. He had seen one of them who had been engaged for fifty years among the North American Indians, and who had come to this country when he was only twenty years old. This experiment showed that the Industrial boarding-school was the only hope for the Indians. There they were taken charge of by Jesuits, and were not allowed to return to their parents until their education was finished.

Rumored Conversion in the Royal Family.

THE Princess Christian, third daughter, but since the death of Princess Alice, second surviving daughter of the Queen, is the lady announced in somewhat mysterious language by a contemporary, to have become a Catholic. We make the definite statement because rumors have been circulated that the lady alluded to was the Duchess of Teck, who is the Queen's cousin. The Princess Christian was, before her marriage to the Prince (who is Duke of Saxony as well as Prince of Schleswig-Holstein and a General in the British Army,) known as the Princess Helena. She is forty-two years of age, has two sons and two daughters, and resides at Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Park. Her eldest son, Prince Christian Victor, was of age last April. He was educated at Wellington College. Prince Christian is High Steward of Windsor. The London Correspondent of the Birmingham Daily Post, writing on the conversion of the Queen's daughter, says: "Some weeks ago, when authoritatively contradicting the report that the Duke of Newcastle had become a convert to Roman Catholicism, I stated that it was being reported in Catholic circles that it was a personage placed even higher in the social scale than his Grace who was preparing to join their church. This naturally pointed only to a member of the English Royal House, and at the time the matter could not, for various reasons, be put more plainly. Now, however, that the Irish Catholic has asserted that the immediately expected convert is 'a much respected female member of the royal family of Great Britain,' and has emphasized the assertion by indicating that the near relationship which exists between the distinguished lady in question and the monarch of England will render her conversion one of the most memorable which has occurred within the last half century,' it will save much useless and perhaps painful speculation if I state that the royal lady referred to and distinctly pointed at by Catholic rumor is Princess Christian, the third daughter of the Queen. Her Royal Highness, who has long been known for her devotion to charitable work, has not, for some time, enjoyed the best health; and her recent lowness of spirits, whether consequent upon this or any other cause, has been remarked by those having the

honor of her acquaintance. It is not averred that she has yet been 'received,' but the impending open change in her religious opinions, though not affirmed, is not denied by those who may be presumed to be in a position to know."

St. Peter's Chains.

On the 22d of July, the Holy Father received in audience the Council of the Archconfraternity of the Chains of St. Peter. The members of the council were introduced by Mgr. Vanden Branden de Reeth, Bishop of Erithrea. The confraternity was instituted in 1865, for the purpose of propagating devotion to the Chains of St. Peter, which are preserved in the Church of St. Pietro in Vincoli. The members of the council informed the Holy Father that about two hundred thousand fac-similes of the chains have been distributed amongst the faithful since 1865 (not counting the immense numbers of fac-similes which are sold, but to which the indulgence is not attached). The Holy Father examined a fac-simile presented to him, and heard with delight of the many heavenly favors obtained through the intercession of St. Peter by those who have had a lively devotion to those instruments of his persecution. His Holiness also referred to the history of the chains, and of the wonderful way in which they were identified during the pontificate of Sixtus III. He referred to the miraculous manner in which the chains fell from the Prince of the Apostles when they bound him. He said that the successor of St. Peter is bound by chains also, which are morally as unendurable as the material chains which St. Peter bore. The chains, moreover, which bound St. Peter, were manufactured by pagans; those that bind the successor of St. Peter are manufactured by ungrateful and apostate children, who know what they are doing, and do it nevertheless. He concluded his discourse by saying that, as the faithful prayed for St. Peter "without intermission," so he begged the prayers of the faithful for the church and the Sovereign Pontiff, and hoped that the faithful of the present day would propitiate heaven by their good works and truly Christian life, as the early Christians did.

Regenerating New England.

The Puritans of New England owe a deep debt of gratitude to the Catholic Church for Christianizing that section of the United States, and redeeming it from the darkness and diabolical spirit of Puritanical tyranny, which would have crushed Christianity out of the hearts of the Eastern people if it had prevailed in its bad influence. So Christian has New England become, that we are told, on the authority of an Eastern paper, that "in the territory covered by the parish of Our Lady of the Rosary, South Boston, Rev. John J. McNulty,

rector, there are but *four* non-Catholic families." What wonderful progress! The Blue Laws are buried, and Praise-God-Barebones preachers have all gone to dust, whilst the Catholic Church is planting the Cross over the graves of her persecutors! And so it has ever been. The enemies of the church may persecute her throughout their lives; armed hosts may assail her; Blue Laws may bind her in chains for the time being; but there comes a time when laws and law-makers cease to babble their bitterness against Catholic rights, and then it is that the Church of God throws the mantle of her charity over both, and buries them beneath the corner-stones of her schools and her churches!

San Francisco Monitor.

Food Prospects in Ireland.

DUBLIN FREEMAN, Aug. 18: The reports of our correspondents throughout the country as to the state of the crops, which we publish this week, are certainly not reassuring, though happily the gloomy outlook is not general, and many parts of the country have, on the whole, been favored with an abundant harvest. An almost unanimous complaint comes as to the condition of the potato crop. The blight is almost everywhere apparent. Many, however, believe that a return of warm weather will lessen the evil consequences of the incessant rains. There is, nevertheless, much more reason that a spell of warm weather cannot repair the injury done. Cereals give promise of a fair average, though, of course, the yield has been considerably diminished by the rains. As to the hay crop, unfortunately a chorus of complaint comes. The pluvial condition of the weather has caused sad havoc to this crop. Large quantities have rotted, and heavy floods, in some places, have done considerable damage. In a few exceptional districts the picture is not so black, and a large, if not an abundant, hay crop has been vouchsafed. Many districts in the west of Ireland will sorely feel the effects of a bad potato crop. It is their chief reliance, and for the wretched peasants, the prospect is calculated to cause them dismay. Their misfortunes do not come singly, and distressing reports reach us of the great scarcity of turf. Owing to the heavy rains, it has been found impossible to make provision for the winter, the peat bogs being generally swamped. Consistent favorable weather, for the next few weeks, may avert many of the dangers that seem to threaten the poor cottiers, but it certainly will not give them anything like an average yield of potatoes and cereals.

HAVE constantly before your eyes the path to humility and poverty, the Way of the Cross in which Our Divine Saviour has gone before us; reflecting that if it were necessary for His Divine Majesty to suffer thus, to enter into His glory, it is still more necessary for wretched sinners to walk in the way of suffering and of the Cross. — *St. Francis.*

Conference of English-Speaking Catholics.

An important Conference of English-speaking Catholics is to be held in London in October, under the auspices of the Catholic Truth Society, and the immediate patronage of the Cardinal Archbishop and Bishops of England. The objects of the Conference, as set forth in the programme of proceedings, a copy of which we have been favored with, is to promote the four great objects for which the Catholic Truth Society was established, and to take steps to extend more widely the work of that Society. These four great objects are:

1. To disseminate among Catholics small and cheap devotional works.
2. To assist the uneducated poor to a better knowledge of their religion.
3. To spread among Protestants information about Catholic truth.
4. To promote the circulation of good, cheap, and popular Catholic books.

Some idea may be gained of the wide scope which the discussions will take by setting down a few of the sub-headings, under the different sections. Under the heading of how best to meet the objections of Protestants and sceptics, the principal discussion will be on the Holy Father's direction on Philosophy and on the Christian Constitution of States, and then the best method of controversy — attack or defence? statement of truth or argument? should the first aim be to instruct Catholics or convince Protestants? In the domain of Literature, endeavor will be made to arrive at some conclusion as to how to provide and how to cheapen Catholic literature — to our mind one of the most important subjects of the whole conference. Everybody reads nowadays, and most people — even Catholics — read trash, or worse, and if anything tangible comes out of this discussion the Conference will have been a success. Under this heading, too, will be discussed the best way of inspiring a love for Holy Scripture, especially of the Gospels. Another important subject which will demand the attention of the Conference is Colportage and Mission Repositories, and, in connection with it, Societies of laymen. Most people — Catholics in this country — will smile on reading the following: "Laymen as catechists, instructors, and lecturers in streets, squares, private houses, halls, etc., on religious controversy, history, etc." To us, street preaching is almost inseparably connected with the Salvation Army, or the numerous bawling sectarians who from almost every corner proclaim the gospel of wind. Yet the practice is Catholic, and in other days (perhaps even yet in other countries) was the ordinary means of making known God's revelation to man. Is it possible to restore it? are we aggressive enough? It is a subject beset with difficulties, yet not insuperable, and we shall await with much interest the outcome of the Conference's discussion of it. If our Lord proclaimed His Gospel from the hill-sides, and his Apostles did likewise, and all through the ages of faith a St. Vincent Ferrar and a St. Dominic preached by the wayside, why should Catholics of the present day abandon to sectarians, who know only how to degrade it, a practice

so eminently Catholic and Christian? Why? Finally, and as the concluding work of the Conference, will be discussed, how to raise funds for the furtherance of the apostolate of the various works suggested. A feature of this gathering of Catholics from the four quarters of the world will be sermons by Cardinal Manning and the Bishops of Southwark and Salford. The latter is the moving spirit of the Conference; he is the founder of the Catholic Truth Society, and its president; he is conspicuous for his practical zeal, his courage, and his earnestness; and — a great element towards success in these days — a liberal man towards the laity. Under his auspices and Cardinal Manning's — a name revered by Catholics and Protestants alike — we look for great results from this most important gathering. It is to be hoped Canada will be well represented.

Catholic Weekly Review, Toronto.

Detroit's New Bishop.

Rev. Dr. John S. Foley, of Baltimore, who was appointed Bishop of the Detroit Diocese, is a man of powerful physique, with broad shoulders, deep chest, and a full, round, smiling face that indicates his sunny disposition, says the Catholic Citizen. He is well known by Catholic dignitaries, in Detroit and in Rome, as a man of unusual culture, and of great zeal in his clerical duties. He is fifty-one years old, but is still a picture of manly vigor, not a thread of his brown locks having silvered. His elder brother was the late Bishop Foley, of Chicago. Dr. Foley has distinguished himself mainly as being a hard-working priest, devoted to the interests of his parish, and zealous to expand it. His sermons are models of practical force rather than of eloquence, although he is regarded as eloquent at times. One of his chief charms is as a conversationalist, and, as such, he has established a reputation among the South-eastern clergy. He is a brilliant talker, and his conversation abounds in wit. Dr. Foley has seldom stepped into the field of literature. He is literary in tastes, however, and, next to the church and his parish, he is most at home in his library with his books. In the recent Plenary Council he took a prominent part, and he has also been a conspicuous figure at other prominent Catholic gatherings. The Diocese of Detroit comprises the counties of the lower peninsula of the State of Michigan, south of the counties of Ottawa, Kent, Montcalm, Gratiot, and Saginaw, and east of the counties of Saginaw and Bay. There are one hundred and thirty-one priests in active service within its limits, with a Catholic population of 116,235 persons.

Keep a constant watch over your tongue, and when you are with others speak of important things alone, and then only when you are asked. — *St. Bonaventure.*

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

A CHILD'S WISH: BEFORE AN ALTAR.

I WISH I were the little key
That locks Love's Captive in,
And lets Him out to go and free
A sinful heart from sin.

I wish I were the little bell
That tinkles for the Host,
When God comes down each day to dwell
With hearts He loves the most.

I wish I were the chalice fair,
That holds the Blood of Love,
When every flash lights holy prayer
Upon its way above.

I wish I were the little flower
So near the Host's sweet face,
Or like the light that half an hour
Burns on the shrine of grace.

I wish I were the altar where,
As on His mother's breast,
Christ nestles, like a child, fore'er
In Eucharistic rest.

But, oh! my God, I wish the most
That my poor heart may be
A home all holy for each Host
That comes in love to me.

REV. ABRAM J. RYAN.

The Public-House.

"THEN take the pledge."

"You want to make out I'm a drunkard."

"I don't; I want to make sure you never will be one."

It was nearly nine o'clock; but the season was midsummer and the evening was fair, and there was as yet no sign of the light waning. The road was closely lined with houses, but the speakers stood on a retired spot, at the gates of a small mansion standing in a few acres of grounds. The girl had hardly uttered the last words when the small door beside the great entrance gates was flung open from within and a gentleman came out. He had a cigar in his mouth, and his hands were thrust deep into the pockets of a light overcoat he wore over his evening dress. At sight of her master Mary Griffiths made an attempt to slip through the open doorway; she was retiring in modesty, not in guilt; for Mary had been for some years in the service, and was much esteemed for her faithfulness and shrewd good sense; and her engagement with the young carpenter, David Franklin, was recognized and sanctioned.

"No, no, don't run away; don't let me disturb you," said George Summers kindly. "I suppose it's a case of

> "Good-night, good night, parting is such sorrow,
> That I shall say good-night till it be morrow,"

quoted the young man in his airy fashion.

"We are more like quarrelling, sir," said Franklin.

"Hello! how's that; what's up?"

"Mary wants me to take the pledge, and I am not willing."

"Do as she says, the women always know what is good for us."

"I don't care for the drink, sir; but a chap looks so soft if he can't take a glass when he is offered one."

"Not so soft as he looks when he can't say *No* to a foolish offer," struck in Mary, whose face still looked warm and excited.

"Well, if you have no more reason against it than that, Franklin, you may as well sign the pledge. But aren't you a bit too hard upon him, Mary?"

"No, sir; I see such a lot go wrong that I'd rather be on the safe side. Besides, when we'll be all the better and in nothing the worse for giving up the drink, why shouldn't we?"

Summers drew his right hand lazily forth from his coat-pocket and removed his cigar. "What will you be the better for being abstainers? Tell me," said he, preparing to listen with an amused smile on his face. As for Franklin, he occupied himself with knocking the loose bits of gravel about impatiently with his cane.

"Well," began the girl sturdily; "we should be the better in pocket; drink's expensive."

"By Jove! your right there," said Summers, mindful of the sundry wine-merchant's bills.

"We should be in better health; drink isn't overgood for gentlefolks who can get it of the best; and it's mostly downright poison what the poor has the chance o' buying."

"Perhaps so; I often think the less I have the better I am."

"Better in temper; don't things seem to go contrary after——"

"There, there, you know too much," said Summers laughing. "It's proven, Franklin, proven; cold water's good for mind, body, and estate; you may as well give in, but fight it out between yourselves if you must; I am going on to post my letters."

The pair watched him in silence as he went a short distance down the road to a pillar box, waiting again in silence until he came back, and with a little, easy, kindly nod to the two, disappeared within his own grounds.

"Are you going to take the pledge?" asked Mary then.

"Now don't be hard on me! No, what's the sense of it?"

"Count the saving; suppose sixpence or ninepence a day only is spent, and there'd be more, look what it comes to in the year and what the money might do; you're always talking about the value of figures, there's a sum for you to figure. But 'taint that altogether, there's more harm in drink than in the waste; and since you're so stiff about it, you make me think you care for the drink."

"Who dares to say such a thing? Somebody has been telling lies about me; did you ever see me the worse for liquor?"

"No, I never did, and never heard it, else I'd have had nought to say to you."

"Then why d'you want me to make myself ridiculous? why can't I have a glass of beer like any other man?"

"Well, I've got a bit of money saved, and I mean to have a comfortable home of my own or none at all; I've a good place and no need to change my condition; and there's no call for this contention: d'you mean to promise and live teetotal or not?"

"No, you've no right to ask it of me, and no need either."

"Very well, good-by, we part forever."

With these words Mary Griffiths turned about and laid swift hands upon the door, then waiting for no reply ran off down the avenue with quick, resolute steps.

For a moment, Franklin was minded to follow; but pride prevailed, and he turned on his heel and went off down the road to the town. A couple of weeks passed, during which Franklin thought Mary's action but a passing whim, and that she would soon afford him an opportunity for reconciliation; but he was mistaken, for he was most persistently ignored and repulsed. And the next thing he heard was that she was beginning to take up with the under-gardener, William Brace, who had said that he would sign fifty pledges, and drink cold water from morning till night, if she would but look at him and his twenty shillings a week.

Reports of all this, and his growing misery over their separation, brought Franklin very abjectly to her feet; and, at last, he succeeded in waylaying the girl and in patching up the quarrel. In a couple of months' time they were married; and for a year or more all went well; their little home was pretty and comfortable, thanks in a great measure to the knowledge of housework and of cooking picked up by Mary in service. His wife kept such a bright and cheerful home that Franklin had little temptation to seek amusement in the public-house; but at the end of a year the care of a little one prevented Mary being so constant a companion of his out of doors, and in these days he would occasionally solace himself with a visit to the public-house and a glass. Still, it never grew to be a habit or a regular thing; Franklin, as well as his daily work for the firm of contractors in whose employ he was, did a quantity of carpentering and joinery at home in a strip of garden attached to their house; and, moreover, he sometimes took a job of work in private houses, especially if there were something to be done about Lanham, where Mary had formerly lived, he had the benefit of it.

On one such occasion he had been re-hanging some pictures, and was about to leave, when Mr. Summers called him into a room he kept for his own private use.

"Is that you, Franklin? Come here now and measure for those shelves."

So the young workman went into the room. Summers again was smoking, his constant habit of a night, and he kept his cigar between his teeth while they measured a recess, and planned some shelves for books and cases.

The work of measurement was presently concluded, but by this time Mr. Summers' cigar had gone out, so he picked out a fresh one, lit it, and took the opportunity of pouring himself out a glass of whiskey-and-water from a stand placed on the table. While they held a council, and he made a rough sketch of his requirements, Summers offered his companion the same refreshment.

"Have a glass of whiskey, Franklin?"

"No — no, sir, thank you," said the man, hesitatingly.

"Hallo! oh! now I remember, aren't you a teetotaller, did you take the pledge afterwards?"

"Yes, sir, but the time's up now."

"Oh, well, you can have a glass; you needn't tell the missis; is she quite well?"

"Quite well, thank you, sir; and the young one."

"Oh, ah! a baby, have you?"

"Yes, sir; he's nigh a twelvemonth old now, and a sharp little chap he is too."

"Oh, ah! indeed." The topic did not seem to be inspiring to the young man, perhaps from ignorance, so he broke into a fresh subject. "You must be getting on in the world, with your regular employment and doing odd jobs of an evening; making your fortune fast, I suppose?"

"Not quite that," said Franklin, as he took his first sip at the whiskey-and-water; "but we're very comfortable. —— If I were you, sir, I'd have the woodwork carried all the way up, 'tis only the cost of the bit of wood, the work's about the same."

And so they lapsed back into their talk over the carpentering, and in another quarter of an hour Franklin took his leave, and started for home.

Not, however, to reach there in due time.

There Mary sat alone at the fire in her kitchen, with no company save that of the child sleeping in a cradle at the other side of the fire. Ten o'clock struck, and still her husband did not come; her face was growing hard and angry, as she gathered from his prolonged absence that it was the attractions of the public-house that were delaying him, and she began to wonder in what state he would return. Eleven o'clock struck, and still he was not in; but a few minutes after, uncertain hands could be heard fumbling with the handle of the door. Mary rose and admitted the late comer, and she perceived at once that it was useless to question him, his condition sufficiently declared where he had been spending the hours, so she shut her lips in bitter silence, and went back to her seat. Franklin attempted to carry off his late hours and his state with an easy indifference. He shuffled his way to the table, and as soon as he could find a chair, dropped into his seat, but he went down with such a sudden collapse that the chair rocked, and he was nearly unseated again. When he was sufficiently steadied, he commenced to help himself to his supper.

"You shouldn't have waited, Mary; too late for you and the young one," said he with maudlin solicitude.

"'Tis too late, but don't pretend you care; you've no feelings to go disgracing me and your child still in the cradle this way."

Franklin twisted round in his chair and stared fixedly at the cot in which the year-old baby lay sleeping, as though to discover the evidence of something wrong.

"No, he ain't hurt," said he, and he turned back in his seat with tipsy gravity, and resumed his supper.

"If you go on like this he will be; there are pretty times before us with your drinking."

"Now, Mary; now, Mary," said her husband in slow and jerking accents, but in what he meant to be persuasive tones; "Now, Mary! have some supper — very good bread-and-butter," and as he spoke, Franklin rose with a piece of bread in his fingers, and crossing over to his wife, he held the food to her mouth, and attempted to push it between her lips.

Mary thrust his hand away angrily. "Sit down, and don't make a greater fool of yourself than you've done already," said she impatiently, as she drew further away and turned her back to him.

The silly fellow took her action in good part, and simply changed the object of his benevolent ministrations. Giving a short, drunken laugh, he lifted the lamp from the table with one hand, and, with the bread still in the other, he crossed the hearth to the spot where the child was sleeping.

Alarmed for the infant's safety, Mary sprang and seized his arm just as he reached the side of the cot.

How it happened will never be known; whether Franklin dropped the lamp when his wife touched his arm, or whether she attempted to take it from him and it fell between them, or whether it burst from its swinging carriage, is all uncertain; but a moment later the lamp lay broken upon the floor, and the place was a sheet of flame.

For an instant Mary was panic-stricken, then by instinct she turned and fled — her one idea to get to the door, to be in the outer air. But as she reached it, came the thought of her child.

"My baby! my baby!" she shrieked; and, through the flames, she tried to reach the cot.

The scorching air was almost intolerable; the fire licked her hands and licked her face; the smoke and the heat had put out her eyes; she was suffocating, she could not breathe flame; yet still she fought her way to the side of the cradle.

At last she succeeded in dragging forth the child; and, clasping him to her breast, she sprang to a distance, but now she found that she herself and the little one were on fire. Her first effort was to draw the heavy flannel gown she wore about the child, then mother-love and her good training inspired her, and she threw herself down on a piece of carpet that was spread on an off portion of the kitchen floor,

and rolled it about her; and thus, happily, the flames were extinguished.

With the saving of the child's life her strength seemed gone; but she managed through the smoke to reach the door, screaming *fire*, and, in less than a minute, as it seemed, the neighbors came pouring into the house; and a great outcry ensued, some lamenting, some calling for water, some for sand, while a few, more sensible, set to carrying all inflammable articles to a distance. The oil was exhausted by this time, and it was chiefly the wooden cot and its bedding, and the supper-table with its cloth, that was feeding the flames.

Suddenly, in the midst of the *debris* and the smoke, they stumbled over the prostrate body of David Franklin; he was dragged forth, not so much burnt as might have been expected, thanks to his having fallen face downwards across the cot and on the further side from the fire. Still, his injuries were very serious, and a doctor was sent for in all haste.

Mary had laid her baby on a neighbor's bed, and, regardless of her own burnt hands, was trying to dress his wounds and still his heart-breaking cries. As soon as she had loosed him from her arms, his night-clothes fell in tinder from about the little form, and she found the tender limbs all scorched and blistered; and every effort of hers to soothe him and ease his sufferings, seemed unavailing.

* * * * * * *

Three weeks had gone by, and David Franklin was still in the infirmary, to which it had been thought best to convey him. In the silence and the monotony of his long confinement to bed, he thought over his ways, and formed many good resolves; but the worst of his trial had yet to come. His chief comfort was when the priest would visit him; and one afternoon, unwitting of the news he carried, he hailed with joy the sight of Father Murray entering the ward rather earlier than was his wont.

"How is the missis, Father?" asked he, after a few minutes.

"Very poorly, very poorly, I was at the house this morning."

"And the baby? He won't be hurted or disfigured once the burns be healed, will he, Father?"

"The baby will never be hurt nor the worse of anything in this world again," said the priest.

"What d'you mean, Father?" asked Franklin in excited tones.

"The child died at twelve o'clock last night, Franklin."

"Ye don't mean it! ye don't say so, Father!"

"It is quite true; the little one has been taken from a world of care and trouble."

Franklin covered his face for a moment in silence; then he started up, his eyes dry, his face hot and flushed.

"Those public-houses are hell-gates!" cried he, bringing down his hand, in its bandages, heavily upon the bed.

"Hush! Franklin."

"Begging your pardon, Father; but 'tis what they are, and they

are so thick that a chap who wants to do right has no chance. I'll tell you about that night; I had a glass of spirits, — a gentleman gave it me, — and I started for home, meaning to go straight. Then I saw a public, and I first thought to turn in, but I wouldn't, so I walked on; then in a minute I came upon another: the door was open, and they was laughing inside, and a chap was lifting a mug to his mouth, and I felt thirsty seeing him, still I wouldn't give in; 'twas as if good and evil fought with me that night. Well, a little lower down, on the other side, was another public, — you know they're as thick as blackberries in a hedge, — but I passed that again, and then, at the corner, another stood in my road, and, in a minute, I stepped in, and there I stopped, drinking till eleven. And now I've lost my little boy, and 'tis his own father who's killed him."

In time Franklin recovered and went home; but he and his wife were a shaken and a broken couple, and no more children came to brighten and gladden the house. For long Mary kept a drawer filled with little clothes and shoes; but at last she gave them to a forlorn woman, who came begging, with an infant but half-clad, and the child she fancied resembled her little one. But a battered wooden horse, with one or two other toys, remained on the mantel-shelf as a perpetual remembrance.

If the sad incident were alluded to, Franklin would at once get warm.

"Yes, they talk of the working man being drunken; but why do they allow it to be made so easy for him to get drunk, and so hard for him to keep sober? tell me that! Public-houses here and public-houses there, at every corner, and in between as well! Why, a man was made to remove a manufactory he had down at the bottom of Greville Street, because of a bit of a smell from it; and when they had that explosion at the dynamite works, they sent a grand, learned gentleman down from London, and such a fuss as there was to find out the cause: d'you mind it? four or five people were blown to bits; they said there was nothing hardly to put in some of the coffins; but God, who made them, could gather the poor bodies up again; God Almighty Himself, though, can't gather out of hell the souls the publics send there."

MARY.

LET us call to our minds what the Holy Scriptures tell us of Mary. From the mouth of the archangel, who comes from the very throne of God, we learn that she is "full of grace;" that "God is with her;" that she has found favor with God, and is "blessed among women."

Elizabeth, inspired by the Holy Ghost, calls her "the mother of my Lord, and blessed among women."

Mary, in her own inspired song, says, "Behold, from henceforth

all generations shall call me blessed, for he who is mighty hath done great things to me."

Let us think with what love and veneration Holy Church would have us look up to Mary; how she would have us invoke her as our Mother, and as one who loves us most dearly.

Ah, how often has Mary helped us by her prayers!

Let us, then, honor her, love her, imitate her, and beg far more earnestly than ever her prayers.

It is told of a certain Dominican friar, that on his death-bed he was observed to make many gestures of reverence, as though in the presence of some persons of great dignity. Those who stood by asked him the cause of these gestures. "This house," he replied, "is full of angels, and our Blessed Lady is here, whom let us salute." The Fathers hearing him speak thus, intoned the Salve Regina, which being ended, he smiled and said, "Oh, how acceptable was your salutation to the Queen of Heaven, for lo! as she listened to you she smiled."

Dear children, let us, too, salute her with the archangel, with Saint Elizabeth, and with the Holy Church, that hearing our loving words she may smile upon us.

Let us honor her, too, by our works as well as by our words — by charity towards our neighbor, by sweetness, purity, and humility; then shall we be indeed true children of Mary.

SEPTEMBER.

THE bells of September are calling
  Are calling all over the land,
And riding down fast from the mountains,
  And hurrying back from the sand,
Come the children with hands full of nosegays,
  And cheeks which the sunshine has tanned.

The bells of September are calling,
  And these are the words that they say:
"Come back, oh, my children, the school-rooms
  Have waited for many a day;
Now the black-boards and fractions are ready,
  And spelling-books crowd in the way."

The bells of September are calling,
  The children they answer, "We hear!
We're saying good-by to the country;
  Vacation is over — oh, dear!
Don't you think, O you bells of September,
  That you're ringing too early this year?"

BRING UP A CHILD IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO.

THE difference between Catholic education and the other kinds of education is, that the former looks to the spiritual and temporal welfare of the child, and the latter to the temporal only. Those who chose the latter have not the future interests of their children at heart.

St. Paul says: "For if the first fruit be holy, so is the mass also; and if the root be holy, so are the branches." If parents have their children taught their religion in their youth, they will become good members of society, and their children after them will become the same; but if they allow them to grow up without religion, the branches will be like the root, unholy; and society will have so many more useless and unholy members to encumber it.

It is to preserve the individual, the family, and society that the Catholic Church demands Catholic education for her children. She is the only living witness of the world's failures to supplant religious for secular education, and, therefore, her demand should be instantly obeyed. The spirit of the world will still oppose her and try to defeat her plans; but she is accustomed to that, and prepared to meet it with the old forces which have never failed her: "I will be with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

After our Saviour was born, Mary, His Mother, carried Him to the temple and presented Him to God the Father; and good Catholic mothers do the same with their children. They present them to God and train them up afterward in the ways of God. They keep them always under Catholic influences, and in the Catholic school have them educated in heart as well as in mind.

It is a grave sin for children to neglect or refuse to study and learn, when they are at school. They injure themselves in doing so, because they deprive themselves of useful and necessary knowledge for their after lives; and they deceive their parents, who believe they are employing every moment of their school-time to the best advantage.

The boys and girls, who have failed in their studies last year, should return to the school-room not only with a deep sense of shame for their failures, but also a strong desire and a firm purpose to redeem themselves by incessant and painstaking study in everything they are expected or ordered to learn.

To pay for higher education of children who will not study, or who have no abilities to study, is a very foolish expenditure. Such children ought to be put to work where they will learn how to make a living for themselves.

To have a plan for study is an excellent way to make every study successful. A plan means to have a time marked out for every thing. Find out the number of your studies, and the relative importance of each one, and then learn the time you will have every day to study

them. It is an easy matter after these two things are known to mark off the time which can be given to each study. The success of the plan will depend on the way it will be observed; but even if it be observed only indifferently, it will produce better results than studying by fits and starts.

The steady and persevering scholar will always come out somewhere near the head of the class in every examination, and steadiness or perseverance is a virtue which every school-boy and girl should adopt in the beginning of the school year. If the boys and girls who rank among the brightest scholars at the beginning of the year, fall back at all, it will be because they did not persevere in using the powers they possessed, but allowed themselves to grow careless and negligent in the use of them.

The same reverence and obedience are due to teachers in the school-room as are due the parents at home. The teachers take the place of the parents and exercise the parents' control.

The Catholic Youth, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FOUR SHRUBS.

A SAINTLY priest was once walking with a little boy. They came across four shrubs. The good man said to his youthful companion:

"Pull up the least one."

He obeyed with ease.

"Now the next."

He obeyed; but it did not come so easily.

"And the third."

It took all his strength to move its roots; but he succeeded.

"Now, the fourth."

In vain the lad put forth all his strength. He only made the leaves tremble, he could not move the roots. They had gone strongly into the earth, and no effort could dislodge them.

Then the wise old man said to the ardent youth:

"This, my son, is just what happens with our passions. When they are young and weak one may, by a little watchfulness over self and the help of a little self-denial, easily tear them up; but, if we let them cast their roots deep into our souls, then no human power can uproot them—the Almighty hand of the Creator alone can pluck them out. For this reason, my child, watch well over the first movements of your soul, and study, by acts of virtue, to keep your passions well in check."

IT is shameful for us servants of God to think that, whilst the Saints have generously accomplished their task, which was infinitely more painful than ours, we, on the contrary, wish to be honored and esteemed, and to take delight in ourselves. — *St. Francis.*

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1888.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

Human Liberty.

THE *Osservatore Romano* and other Catholic journals have published the Latin text of the Encyclical of Leo XIII., "De Libertate Humana." This most important document is the twenty-first Encyclical issued by the reigning Sovereign Pontiff, and bears the date of June 20th, 1888. It develops the theory of the freedom of man from the Catholic point of view. Whilst in the name of liberty are defended the pernicious errors and the fatal enormities which menace the destruction of civil society, the words of the Supreme Pastor of Souls reclaim for the church her mission of establishing true liberty, ennobled by Jesus Christ and forwarded by herself, since she defends human liberty against the errors of materialism and of fatalism. The Pope combats the theories of those who do not allow the subjection of civil society to the law of God; and, consequently, he refutes the modern liberties of worship, speech, teaching, and conscience; and concludes that man, individually and socially, must dwell under subjection to God. He claims for the church the free exercise of her supreme authority, which is the completion of civil authority itself; and insists on the duty of Catholics to take active part in the political life of their respective countries, excepting, at the same time, certain circumstances of time and of place which may preclude it in some lands.

This is one of the most important documents ever issued by the present, or any other Pope, for centuries. We will publish it in our next number. It will occupy about twenty pages. Every Protestant and Catholic in the land should read it.

Rev. Father Bodfish.

WE briefly stated that Rev. Father Bodfish was to be assigned to a new parish in Boston. It seems we were premature in making the announcement. The correct statement should have been: The reverend gentleman has been assigned the pastorate of St. John's Church, Canton, a position held by Rev. John Flatley, who has been appointed pastor of St. Peter's, Cambridge, recently vacated by the death of Rev. Father O'Brien. Father Bodfish announced his appointment at the services on Sunday, Aug. 19. Before the sermon, he made a very few interesting remarks. He said that he had been acquainted with Father Flatley for fully twenty years, and he realized that all felt sad at the loss of an affectionate pastor. He has received his promotion, and I trust that the same love you manifested towards him will be presented to his successor, and if you will co-operate with me and my zealous assistant, Father Allison, we may look forward to a bright future.

Father Flatley was highly esteemed in Canton, and has done much towards promoting the interests of the church. Through his energetic labors the church and school-house were built, and a handsome home erected for the Sisters. The church property in this town is valued at sixty thousand dollars, and there are twenty-six hundred parishioners.

GEN. SHERIDAN'S widow is to get a pension of $3,500 a year. The amount is not extravagant, but it is sufficiently large to provide the late general's family with a becoming maintenance.

Feast of St. Augustine.

THE commemorative feast of St. Augustine was fittingly observed on Sunday, Sept. 2d, at St. Augustine's Church, South Boston. The ceremonies consisted of a Solemn High Mass, with Rev. D. O'Callaghan, celebrant; Rev. E. E. Clexton, deacon, and Rev. Father McGarry, S. C. S., of St. Laurient College, Montreal, subdeacon; Patrick Casey, of Brighton Seminary, master of ceremonies. A sermon, appropriate to the occasion, was delivered by Rev. J. Nilan of St. James' Church, Harrison Avenue. The preacher spoke of the virtue of the great Saint Augustine, and drew many practical conclusions for his hearers.

Survivors of the Old Ninth.

THE survivors of the old Ninth Massachusetts regiment held their twenty-first annual reunion at Oak Island, on the 29th of August. In the forenoon a business meeting was held, and the following officers were elected: President, Major D. G. Macnamara; vice-president, Capt. Christopher Plunkett; treasurer, Col. P. T. Hanley; secretary, Michael O'Connor; and an executive committee of one member from each company. After dinner had been enjoyed in the hotel, the assembly again adjourned to the pavilion, where an oration was delivered by Christopher G. Plunkett (son of Capt. Christopher Plunkett, company B, Ninth Massachusetts Volunteers). Mr. James J. Roche, assistant editor of the Pilot, read an original poem, which was received with appreciation. The oration by Mr. Plunkett was listened to with undivided attention, and elicited frequent applause. President Macnamara referred to the successful efforts of the committee appointed last winter to raise funds for the erection of a monument to the memory of the lamented Col. Thomas Cass, the organizer of the old Ninth, and called on Col. P. T. Hanley, the treasurer of the fund, who made the following encouraging report: Received to date, $1,400; subscriptions collected, $890. The announcement that the Montgomery Light Guards had contributed $200, was received with immense cheering and enthusiastic applause. Sergt. Cunningham, of Salem, is credited with $84; Lieut. Joseph Murphy, of Lynn, $67; Capt. O'Leary, of Boston, $45; Capt. Cogan, $25. An unknown schoolmate of Col. Cass's sent $10 from California. The total amount of subscriptions is $1,549, including a check from Patrick Ford, of the Irish World. Col. Hanley remarked that it was hoped that the monument would be built by next spring. Stirring addresses were also made by the following: John E. Fitzgerald, Thomas J. Gargan, Patrick Ford, Capt. Christopher Plunkett, Patrick Donahoe, of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, Austin Ford, and John Glancy. Mr. Donahoe, by desire, introduced several songs of a patriotic nature, which were highly enjoyable. Resolutions on the death of Gen. Sheridan were also passed.

Boston College Notes.

THE exercises commenced on the 4th with an increased number of students. The following is the list of the faculty: President, Rev. Robert J. Fulton, S. J.; vice-president, Rev. David A. Daly; professor of mental philosophy, Rev. M. J. O'Brien; rhetoric, Rev. T. J. Bronahan; poetry, Owen Hill, S. J.; first grammer, J. J. O'Connor, S. J.; second grammar, John E. Condon, S. J.; third grammar, Rev. M. C. Dolan, S. J.; first rudiments, Henry Casten, S. J.; second rudiments, L. Eugene Ryan, S. J.; professor of natural sciences, P. F. X. Mulry, S. J.

Conversions.

THE Ave Maria: During the past week three receptions into the church occurred in Boston, to which a particular interest attaches. The first was that of a venerable gentleman, formerly a distinguished lawyer, who, for twenty years, has had a decided leaning to the church, and, in fact, has been intellectually convinced of the truth of the Catholic religion; but, like so many others, had not the courage to correspond with the grace vouchsafed to him. Advancing years and failing health, however, admonished him that if he would "make his calling and election sure," he must not delay his

submission to Holy Mother Church. He was accordingly baptized by Rev. Father Metcalf, rector of Gate of Heaven Church, South Boston, and now enjoys great peace and satisfaction, though he seems to realize and deplore the fact that by his long delay he has lost many precious graces which he might otherwise have gained.—— The second case was that of a young man, twenty-three years old, who had been connected with the High Church Ritualistic conventicle, on Brimmer Street (formerly Bowdoin Street), from which so many excellent persons have found a stepping-stone to the church. This young man has fine talents, is very earnest, and was a candidate for orders in the Episcopal Church. He will probably apply in due time for admission as an ecclesiastical student in some seminary.—— The third case was that of an interesting youth of fourteen, whose excellent mother was recently received also from "the Advent," where she had been a leading and influential member. The son was connected with the sanctuary choir, and is well skilled in ecclesiastical music. His amiable disposition and bright talents give promise, at no distant day, of another ecclesiastical student. These two young men were received by the Rev. Father Bodfish, rector of the Cathedral.

Parochial Schools.

On the 2d of September, St. Joseph's Parochial School, Waltham, Mass., was dedicated in presence of an immense assemblage of Waltham Catholics and visitors from Boston, Watertown, and other places. Most Rev. Archbishop Williams officiated, assisted by eighteen priests. The sermon was by the Rev. Thaddeus Hogan, rector of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Trenton, N. J., a former colleague and fellow-student of Father Brosnahan at the great missionary College of All Hallows, Ireland. The school opened on Tuesday, Sept. 4, with the Sisters of Notre Dame in charge of the girls' department, and Mr. Eugene Doherty, a graduate of Boston College, principal of the boys' department.

A Parochial School was dedicated at Arlington, Mass., by Rev. Fr. Shahan, pastor of St. Malachi's Church, on the 4th of September. The school is under the efficient direction of six Sisters of Notre Dame, and is in charge of Sister Seraphina, formerly a teacher of art at St. Joseph's Convent, of Salem.

St. Joseph Parochial School began its first session in North Brookfield, Mass., on the morning of the 4th, with several hundred pupils. The withdrawal of so many scholars from the public schools has largely depleted them, and causes much comment.

Catholics (says the Catholic Review) have enlisted in the struggle for religious education. On a Christian training depend the salvation of the child and the safety of the State. The good work spreads, and the happy day approaches when every one of the seven thousand Catholic parishes of the land shall, in obedience to the exhortation of the Plenary Council, be blessed with its own school. Catholic parents have but one proper course to follow. This is to send their children to the school in which the name of God is heard and his law taught. The pupils of Catholic schools have held, and will continue to hold, the leading place when brought face to face with competitors from the public schools. The number already gone forth from the Catholic schools, though few in comparison with the thousands of the common schools, never suffer when their secular knowledge is measured with the State-educated.

Among the Jesuit priests recently ordained at Woodstock, Md., is a young Bostonian, the Rev. Francis P. Powers, S. J., son of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick H. Powers of Boston. We congratulate the family upon this happy result.

Montgomery Veteran's Field Day.

Large and enthusiastic meetings of the Montgomery Light Guard Veteran Association, have been recently held at its headquarters, Col. Thomas F. Doherty presiding. The annual fall anniversary parade and dinner was fully discussed, and the committee of arrangements reported as follows: The corps will leave headquarters Thursday, Oct. 4, at 3 P. M., for a parade through the principal streets of Boston, afterwards visiting Charlestown (where many of the members reside), where there will also be a short parade. Then the corps will

proceed to the Waverley House, where the annual banquet will take place. Lindall's Band and the First Regiment Drum and Fife Corps will furnish music. It is expected that this will be one of the most successful affairs in the history of the corps, as fully three hundred members have signified their intention of being present.

THE FESTIVAL in aid of the Carney Hospital, on Labor Day, was a great success. So was that of the Working Boy's Home.

Some of Our Young Men.

CATHOLIC COLUMBIAN: Too many of our Catholic young men lose the faith or become indifferent thereto. They seem to forget all the lessons taught them in catechism and in preparation for First Communion. They cease to say their prayers, morning and evening. They no longer go to church or go too late, and hang merely round the entrance. Hence the numerous instances of dishonesty, and of more serious crimes; of impurity and its baneful consequences. They have learned indifferentism or atheism from bad company. They fail to fulfil their destiny and their souls are lost.

The Public Schools.

CATHOLIC COLUMBIAN: Catholics have no intention or desire, such as they are commonly charged with, to break down the public school system. We simply take the ground that, as religion cannot be and is not taught therein, it becomes an absolute necessity that we have our own schools. We regard religious instruction as of the first importance, since the Scriptures teach us to "train up a child in the way he should go."

New Catholic College.

THE corner-stone of the new College of St. Thomas of Aquinas was laid with imposing ceremonies on the afternoon of the 19th of August by Bishop O'Hara, assisted by the Catholic clergy of the Scranton Diocese, in the presence of nearly ten thousand people from all points in Northwestern Pennsylvania.

THE Rev. Leo P. Boland has been appointed Rector of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, in succession to Rev. J. P. Bodfish.

The Canadian Route to the East.

WE give the first part of this very important article in this issue. At this time when so much is said about non-intercourse with Canada, the article is interesting.

THE British Parliament has been adjourned to meet again in November.

WE are pleased to know that MR. JAMES J. TREACY'S latest work, Conquests of our Holy Faith, has met with a most flattering reception in Rome. Our most Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., who some time ago honored Mr. Treacy with the present of a splendid *cameo*, in recognition of his eminent literary services to the church, has been graciously pleased to send Mr. Treacy His Apostolic Benediction. Cardinal Simeoni says the book is calculated to do the greatest service to the church at this particular time. His Eminence sends Mr. Treacy his grateful acknowledgments. Cardinal Newman, Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, Cardinal Mazzella, Archbishop Kirby, Father-General Anderledy, of the Society of Jesus, and Father Jackman, Provincial of the Irish Franciscans, have also sent their compliments and congratulations.

Corner-Stones.

ON Sunday, Aug. 19, Rt. Rev. Bishop Healy laid the corner-stone of the new St. Dominic's Church in Portland, Me. —— Bishop O'Reilley laid the corner-stone of All Saint's Church in Ware, Mass. —— Rt. Rev. Bishop Bradley laid the corner-stone of St. Raphael's Church, Manchester, N. H. Bishop Bradley was assisted by the Rt. Rev. Hilary Pfraengle, abbot of St. Mary's Benedictine Abbey, Newark, N. J.; Fathers Canning, of Exeter; Chevalier, Timon, Sullivan, and Simard, of Manchester, and Polycarp and Sylvester, Benedictines, of Newark, N. J. Thus goes on the good work in New England.

Rumored Conversions.

THE London correspondent of the New York Sun cables the following: "Some very devoted Protestants are in a deep state of agitation because the Prince of Wales has given fifty guineas toward a new Catholic Church which is to be erected at Lynn. The Prince, however, is generally admitted to have shown good sense as well as impartiality, particularly as his Catholic guests at Sandringham use the Lynn Catholic church exclusively in the winter time. In addition to this shock to Protestant feeling comes the announcement, rather vague and indefinite as yet, of the conversion to the Roman Church of a female member of the English royal family. Who the female member is, is not stated, except that she is nearly related to the Queen of England, and that her conversion, when made public, will be the most memorable within the last century." "Devoted Protestants" on this side of the water will wait breathlessly for further developments in the matter that is causing their English brethren so much anxiety and distress.

THE Benedictine order, which is very extensively engaged in the Catholic Indian missions of this country, has found a new field for its zeal, and last week it sent seven monks from New York to engage in missionary labors in South America.

What a Protestant Minister Says.

ALTHOUGH there are pig-headed places and pig-headed parsons in Lincolnshire, England, there are also the opposite. The local papers are delighted with the bold utterances of a clergyman, the Rev. W. Tuckwell, who openly proclaims his sympathy with the poor and weak, not only in the pulpit but in his parish, with his pocket. Speaking of the so-called Irish rebels, he said: "Rebel is an honored name; John Bunyan was a rebel, George Washington and Robert Lee were rebels; Hampden and Pym were rebels; let us be rebels." Speaking of politics, the reverend gentleman said: "Politics is the science of promoting the happiness of the bulk of the people; it means abundance of food, clothes, and shelter, and leisure for the higher recreation and self-improvement, that make man to differ from the beast."

ACCORDING to *L'Industrie Parisienne*, a laundryman in the vicinity of Paris, France, has discovered a very ingenious method of cleaning linen without soap. He uses no soap or lye, nor chlorine, but replaces these substances by boiled potatoes, with which he rubs the linen. This curious process it appears, is much superior to those hitherto employed, and the worst soiled cotton, linen, or silk, cleaned by this method are made whiter than they could be by the use of an alkali. Besides, the method has the advantage that brushes can be dispensed with and well-water be used.

A NEW-YORK correspondent counted fourteen millionnaires in one group on the piazza of a Saratoga hotel, and found that every one was suffering from either neuralgia, insomnia, dyspepsia, or some torturing disease. Wealth is becoming a very expensive luxury, and yet the number who are willing to pay these heavy prices for it does not decrease.

THIS IS THE LAW SCHOOL. — We desire to call the attention of parents, guardians, and others interested, to the card of the Boston University Law School, printed in another column. Many of our most prominent Irish-American lawyers in this and other cities, and some of whom have gained much distinction in their profession, can point with pride to this Law School as their *alma mater*. For catalogue and all other information, apply to the Dean, Judge Edmund H. Bennett, Boston University Law School, 10 Ashburton Place, Boston.

MISS EVERLED — Of course, you are going to attend our hop to-night, Count Le Prohon? Count Le Prohon (reading surreptitiously from his phrase-book — "Hop : a leap on ze one leg") — Pardong, Mam'zelle; I would eet be afraid to do wizout some vat you call practeese.

GROUND has been broken for the new church in course of erection in Boston. It is on the corner of Scotia and Bothnia streets, near the West Chester Park extension. It will cover an area of twelve thousand feet. The Rev. Richard J. Barry, late rector of Hyde Park, will have charge of the building, and will push it to completion with his wonted vigor.

Bishop McMahon's Tenth Anniversary.

ON Friday, Aug. 10, which is also his "name day," being the feast of his patron, St. Lawrence, the Right Rev. L. S. McMahon, Bishop of Hartford, Conn., celebrated, in the midst of his rejoicing priests and people, the ninth anniversary of his episcopal consecration. The diocese of Hartford includes the whole State of Connecticut, with a Catholic population of two hundred thousand, or nearly one-third of the entire population of the State.

AUSTRALIA.

WE give the second part of C. Gavin Duffy's paper on Australia. In our next we will print a paper by Cardinal Moran on the religious aspect of our race in Australia.

THE Right Rev. Bishop Healy laid the corner-stone of a new church in Augusta, Me., on the 29th of August. The church is intended for the French congregation. There was a sermon in French, and afterwards the Right Rev. Bishop spoke in English.

THE DEMOCRATS, in convention assembled in Springfield, Sept. 4, have nominated William E. Russell, of Cambridge, and John W. Corcoran, of Clinton, for governor and lieutenant-governor of the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

SUNDAY, the 30th of September, is set apart by our Holy Father the Pope as a day of universal special commemoration of the faithful departed, with which he has been pleased to crown the solemnities of the year of his Golden Jubilee. The Holy Father strenuously exhorts the faithful, after being duly prepared by sacramental confession, to receive Holy Communion; and he grants a plenary indulgence applicable to the faithful departed to all who comply with this exhortation.

Methodists Selling Out.

THE Rt. Rev. Dr. Bonacum, the new bishop of Nebraska, has purchased the old Methodist College property in York. The purchase includes the college building and furniture, the dormitory and furniture contained therein, and all of the campus except two hundred and fifteen feet on the north side. The bishop will build a new and elegant church on the campus, enlarge the building, and conduct a first-class college.

The Rev. John R. Slattery, Provincial of the Josephites, who is staying at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, has a large number of workmen completing a chapel on Fremont Street, near Pennsylvania Avenue, Baltimore. It was formerly the old Whatcoat Methodist Episcopal Chapel, but has had an extension of sixteen feet long and forty-eight feet wide added to it. The old building has been thoroughly remodelled. The chapel will contain one main altar and two side altars, and will seat four hundred people.

THE BEST SCHOOL BOOKS. — Ginn & Co., 7, 9, 13 Tremont Place, Boston, with branch offices in New York and Chicago, are the publishers of Wentworth's Series of Mathematics. These later have been officially adopted for use in all the schools and colleges of the Jesuit Fathers throughout the country. The series are largely used by many other Catholic schools, and many of the teaching orders of the church are warm in their commendation. The National Music Course, also published by this firm, is used generally in parochial and Catholic select schools, and are officially recommended by the Sisters of Notre Dame. Ginn & Co. also publish a full list of books in Elementary English, Higher English, Old English, Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Natural Science, Music, History,

Philosophy, Modern Languages, Sanscrit, Political Science, Geography (globes and maps), etc.

Gladstone on the Parnell Case.

MR. GLADSTONE, addressing a deputation of Liberals of Burslem, who had presented him with a vase, said the government had treated Mr. Parnell with gross inequality when it refused to allow an inquiry into the Times' charges against him by a select committee of the House of Commons. The charges against Mr. Parnell, he said, would, if proved, destroy everything he valued, political power and position. But he was going to be tried on vague general charges. Mr. Gladstone declared he would never believe Mr. Parnell guilty of personal dishonor. The inquiry, he said, might last for years, which would mean pecuniary ruin for Mr. Parnell.

MAJOR-GENERAL SCHOFIELD has issued a general order announcing that he has assumed command of the army. He also issued an order detailing First-Lieut. J. E. Sawyer, Fifth Artillery; First-Lieut. T. H. Bliss, First Artillery, and First-Lieut. John Pitcher, First Cavalry, for duty at army headquarters as *aides-de-camp*. Colonels Sheridan, Kellogg, and Blunt, late of General Sheridan's staff, have also been assigned to temporary duty at army headquarters.

THE Ladies of the Sacred Heart, whose handsome buildings at Manhattanville were burned to the ground, are, thanks to the generosity of Mr. Oswald Ottendorfer, now in a position to continue their school work. The charitable editor of the Staats Zeitung, who has extensive grounds on the Grand Boulevard from 134th and 137th streets, a block north of the burned Convent of the Sacred Heart, has given the temporary use of his property to the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. On Sept. 17 the Madames hope to welcome back all their old charges and many new faces. Their new quarters are finely situated on the edge of the Hudson, just opposite the Palisades, and possess every advantage that goes with a healthful site and large, well-kept grounds.

HIS GRACE, the Archbishop of St. Louis, celebrated his eighty-third anniversary, Aug. 17. His Grace is in excellent health and expressed great pleasure at meeting so many of his priests on the happy occasion.

ACCORDING to the latest statistics the Brothers of the Christian schools now number 1,220 communities, scattered throughout all lands; 11,712 brothers; 1,670 schools, divided into 6,663 classes, with 307,387 pupils; besides many colleges and boarding schools.

PARTICULAR attention is called to the KANSAS INVESTMENT CO., whose Eastern office is located at 101 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass. This Company was one of the first of the now numerous investment companies to engage in its line of business in the West. Having been originally incorporated with a capital of $100,000, the continued increase of the Company's business has made an increase of its capital necessary, and accordingly the Company has increased its capital stock to $500,000 cost paid into the treasury. This Company has for sale at its Boston office, First Mortgage loans, secured by real estate in Kansas and Missouri, and guarantees seven per cent. semi-annual interest on the same; and also offers for sale, at par and accrued interest, Debenture Bonds, secured by 105 per cent. of First Mortgages deposited with the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Co., as trustee. A special series of $200,000 of these bonds is now being issued, bearing 6 per cent. interest payable *quarterly*. More than half of this series has been sold to New England savings banks, colleges, trustees for estates, and private investors. The remainder are now for sale at the Boston office. The Company continues to adhere to its methods of carefully inspecting each piece of property upon which money is loaned, and the fact that millions of money have been invested by the Company for its Eastern friends without the loss of one dollar of principal or interest is the strongest recommendation that the securities it offers are absolutely safe investments.

A Passport Worth Having.

IT is told of the late Most Rev. Archbishop Alemany, of San Francisco, Cal., that, travelling in Spain, in 1862, before the canonization of the Japanese martyrs, he wore his Dominican habit wherever he went. This was a violation of the law in that so-called Catholic kingdom, which has so sorely felt the wounds inflicted by Liberalism, Freemasonry, and English anti-Popery ever since the Peninsula War. The officials of the country peremptorily ordered him to remove his ecclesiastical dress. "Never, gentlemen!" he replied. "I dress as I please in free America. I shall, as an American, wear whatever clothes I choose in Spain, Russia, or China; look at my passport; there is my certificate of citizenship." He suffered no further molestation.

THE New York Independent (non-Catholic) estimates Catholics at over one third of the professing Christians of the United States. We venture to say that the attendance at our churches is more than half the attendance at all the Protestant denominations in the United States.

The Flannel Shirt.

THIS sensible paragraph from the New York Sun is worth considering: The Sun, in its ministering function to humanity, probably surpassed itself last year in a bold explanation and championship of the many advantages of a flannel shirt when the thermometer showed the heat to be eighty degrees or thereabouts, or the hygrometer showed that the humidity was at a corresponding elevation. We deem it proper to remind our disciples that the flannel shirt season has opened for 1888. Those who now seek comfort will keep their shirts on by all means, but they will make them flannel. Health, hence happiness, cleanliness, hence neatness, endurance, hence economy, all lurk in the soft folds of these shirts; and since the heat of a presidential fight is now to be added to the normal tepidity of the atmosphere, the flannel shirt of American manufacture should have a tremendous boom.

A Black Sheep.

ONE George Frederick Wilfrid Ellis, who has for five years officiated as the rector of Wetheringsett, Suffolk, England, was tried on the 10th ult., for having forged the name of the Catholic Bishop of Salford to "certificates of tonsure and priesthood." Representing himself as a convert from Catholicity, Ellis, on strength of these certificates, procured from the Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, the living of Wetheringsett, worth $4,000 a year. It was only recently that Ellis fell under suspicion. His sin found him out, and he had no defence to make. He was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

A WELL-INFORMED clergyman has been writing in the Congregationalist about the great gains of the Roman Catholic Church in Germany. German Protestantism is unable to hold its own against the old church, with its army of zealous and devoted priests and laymen. Even in that stronghold of Protestantism, Halle, Catholicism is gaining. This is only another instance showing the wonderful recuperative power possessed by the Roman Catholic Church.

High License a Success.

THE St. Paul papers review the first year of high license in Minnesota, and find the system has proved all that its friends claimed for it. There are in the State only 1,597 saloons now, as against 2,806 when the law went into effect. A decrease in the consumption of liquor is shown in nearly every county. Low groggeries have been closed up, and the liquor business is under better police supervision. Under the old system the average cost of a license was about $300, and the total approximate income was about $850,000. Under high license the average cost of permission to sell is about $650, and the approximate income is about $1,100,000.

THE late Father Tom Burke used to call the Jesuits the thundering legion. It would seem so from the number of evil spirits who attack them from below and above the earth.

National American Party.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 15. — The American party's convention this evening nominated James L. Curtis of New York for president, Mr. Curtis receiving 45 votes, Abram S. Hewitt 15, and James S. Negley of Pennsylvania 4.

The platform adopted favors the total abolition of the naturalization laws; demands that no criminals, paupers, or insane persons shall be allowed to immigrate, and that in order to become an emigrant to the United States a man must satisfy the consul at the port from which he wishes to sail, that he does not come under the prohibited classes, and must pay a per capita tax to the consul before sailing. It declares in favor of prohibiting immigration of all persons not in sympathy with the government of the United States: against alien ownership of land; in favor of free technical schools for American children, and in favor of the expenditure of the surplus for the building of fortifications and naval vessels.

Judge N. Greer was unanimously nominated for vice-president, and the convention adjourned *sine die*.

Earlier in the day the delegations from Illinois, Maine, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Louisiana, Vermont, Virginia, Maryland, Mississippi, South Carolina, Alabama, Florida, and Delaware, one from California, and one from New York, twenty-five in all, bolted the convention because of the voting status decided upon by the majority for the delegates. This evening they adopted resolutions declaring the action of the convention no more entitled to the support or respect of the American party than if it had been held at some underground ward meeting in New York, the cost of which was defrayed by some person interested in dishonoring the American party, and denouncing the New-York delegates for the disposition they have shown to "hog it" in the convention.

Our Grand Old Faith.

AT a banquet recently given to Cardinal Moran in Australia, Sir Charles Lilley, chief justice of Queensland, and a Protestant, spoke of the power and mission of the Catholic church in the following words: "To it we owe the elevation of our moral and spiritual nature. Its intellect, its genius, its imagination and its tastes are living to-day in the greatest works of art in the world. It has served to quicken the moral life of the Christian, and to ennoble the spiritual of our race. Some of the brightest, noblest, purest, spirits that have ever lived have been children of the Catholic church. Passing, as I have, through many countries in which the Catholic faith is predominant, I have not failed to recognize its quickening, life-giving influence over the lives of men."

SCENERY TO LET. — Scenery for halls, school exhibitions, etc., to let, made and painted to order, at O. L. Story's, 109 Haverhill Street, Boston. This is the largest and best establishment of the kind in New England.

EVERY parent has a right to educate his child as he pleases — provided he pleases to teach him to read and write, as the constitution requires of the voter, and provided he sends him to some school during a reasonable time each year. — *Cambridge, Mass., Tribune.*

It Took Gen. Phil Sheridan

FIVE years to get through the regular four years' course of study at West Point. This was not on account of any lack of brains, but by reason of a predominance of that fighting quality which asserted itself so emphatically in his later career. One of the officers of the military academy was in the habit of reporting Cadet Sheridan's petty delinquencies with such frequency that the latter suspected unworthy motives on the officer's part, and he finally informed this over-zealous disciplinarian that if he reprimanded him again he would lick him. And he was as good as his word, although the officer was a six-footer, who towered high over Little Phil. The consequence of this performance was, that Sheridan was turned back into the next class; but from that day to this his fame as a fighter never waned.

The Parnell Defence Fund.

THE convention of the Massachusetts members of the Irish National League of America, which was held in Boston recently, did an excellent and timely thing when it opened a subscription in aid of the Parnell defence fund. The subscription opened grandly, too, no less than $8,180 being pledged on the spot, thanks to the generous action of the Ancient Order of Hibernians in the State, whose secretary, Mr. Daniel J. Hayes, announced that the organization was so enthusiastic in its desire to see Mr. Parnell provided with adequate means for his defence, it had authorized him to subscribe $5,000 to the fund. The convention pledged itself to raise $10,000 for the Irish leader's defence; but as over four-fifths of that sum was subscribed on the spot, the chances are that Massachusetts' contribution will go far beyond the figures originally fixed.

THE London Universe justly characterizes Mr. O'Kelly's sentence to four months' imprisonment for cautioning his constituents against being terrorized into giving evidence before Balfour's star chamber, "as one of the most blackguard and disgraceful pieces of high-handed despotism" which has ever come to its notice.

Georgetown University.

REV. FATHER DOONAN, S. J., who has been stationed at the Georgetown University since 1865, and has served as its president for the past six years, has been succeeded by Rev. Father J. Haven Richards, S. J., who finished his studies recently at Woodstock, Md. The new president is a very learned man, and will, no doubt, become as popular in time as Father Doonan. Father Doonan will go to New York to the College of St. Francis Xavier. Father Richards is a son of Mr. Henry L. Richards of this city, who, with his family, became converts to the church some fifteen years ago. Georgetown College, during the two years that close her first century of life, has received in legacies and from the sale of property formerly reckoned worthless, about one hundred and thirty thousand dollars. With this money the President, the Rev. J. Haven Richards, S. J., intends to proceed with the work of finishing the interior of one wing of the handsome new building of the college.

GENERAL MASTER WORKMAN POWDERLY, of the Knights of Labor, put forward a sound idea the other day when, in his testimony before the Ford investigating committee at New York, he said that all stimulated immigration, no matter of what nationality, is objectionable and undesirable. Any immigrant who comes here of his own free-will, Mr. Powderly maintains, is a welcome addition to our population, but our ports should be closed to aliens who are induced to come hither, either by American agents, or because the country whence they come offers to pay their passage. Another good idea which Mr. Powderly advanced was that all violations and evasions of the laws forbidding the importation of objectionable immigrants should be punished by imprisonment of the offenders, that, in his mind, being a more effectual way of enforcing those laws than fines.

THE Most Rev. Dr. McEvilly, Archbishop of Tuam, in the course of a short address to the congregation after Mass, at Westport, recently, advised his people to shun the society of the irreligious. "Boycott them," said he. "I use the word deliberately, although it has, at present, an unpleasant association. Do not talk with them or walk with them." His Grace was understood to refer to a rather prominent character residing in the vicinity of Westport, who is said to be imbued with infidel and irreligious principles.

DID you ever use the MARVEL OF BEAUTY STOVE POLISH? If not enquire for it. Get it. Use it, by all means. It is the finest in the world. Headquarters, 6 Oliver Street, Boston, Mass. Nothing equal to it for durability and brilliancy.

IT is predicted that the English wheat crop this year will be one third under that of 1887.

His Name Is Dennis.

DENNIS MURPHY receives twenty-five thousand dollars a year for reporting the Senate for the Congressional Record, and each of the five reporters gets five thousand dollars a year salary. Dennis Murphy is a pleasant, brown-whiskered man of fifty. He is slender and active, and he has a hand that can travel like lightning over a sheet of paper. He writes practically nothing but shorthand, and after taking down a speech in the Senate, he hands it over to some other man to read off and transcribe. Mr. Murphy has a large room in the Capitol building, which is filled with desks, at which sit about a dozen shorthand men. The notes are taken down in the Senate, brought into this room, and reread to slower stenographers. They take them down in their pot hooks, and re-transcribe them for the Record. The speeches made to-day are put in print to-night, and furnished in the Record for the Congressman's breakfast on the morrow. He told me one day that Webster averaged about one hundred words a minute, and that Henry Clay rolled out about one hundred and fifty. "Calhoun," said he, "began his speeches in slow and measured tones; but as he warmed up to his subject he talked faster." Mr. Murphy thinks that the present average of speaking among the public men is faster than in the past, and he says that the average in the United States Senate is one hundred and fifty words a minute, and there are several Senators who will run at times over two hundred words a minute.

THE Irishmen of Melbourne, Australia, are not sleeping over the National cause. A Celtic Club has been started in that city, which has been founded for the purpose of bringing together the Irish Nationalists of Victoria. The opening speech was delivered by Mr. Marshall Moore Lyle, a Melbourne solicitor, whose name will be known to many of our readers in the north-west of Ireland. Mr. Lyle is a grandson of the late Rev. William Lyle, a Presbyterian clergyman, and, before he left Ireland, was a member of the Protestant Home Rule Association. The club, we trust, will do good work in Melbourne, where there are a very large number of Irishmen closely associated in the foundation of this club.

THIS is an astounding death-roll of public servants to be recorded in the period of a single administration: Ulysses S. Grant and Samuel J. Tilden, Winfield Scott Hancock and John A. Logan, Chester A. Arthur and Horatio Seymour, Thomas A. Hendricks and William A. Wheeler, George B. McClellan and Philip H. Sheridan, Irwin McDowell and Morrison R. Waite, John Kelly and Schuyler Colfax, Roscoe Conkling and Daniel Manning.

A GOOD WORD FOR JUSTICE DAY. — Prior to the adjournment of the House of Commons, Mr. Smith read a letter received by Mr. Morley from Gen. Bulwer, highly praising the integrity of Justice Day, and his disregard of politics, when he sat on the Belfast commission, of which Gen. Bulwer was also a member.

THE PUTNAM HORSESHOE NAIL. — That the feet of the horse are frequently ruined in shoeing is conceded by owners, trainers, and veterinarians. Shoes may be ill-fitting or bad, yet they are easily cast aside; but when injury is received from the nail the hoof may be maimed forever. The only nails which should be used in shoeing the horse are those which are hot-forged and hammer-pointed, and these can only be obtained from the Putnam Nail Co., Neponset, Mass. This nail is not cut, sheared, or clipped upon the point, and it is positively guaranteed not to split upon the point in driving. Samples of this nail, which is the best in the world, will be sent free on application to the Putnam Nail Co., Boston, or Neponset, Mass.

AT Duluth, Minn., Aug. 23d, the wife of Anton Crislak, a Polish laborer, gave birth to four children, all healthy and well, two boys and two girls. Their combined weight is 21½ pounds. The woman has had seven children in three confinements.

Not Opposed to the Public Schools.

In the recent religious conventions in various parts of the country much hostility has been manifested toward the educational system of the Catholic Church as antagonizing the public school system. I must honestly say that I cannot see what relation can be discovered between our establishment of the Catholic University and the public school system. Our school system in general rests upon the belief in the necessity of Christianity as a constant element in education; and in supplying such schools for our Catholic children we in no way interfere with the convictions of liberty of action of our fellow citizens who choose to give to their children an education without the Christian element in it. We simply have nothing to do with that system; and least of all can the university interfere with the public school system, since the lines of study lie in entirely different planes. I must honestly say that I consider this clamber unjust and unreasonable. Even for our ordinary schools we have no desire that public moneys should be received; and, as to the university, not a dollar of public money ever has been asked, and assuredly none ever will be asked, for its establishment or its support. — *Bishop Keane, in a recent interview.*

A Good Savings Bank. — The Home Savings Bank, 186 Tremont Street, Boston, is a first-class institution. All classes are depositors there.

The Rome organ of the Italian government charges the Pope with provoking rebellion against the government, because his Holiness advised the Italian clergy not to obey the law passed suppressing tithes — the law being unjust. The government had decreed the abolition of tithes; but through the Sacred Penitentary the clergy received instructions to refuse absolution to those who insist upon exemption from an obligation imposed by conscience and confirmed by the prescription of the Council of Trent. "When the New Code comes into operation," says the *Riforma*, "clergymen will no longer be permitted to compel Catholics to revolt against the law of the State." That is to say, priests and the faithful will be punished as criminals for obeying the teaching of the church.

Purchasers of premium books will be glad to learn that new editions of several of Dr. Brownson's works have been prepared for their benefit. It would be hard to find more appropriate or desirable prizes for deserving students. They are calculated to excite a taste for Dr. Brownson's writings, with which American Catholics should all be familiar. The list includes; Essays on Modern Literature, 605 pages; The Spirit-Rapper, 234 pages; Refutation of Atheism, 100 pages; The Two Brothers, 111 pages; Uncle Jack and his Nephew, 125 pages. All these books are 8vo, and neatly bound in cloth. Address, Henry F. Brownson, 25 Seitz Building, Detroit, Mich.

A cartoon for Punch has lately been suggested in reference to the recent attacks on Mr. Justice Day. *Scene.* — The House. *Time.* — Clock striking twelve. *Dialogue.* — Mr. Parnell with some solemnity: "The curfew tolls the knell of parting Day."

The immigration from Italy promises to be fully equal to that from Ireland, if the present exodus keeps up for a few years. Last year 43,725 Italians landed in New York, and for the first six months of this year the number was 38,155. Italy, like Ireland, is groaning under excessive taxation, a lack of home industries, and bad government.

We have fifty subscribers of the name of Kelly on our list, — it is a remarkable fact, — and among them the Hon. J. J. Kelly, the Undertaker, of East Cambridge, and P. Kelly, the celebrated confectioner and caterer, Charles Street, Boston, and our old friend, John Kelly, whose tailoring establishment is at 357 Washington Street, Boston, up stairs, and one of the oldest in the city, who can be relied upon for good workmanship and fair dealing.

Parnell

Is to take his case against the London Times for trial to Scotland. It will be called at Edinburgh, on Sept. 13, when the parties to the action must appear. An order will then be issued to lodge defences, which will be due on Oct. 16. The issues will be placed before the court for adjustment on Oct. 23. The trial will begin in November at the earliest, and possibly may not take place until after the Christmas recess of the court, if either side to the case should exercise the right to take the case to the inner court, where the lord president and a jury would try the action.

THEY tell a story in Dublin about Balfour, and an eminent bishop who has fought hard for the unfortunate people of his country. The two met for the first time at dinner, and in the course of the talk Mr. Balfour said: "But, after all, I fancy that newspapers make more noise than the masses. Do you think now that the people really dislike me?" — "Ah, Mr. Balfour," said the bishop, "if the Irish only hated the devil half as much as they hate you, my occupation would be gone."

THE following are said to be the last words of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the Catholic signer of the Declaration of Independence: "I have lived until my ninety-sixth year; I have enjoyed continued health; I have been blessed with wealth, prosperity, and most of the good things this world can bestow, — public approbation and applause, — but what I now look back on with great satisfaction to myself is that I have practised the duties of my religion."

A Protestant Prayer.

WE have often had occasion to advert to the want of reverence to the Deity that characterizes many of the prayers of Protestant ministers. One of them, out in Minnesota, who warmly desired the election of Briggs, "because he was a religious man," prayed thus: "O Lord, give us good men to rule over us, just men, temperance men, Christian men, men who fear Thee, who obey Thy commandments, men who — But, O Lord, what is the use of veering and hauling and pointing all round the compass? Give us George N. Briggs for governor!"

JOHN DILLON'S health is said to be seriously impaired by his confinement in jail. It will be an evil day for Balfour if he allows Dillon to be done to death as poor John Mandeville was in Tullamore.

A French King and a Soldier.

THERE is a well-known story of a French king, to whose arms an Irish brigade often brought fresh lustre and glorious victory on the field of battle, complaining one day to their captain of some breaches of discipline committed by his gallant comrades, and saying, "Those Irish fellows of yours, general, give more trouble than all the rest of my army;" whereat the Irish officer quickly replied: "May it please your majesty, that is just what your majesty's enemies say of us."

THERE are ninety-eight priests in the United States bearing the name of "Smith," in its many different phases, from the German Schmidt, Schmid, Schmitt, Schmitz, through the old reliable Smith, to the modern Irish Smyth. The Smiths would make a great and diversified community in themselves.

A CASE of miraculous cure is reported from Knock, Ireland. Miss Newdigate, a young woman well known in London society, went to the spot a few weeks ago suffering from paralysis, and unable to move without the aid of crutches. A few days ago, to the wonder of her friends, she was able to give up crutches, and has returned to London entirely cured.

THE longest speech Gen. Sheridan ever made, we are told, was of a few minutes' duration, but one sentence in it deserves to rank with the greatest orations: "Every one of my commissions I received upon the battle-field.

Terrible Warning to Blasphemers.

EACH one can judge of the incident as he will; but to the Christian there will be a note of God's rule in the recent death of "Citizen Conac, a lieutenant of the Commune." On a late Sunday, as cablegrams inform us, Conac was "making communistic speeches to a Socialist crowd at No. 19 Cete Lacharriere, Paris, when he suddenly turned pale, amid the great consternation of the audience, and just as he uttered the words, 'Il n'y a pas de Dieu' (There is no God), down he fell dead as a hammer." Yes, there is a God!

THE new church, about to be erected on the Back Bay, is not to be under the charge of Father Bodfish; but the building is to be superintended by Rev. R. I. Barry, lately of Hyde Park, where he has erected a splendid church, convent and schoolhouse. If he gives us as handsome a church as the one at Hyde Park, the dwellers on the Back Bay should be thankful.

A GENTLEMAN, well known in city circles, one day had climbed into a rather crowded omnibus and was beginning to get comfortable, when, to his surprise, he found himself seated next to a bishop. Half apologetically he said, "Well, I never expected to find a bishop in an omnibus."—"You forget," said the witty prelate, "that for me it means promotion. Usually I am only a bishop *in partibus*."

THE Catholic pupils of the Lowell High School have adopted resolutions condemning the use of Swinton's Outlines of History as a text book in the school. This is right. If the school committee insist upon its use by the Catholic children let them refuse to use it.

THE members of a brass band from Cork, Ireland, have lately refused to play "God Save the Queen," at an entertainment in London. Though the people hissed, the musicians were firm and could not be induced to play. Good Irish grit can stand disapproval as well as applause. "If that band will come to Boston we can assure it a warm welcome," says the Republic. Later advices say that the bandsmen have been dismissed from the service.

A PROTEST.—At a conference of the clergy at Drogheda, Ireland, the primate presiding, resolutions were adopted demanding the release of John Dillon, expressing sympathy with, and confidence in, Mr. Parnell, and approving the raising of a fund for Mr. Parnell's defence.

Sure Cure for Love.

TAKE of spirits of resolution, fourteen ounces; syrup of good advice, twelve ounces; oil of absence, two ounces; powder of disdain, four ounces; extract of don't-care-a-tiveness, *quantum suf.* Put these ingredients into a sauce-pan of sound reason, with a handful of heart's-ease, stir it up with a quantity of thyme, and strain it through a box of patience. A small portion of this mixture to be taken daily. *Second Remedy*—See your sweetheart before breakfast three mornings in succession.

THE New England Piano Company has attained and maintain an enviable pre-eminence. Their new Parlor and Baby Grands are a revelation, and have received the highest commendation from leading professionals.

NOW is the time to get your picture taken. We advise our friends from the country towns visiting Boston, to call on Maloney, 35 Hanover Street, Boston. He is one of the best artists in Boston, and does everything in his line at reasonable prices.

THE Presidential election takes place on the 6th of November.

☞ LOOK at the cover of your MAGAZINE (immediately after your name), and you will see to what time you have paid. If you owe for the past and present year, please send a money order or postal note for the amount. Don't forget.

William O'Brien's One Hundred Pounds.

Mr. William O'Brien, with the appropriateness of conduct and absence of selfishness which so markedly distinguishes him, has done the best possible service for Ireland with the one hundred pounds obtained by law proceedings from the Glasgow Herald. He has made the coercionist slanderers pay for the dissemination of valuable and reliable information about Ireland. This is admirable. The Glasgow Herald, one among a large number of anti-Irish journals which never hesitate to make points against this country, performed its congenial work so unscrupulously on one occasion as to libel Mr. O'Brien, and the proprietors of that journal have consented to a verdict against them of one hundred pounds. Mr. O'Brien does not intend to apply this money to his own enjoyment; he incloses it to the Glasgow Liberal Association to be expended in circulating reliable information about Ireland, with a letter which points out the systematic and stealthy method widely adopted in Great Britain for the misrepresentation of the Irish people.

All Aboard for Gloucester.— All who have made the north shore trip to Gloucester, on the boats of the Boston and Gloucester Steamboat Company, praise it highly. For an excursion we know of nothing better than to take the steamboat at Central Wharf (north side) at 9.30 in the forenoon, and enjoy the sail to Gloucester; and then, after a ramble round the interesting, old-fashioned town, to have a fish dinner at one of the hotels, with another stroll afterwards, returning on the two o'clock boat. Excursionists who prefer to take lunch-baskets will greatly enjoy the occasion, if they land at Eastern Point, where they may picnic at their leisure, the time-table of the boats, giving them over two hours to stay in that pleasant locality. The rates are low, single fares being fifty cents, and round trip tickets only ninety cents. To those who can remain a day or two Gloucester offers many attractions. Cape Ann and Pigeon Cove are well worth a visit, and the celebrated Bass Rocks are in the vicinity. The fishing at Gloucester is good always, and there are facilities for bathing. The boats of the Boston and Gloucester line are stanch and commodious — as good as any on the New-England coast.

A Convent Destroyed by Fire.

The Convent of the Sacred Heart, on One Hundred and Thirty-Second Street, between Tenth and St. Nicholas Avenues, New York, was consumed by fire on the night of the 13th of August. It was an immense building, with a frontage of three hundred feet, including an east and west wing, each of which was about one hundred feet square. It has long been known as a place of excellence in education, and many children of parents of wealth and prominence have been educated there. There were one hundred and ninety-five persons in the convent at the time of the fire, all of whom escaped uninjured. The loss is about three hundred thousand dollars, on which there is only an insurance of about two hundred thousand dollars. Every relic and painting, together with some furniture were saved.

"The gods give no great good without labor," is an old proverb, and a true one; the hardest labor is not always that which is best paid however. To those in search of light, pleasant, and profitable employment, we say write to B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va.

The Irish Boy Ahead.

A young Irish boy from county Down takes the proud position of Senior Wrangler in the University of Cambridge, England, this year. "The winning of this highest of all English university honors," says the Boston Herald, "shows the Englishmen what the Irish boys can do when they are given a fair chance."

Hoyt's German Cologne, the unrivalled, has, in a great degree, superseded colognes of foreign make, being of finer quality and more reasonable in price. Sold everywhere.

Notes on Recent Publications.

"Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting and profitable books."—*Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

THE PRACTICE OF HUMILITY. By His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., translated from the Italian by Rev. J. F. X. O'Conor, S. J. Price, 50 cts.

This is a beautiful little book, is bound in white, with gold border. It is embellished with a portrait of our Holy Father. The translation must be good, as it is rendered by one of the most learned of the Jesuit Fathers, who is vice-president of St. Xavier's College, New York. Benziger Bros. are the publishers.

THE BALTIMORE PUBLISHING CO. have issued Poems: Patriotic, Religious, Miscellaneous, by the poet-priest of the South, Rev. Abram J. Ryan, a new, revised, and enlarged edition, containing a memoriam, and all the poems written by him up to the time of his death. The book is illustrated with a good likeness of the author and ten other illustrations.

A CATHOLIC Convention of One versus the Cincinnati Presbyterian Convention. By Rev. Abram J. Ryan. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 31 & 33 Barclay Street.

MESSRS. LEE & SHEPARD, Boston, have published in neat book form, Mexico — Picturesque, Political, Progressive, by Mary Elizabeth Blake and Margaret F. Sullivan. A further notice in our next issue.

THE above books can be found at the store of Messrs. Noonan & Co., 19 and 21 Boylston Street.

MUSIC.

White, Smith, & Co., Boston.

Vocal: "Ben and Levi," Campaign Song, by Harry Birch. "Three Cheers for Cleveland and Thurman," Campaign Male Quartette, by C. A. White. "Let the Red Bandanna Wave," Campaign Song, by J. P. Skelly.

Instrumental: "La Gitana Waltzes," by Bucalossi for four hands. "The Little Fishermaiden Waltz," by Pierre Duremet. "Harrison's Grand March," by Chas. D. Blake. "One Country, One Flag," Grand March by A. M. Holt. "Rosy Morn Schottische," by J. L. Gilbert. "The Little Blonde," Concert Polka for Zither, by Theo. Kehl. "Bluthen Waltz," by G. Schroeder. "Strawberry Blossom Reel," by Chas. D. Blake.

Also "The Folio" for July and August, two most interesting numbers of this popular journal.

"Is Literature Bread-Winning?" is the query raised by a prominent New-York writer, who disguises himsel as Paul R. Cleveland, in the August Cosmopolitan. He cites the experiences of all the leading authors of this country, giving many revelations of the trials of genius, and is compelled to answer the question in the negative. As a warning to young aspirants who look upon the literary calling as a profitable one, the article is wholesome and important. The Black and White Priests of Russia is the subject of an interesting article. Their position, in that vortex of religious and agnostic strife, throws much light on Russian life. Considering the price of this magazine, it is by far the best magazine in the country. Subscription only $2.00 per year.

EVERY LADY HER OWN TAILOR.—We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Arcade Publishing Co., of Chicago, on another page of this issue; you will please note their very liberal offer of Worth's French Tailor System of Dress Cutting, given with a year's subscription to THE LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE. It is a known fact that Worth's French System of Dress Cutting is the best and simplest in the world, and any lady who appreciates neat fitting garments and good reading should not hesitate in becoming her own tailor for the small sum of one dollar.

WHISKEY is expensive,—it costs a man dollars and sense.

OBITUARY.

—"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

THE death of Rev. John Delahunty, late pastor of the Church of St. Francis de Sales at Roxbury, occurred on Sunday at the Gray Nunnery in Montreal, where he had been since resigning the charge of this parish, which ill-health compelled him to do a short time ago. He was born in Halifax some forty-five years ago, removed in early childhood to East Boston, and made his classical course in Kingston and Quebec, Can. After his ordination to the priesthood he was appointed assistant priest at Salem. His ecclesiastical superiors, recognizing his ability and zeal, appointed him to the pastorate of Concord. Marlboro was also the scene of his labors. Finally he was removed to St. Francis de Sales', where he labored with great success for nearly twelve years. The remains arrived from Montreal Aug. 28. The funeral took place at 10 A. M. Wednesday, Aug. 29. The officers of the Mass were Rev. John J. Gray of Salem, celebrant; Rev. James J. McDermott, Church of the Sacred Heart, Springfield, deacon; Rev. C. T. McGrath, St. Joseph's, Somerville, sub-deacon; Rev. Philip J. O'Donnell, Church of the Sacred Heart, East Cambridge, master of ceremonies. Rev. Arthur J. Teeling of Newburyport, preached.

THE Very Rev. Dean Kelly, died at the Presbytery of St. James' Church, Marsh Lane, Bootle, Liverpool, Eng., on Aug. 16th. He was born in Ireland, and educated for the priesthood at Ushaw College. In 1848 the Irish famine broke out, and vast numbers of Irish went over to Liverpool, with the intention of emigrating to America. While there, they were attacked by the "famine fever," and this dire disease spread the shadow of death in every direction. The clergy in Liverpool worked among the sick and dying; ministered to the wants of the poverty-stricken; carried the consolation of their religion to those beyond earthly aid. Between twenty and thirty priests caught the fever and died; but their places were supplied by a number of students from Ushaw College. The late Dean Kelly and the present Roman Catholic Bishop of Liverpool (Dr. O'Reilly) were among the number.

ABBE J. A. BOYLE, the oldest priest on the Continent of America, died at Montreal, on July 17. He was born in France in 1801, and in 1825 became a professor of Montreal College, and was connected with it until 1881. He numbered among his pupils Archbishop Williams of Boston, Mgrs. Robbins, Spalding, and other Bishops. For twenty years he was Superior of the Sulpician Order in Montreal.

SISTERS.

DIED, at St. Xavier's Academy, Pittsburgh, Penn., on Saturday, Aug. 11, Sister Mary Cecelia Hart, in the sixty-sixth year of her age and the thirty-ninth of her religious life. The deceased Religious was a native of Dublin, Ireland, and entered the Pittsburgh community in 1849. Since then her time has been chiefly devoted to imparting instruction in the various schools of the community, a duty for which her education, and her zeal for the promotion of God's glory, peculiarly adapted her.

LAY PEOPLE.

DAVID FITZPATRICK, a well-known citizen of Woburn, was accidentally drowned off the coast of Nahant on the 23d of July last. He came here from Nova Scotia about thirty years ago, and was about fifty years of age. He leaves a wife and three children to mourn his loss. His brother, Rev. W. H. Fitzpatrick, of Milton, Mass., officiated at the funeral, and the remains were buried in St. Patrick's cemetery, Stoneham, Mass. May he rest in peace.

CATHOLIC AMERICAN: Notre Dame recently rejoiced with exceeding joy over the half a century of years and work in the priesthood, that had crowned the venerable prelate who had founded and sustained the noble institution. Now it is called on to

mourn the death of one of the great minds and noble workers who grew up with the institution. Professor Joseph A. Lyons, the Senior Member of the Faculty, and connected with the university for more than two-score years, died recently. As a Professor in Notre Dame he had the confidence of his students. He was the trusted agent of his superiors, and won the good-will of all who had relations with him. The handsome Scholastic Annual, and an excellent work on Elocution, were among the volumes that owed their creation to him. No doubt, in the sacred precincts of Notre Dame, where his life had been so happily passed, he died fortified by all the consolations of holy Mother Church, of which he had been so worthy a son. May he rest in peace.

WE regret to learn of the death, at San Francisco, of Myles D. Sweeny, one of the men whose energy and abilities have been an important factor in the development of the resources of the Pacific Coast. Mr. Sweeny was born in Tyrconnell, county Donegal, Ireland, about eighty years ago, and came with his family to this country in 1826, settling in Pennsylvania. Mr. Sweeny left Philadelphia, with a competency gained there, for California, in 1849, reaching San Francisco in 1850. His enterprise and good fortune turned everything he touched into wealth, until he finally became one of the richest men west of the Rockies. As president of the leading savings bank of California, known as the Hibernian Building and Loan Association, he has been entrusted with amounts that go away up in the millions, and made a name that is a household word in San Francisco. The old line of Irish financiers, so long and so prominently identified with Californian interests, seems to be passing rapidly away. Peter Donahue, D. J. Oliver, C. D. O'Sullivan, James Grant, D. J. Murphy, Patrick Murphy, and now M. D. Sweeny, have all passed away within a few years.

CORNELIUS RICHARD PURCELL O'LEARY, M. D., C. M., died recently at his home in Tignish, Prince Edward Island. Dr. O'Leary was a brother of the late Professor O'Leary, and youngest son of the late Dr. O'Leary, formerly of Dromore, Mallow, county Cork, Ireland, who was a first cousin of Daniel O'Connell, the Irish Liberator. The subject of this sketch was the grandson of Capt. Arthur O'Leary, one of the last, if not the very last victim under the penal laws. Under these infamous laws, a Catholic was not allowed to own a horse worth more than five pounds. Capt. O'Leary had a valuable horse which he refused to sell for that sum, and he was therefore shot. Dr. O'Leary's father, also a physician, owned lands in Kanturk and near the Lakes of Killarney. Dr. O'Leary was very liberally educated, having studied in Brussels, Paris, Dublin, and Edinburgh, finally taking his degree in Glasgow. In 1838 he started for America; but the ship on which he sailed was wrecked, and he was one of the few who were saved. Dr. O'Leary returned to Ireland, and, in 1840, was elected medical officer of the Greneagh Dispensary, which position he held till his father's death in 1846, and for some time afterwards. His mother and his only brother, Professor Goodwin Richard O'Leary, died also in 1846. In 1853 he left Ireland for Quebec; but was again shipwrecked. He spent a few years in travel, and in 1859 came to Prince Edward Island and settled there. In 1861 he married Miss Scully, from Souris, a very respectable and highly accomplished young lady. Six years after her marriage she died, leaving him three daughters. The youngest of these alone survives her father. She is the only descendant of the late Dr. O'Leary, of Dromore, deceased being the only one of his father's children that left issue. The widow of Professor O'Leary, who was the daughter of Charles Sugrue, J. P., of Cork, is still living.

How They Compared.

"GRANT was like the glacier, crushing mountains and encaverning seas, slowly moving to his aim; Sherman, the thunderbolt; Thomas, the storm-contending crag; but Gen. Sheridan seemed the inspiration of the war, its movement, like genius, the incarnation of its combat and its glory, around whose name clustered its imagination, its poetry and its romance.

Death of an Estimable Lady.

DIED, in the city of Boston, on the 5th of Sept., 1888, Margaret the beloved wife of John Glancy, Esq., of the Boston Highlands, who has been connected with this MAGAZINE for the last four years. Mrs. Glancy was a highly respectable lady, and beloved by every one who knew her. She was a beautiful woman every way; charitable, kind, and generous to the poor. She leaves three grown-up daughters to mourn her loss, and was the youngest daughter of the late Edward Flood, of Longford, Ireland, who owned and kept Flood's Hotel and Livery Stables, also grocer, wine and spirit merchant. For years and years the annual conference dinners of the Catholic clergy of the Diocese of Ardagh, in the county of Longford, were held in her father's house, and one of the largest contributors to St. Michael's Cathedral, which is hardly finished yet, was Edward Flood of Longford. Mr. and Mrs. Glancy were married in this same Cathedral, before they came out to this country, Mr. Glancy returning from California for that purpose, having served an apprenticeship to her father. He still survives her, and regrets her loss very keenly. May her soul rest in peace. Amen.

SENATOR REAGAN'S bill defines a trust to be "A combination of capital or skill, by two or more persons, to create restrictions of trade, to limit, reduce, or increase production or prices of commodities, or to prevent competition in the manufacture or sale of anything."

$3 Here is a Chance! **$3**

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE and a good Catholic paper for $3 a year. The California Catholic, giving all the news, and DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, will both be given for one year for $3. Address DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, Boston, Mass. The money ($3) must accompany the order.

THE HOLY FATHER, at the request of his Eminence Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, New South Wales, has erected the bishopric of Hobartown, Tasmania, into an Archiepiscopal See. This diocese has thirty thousand souls. The present Bishop, Mgr. Daniel Murphy, whose golden jubilee lately occurred, has been promoted to the Archiepiscopal dignity. We (Catholic American) learn, also, that Cardinal Moran, now in Ireland, will confer the pallium on the new Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of all Ireland, Mgr. Michael Logue.

A GREAT commotion, says the Catholic Columbian, is raised if any Catholic institute of a public character, a hospital, for instance, asks for a legislative appropriation. Then commences the howl about it being "a sectarian institution." How were these things managed when Catholics were few in number and Presbyterians were strong? There is in Pennsylvania, at Carlisle, Dickinson College, founded by Presbyterians. From 1786 to 1825, inclusive, this college obtained $55,735 of public money: and there was no howl. The "saints" of that day had a wonderfully controlling influence.

Freemasonry.

THERE was a total of 14,625 lodges of Freemasonry in the civilized world at the time of the general report in 1880. The number of the members is estimated by the report at about five millions.

MR. SCANNELL has a reputation of over twenty years as a chemist, having been the principal for a number of years in one of the leading drug houses of Boston, and being the first in this country to manufacture all kinds of effervescing MEDICINAL MINERAL WATERS (compounding them from the analyses of the leading Mineral Springs of Europe), which he has supplied to the leading hotels, clubs, and families of this city, for several years. He uses nothing but the purest English bi-carbonate of soda, by a patent process of his own invention, which is superior to anything in this country, or that he has seen in his travels through England, France, or Germany. The apparatus was on exhibition at the New England Manufacturers and Mechanics Fair and received a medal.

Worth Attention!

The Multitude of Readers

Of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE have already become familiar with the fact that the LOUGEE MEDICINE CO., of Lynn, are manufacturing a most valuable medicine for all Blood Affections, in the shape of Dr. R. W. Lougee's

Vitalizing Compound.

We desire to-day to call their attention, briefly, to a few of the cures of dangerous diseases of this nature that have been effected in Lynn and other places during the past year, that they may see that our claims are based upon the solid merit of the preparation: —

MISS LENA JUDKINS, of 677 Boston street, Lynn. One of the most distressing cases of Diptheritic Blood Poisoning and Scrofula on record. This case forms the basis of the trade-mark above, without which upon the label none is genuine.

WM. H. HAINES, station master of the Boston and Maine railroad at East Saugus, distressing case of Dyspepsia of five years' standing.

MISS MARY ETTA LEIGHTON, of 16 Bickford's Court, Lynn. Bad case of Scrofula of twelve years' standing.

MRS. FRANCES W. KENISON, of 77 Broad street, Lynn. Chronic case of Dropsy.

JAMES MORTON, of Ridgeway street, Lynn, an old sea captain. Case of Inflammatory Rheumatism of twenty-eight years' standing.

GEORGE W. JORDAN, of 8 Pinkham street, Lynn. Scrofula, Night Sweats and Bad Cough.

MISS FLORA A. JONES, of 15 Smith street, Lynn. Nervous and Physical Prostration of eighteen years' standing. (Five years bedridden).

CHARLES B. LORD, shoe manufacturer, of 276 Chestnut street, Lynn. Inflammatory Rheumatism and Stomach Weakness.

MRS. LUCY A. MANN, dressmaker, corner Union and Buffum streets, Lynn. Bad case of Dyspepsia of ten years' standing.

MRS. HATTIE A. COFFIN of Walnut street, near Birch Pond, Lynn. Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, and Nervous Prostration.

EDWIN PATCH, Custom House officer of 8 West Green street. Hereditary Scrofula and Catarrh.

MRS. MARY H. JEWETT, of 4 Terrace Lodge, Lynn. Prostration from overwork and Stomach Troubles.

MISS MABEL BURNS, of 12 Mudge street, Lynn. Prostration from Rheumatic Fever and Heart Disease.

FRANK W. CANNEY, of 20 Empire street, Lynn. Nervous and Physical Prostration and terrible Convulsions, resulting from Sunstroke.

CHARLES E. FELS, of 37 Watts street, Chelsea, book-keeper for Conant, Ball & Co., chair manufacturers, 140 Richmond street, Boston. Paralytic affection of the right side and arm, the stroke also affecting the head.

MRS. BETSEY HULL, of 17 Court street, Medford (seventy-nine years old). Scrofulous Humor, Liver Complaint and Dropsy.

MRS. LUCRETIA P. HARRINGTON, of 89 1-2 Broad street, Lynn. Chronic case of Dropsy, Neuralgia, Sciatica, and Nervous Prostration.

ELISHA WINSLOW, of Northwood Centre, N. H. Bad case of Barber's Itch, of sixteen years' standing.

JOHN C. PIERCE, attorney of Gloucester and Pigeon Cove, Mass. Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint of five years' standing.

GEORGE H. OAKES of Gloucester, Mass. Bad case of Dyspepsia.

LEVI NICKERSON, of Gloucester, Mass. Complication of diseases resulting from impure blood.

MRS. A. J. HALL, of Gloucester, Mass. Bad case of Dyspepsia.

ARTHUR E. HERRICK, of Gloucester, Mass. Case of General Debility.

☞These people invite inquiry into their respective cases, and will cheerfully respond to any inquiries.

We also prepare Dr. R. W. Lougee's JUNIPER KIDNEY CURE, and CLOVER CURE FOR FEMALE WEAKNESS; two remedies fully equal in virtue to the Vitalizing Compound.

The Lougee Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Italians Displacing the French.

UNITED STATES CONSUL-GENERAL GEORGE W. ROOSEVELT, in an interesting report to the State Department, written from Bordeaux, says: "France is studying a means to combat Italian influence in the Argentine Republic, hitherto almost completely controlled by French capital and colonists. Thirty-five years ago an Italian was an almost unknown being in Buenos Ayres. In 1887, out of 137,000 emigrants to the plateau, 4,745 were French and 85,000 Italians. The first railroad grant in the Argentine Republic, as well as first right to establish gas-works, were to Frenchmen. To-day, not a mile of railroad nor a single gas-works remain in the hands of a French company. Italian products daily increase in number, and are substituted for those of France. France sensibly feels and seeks to regain its former influence, by urging immigration. The French, however, reluctantly yield, but tenaciously cling to their mother country, though hard work, small wages, and want are their only recompense.

TWO TALENTED IRISHWOMEN. — Messrs. Lee & Shepard, the well-known Boston publishers, have now in press a new volume of travels through our sister republic, entitled, "Mexico: Picturesque, Political, Progressive." It is the joint work of those two distinguished Catholic writers, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Blake, of this city, and Mrs. Margaret F. Sullivan, of Chicago. Both ladies have attained a high position in American literature, and each has a distinct individuality of her own. Their observations during their journey were confined to no one thing, but were close, thoughtful, and universal.

BISHOP VINCENT, of the Northern Methodist Church, will loom up as "the Burchard" of this campaign. At any rate, the following letter puts him in the lead of all recognized competitors for the position: —

TENT COTTAGE, CHAUTAUQUA, July 5, 1888.
DEAR MRS. BILLINGS—I did not go to Ellenville to talk politics; therefore the uncertainty about my position among those who heard me. I am not a "Third Party" man. Being a true Prohibitionist and Anti-Romanist, I am a Republican.
Truly yours, &c.,
JOHN H. VINCENT.

CUT THIS OUT — YOU WILL WANT IT. — Altogether there are 401 electoral votes; of these, 201 are necessary to secure the presidency. There are eighteen States, casting 182 votes, that are reasonably safe for the Republicans. There are sixteen States, casting 153 votes, that are reasonably safe for the Democrats. There are four doubtful States, — New York with thirty-six votes, Indiana with fifteen, New Jersey with nine, and Connecticut with six. The Democrats cannot elect their president without carrying New York; the Republicans can. If the Democrats carry Indiana, New Jersey, and Connecticut, and lose New York, they will still lack eighteen of the necessary 201 votes. If the Republicans carry New York, and lose the other three doubtful States, they will elect their president, with seventeen votes to spare. The Republicans can win by carrying Indiana and New Jersey in addition to the eighteen sure Republican States; they can win by carrying Indiana and Connecticut in addition to them. The Democrats must carry New York and Indiana, or New York, Connecticut, and New Jersey, in order to elect their candidate.

AT a socialistic meeting in New York an indignant working woman arose and exclaimed: "I am sick of this eternal nonsense about *humanity*, *humanity*; but I never hear you selfish men say a word for hu-womanty. You are a one-sided crowd, and I am done with you!" It is time for the social philosophers to wake up.

THE BEST CIGARS. — There is no disputing the fact that Messrs. Irwin & Co., whose factory and office is at No. 105 Milk Street, Boston, manufacture the finest line of choice cigars made in this city. Their "Los Doctores" is the great cigar of the day. Made pure, without any artificial flavoring, it stands at the head of all brands of domestic cigars. It is sold only by druggists, but can be had wholesale at above address.

THE FAIR in aid of the House of the Good Shepherd, held in Boston last spring, yielded the handsome sum of $20,470.33.

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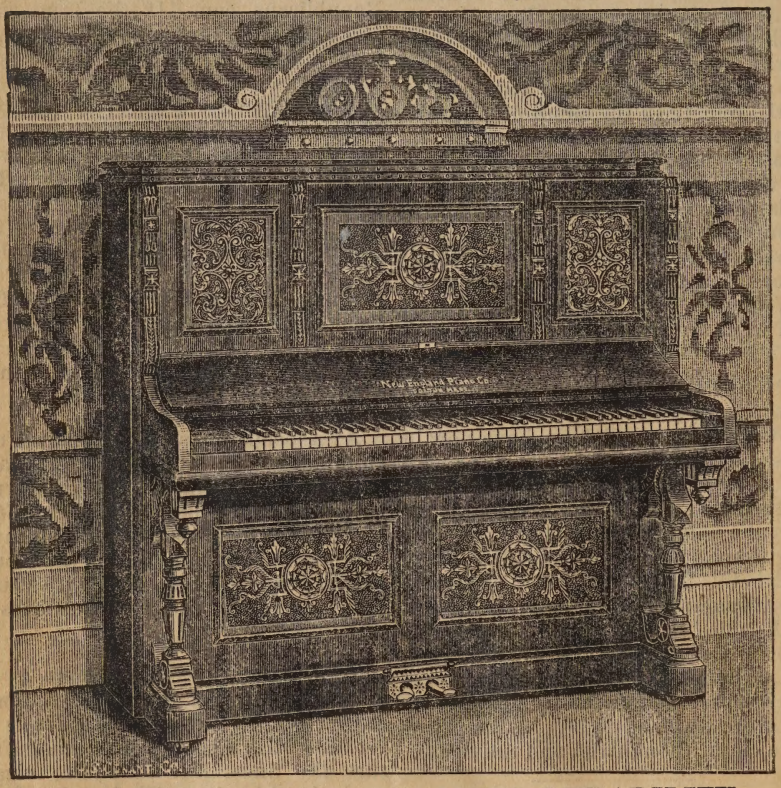

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DONAHOE'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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"THE future of the Irish race in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics.—RIGHT REV. DR. IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

A Nation's Individuality.

CERTAIN British and pro-British writers take pleasure in referring to the American Revolution, as the result of a misunderstanding between two branches of "the same people;" as a struggle, merely, between two sections of "The English race." This fallacy also finds frequent utterance, by intimation or direct statement, in many of our text-books on American history. Yet a more inaccurate and nonsensical sentiment has never been advanced.

No person denies that a certain percentage of the English element took sides with the colonists in the latter's patriotic struggle. Such denial would be folly. To say, however, that the English element predominated would be to state what is unsupported by fact. The American revolutionists, the Minute men, and the rank and file of the Continental army, were composed mainly of Irish, Dutch, French, and Scandinavians, and of the descendants of such. There was a sprinkling of English, Scotch, and Germans; but none of these latter elements formed an essential bulk of the army. The Irish, however, did form this bulk.

George Washington Parke Custis, Washington's adopted son, says that up to the coming of the French, Ireland furnished men to our army in the ratio of one hundred to one of any other nation. Loyalist Galloway stated in London before a committee of the House of Commons, June 16, 1779, that one half the American army was composed of Irish, and that but one fourth was English or Scotch. Major-Gen. Robertson stated to Lord George Germaine, in London, Aug. 19, 1779, that Gen. Lee had told him that half the Continental army was from Ireland. Lord Montjoy exclaimed in the House of Commons, "You have lost America by the Irish." These are incontrovertible facts. It is equally a fact that not less than twenty-five thousand

natives or residents of the colonies, of English extraction, took up arms against the infant republic.

Substantial, modest Holland is the mother country of a very considerable portion of the American people. The original Dutch settlers in this country, brave, energetic, and progressive, have left an indelible impress upon the character and institutions of the nation, especially in the middle states. Their thrift, frugality, and sturdy independence, have become proverbial. Transmitted from sire to son, these qualities formed a most essential adjunct in securing the triumph of the spirit of '76. No more typical Americans can be found to-day than the Dutch Knickerbocker element of New York. A significant event was the visit to Holland, a few months since, of a large body of leading New York merchants. It was an excursion of love to the land of their ancestors. A hearty reception greeted them at Amsterdam, the Hague, and all through the country. It was a genuine Dutch greeting, — not English.

Americans of Spanish extraction form a large percentage of the population of Florida, Louisiana, Texas, Arizona, Colorado, New Mexico, and California. They are good Americans too. They look to the hills of gallant old Spain for ancestral glory; not to boastful, avaricious England. The nomenclature of these places is also very un-English, a fact which is always very shocking to the pro-British theorists. Various other insurmountable facts likewise persist in arising from time to time to blast the genealogical fallacies of renegade Americans and their "Jingo" allies. A verdant school of British doctrinaires takes more or less pleasure in meditating upon an imaginary time when England and America shall join hands against the world, etc. The motive is obvious: England, — tottering with age and iniquity, her hands imbrued in the blood of patriots, her social life festering with corruption, her Balfours, instigators of murders most foul, — England sees the hand-writing on the wall. Hoping to ward off the day of awful retribution, she, by misrepresenting history and falsifying facts, hypocritically turns to us for that aid and sympathy which she will never receive. We know England thoroughly. We know her false heart and her treacherous methods.

These things being so, we can afford to smile at the pompous verbosity of the "British-American" cabal of to-day. Their prototypes in the Revolution were spies for the British army of occupation and fratricidal abettors of treason. More than this, they made every effort, by sword, tongue, and pen to strangle the new-born nation. Their expulsion from Boston, and other places, and the confiscation of their loyalist estates, was a merited penalty for their iniquitous conduct. Therefore, when little cliques of Britons assemble to-day, and in long-winded, loud-mouthed, hypocritical resolutions assert themselves the champions of our liberties and institutions, we simply smile at their unmitigated audacity, as we remember the lessons of 1776 and 1812. The United States to-day has but one sincere enemy among the nations, and that enemy is England. She has always been

our foe at heart, and two severe defeats, while teaching her better manners, have not lessened her enmity toward us.

We are Americans, not English. We are not of "the same race," or of "the same people," as our British censors. Not less than twenty million of us have sprung from the Irish race — England's undying Nemesis. Other millions of our people look to the fair land of France as the birthplace of their ancestors — and France is no friend of England. Seventy per cent. of Minnesota's population is Scandinavian. They most assuredly do not regard England as their mother country. Germany has sent millions to our shores, and in Germany the national spirit is decidedly anti-British. Austria, Italy, and Belgium are not English countries, yet they have sent us many more millions.

A very careful estimate, based upon statistics of immigration, and the well-known laws of natural increase, places the total element of English extraction in this country at five million. Against this we place fifty-five million who are not of English antecedents. These figures are easily verified, and will surprise no one except those who have never investigated the matter. Too many have thoughtlessly taken their opinions of the relative strength of the elements in this country from "Anglo-Saxon" oratory on postprandial and similar irresponsible occasions. A distinguished writer says, "Ignorance is excusable; but ignorance when it becomes dictatorial merits contempt." The ignorant assumption that the greater part of the American people are of English extraction or descent is hopelessly exploded by the irresistible logic of unquestionable facts.

We are, pre-eminently, a composite people, rapidly unifying, and destined to become the greatest nation on the face of the earth. As Americans, therefore, we neither love nor fear England.

THOMAS HAMILTON MURRAY.

Bridgeport, Conn., September, 1888.

Rebuking Bigotry and Intolerance.

WE find the following sensible article in Wade's Fibre and Fabric, a Record of New Industries, Joseph M. Wade, editor and manager, 185 Summer street, Boston, Mass.:

"One of the truest maxims handed down to us is that 'Knowledge is power,' and yet how few there are that can understand and appreciate this fact, or grasp the knowledge that is within their reach. Those that store knowledge are indeed few; the *many* want knowledge fed out to them as the hands of the clock go around, or have no use for it. Partisans live on in their ignorance, wasting valuable time in Quixotic wordy warfare that has no other effect but to strengthen their supposed enemy. A lesson of this kind is now going on in this city by the 'British American Citizens,' waged against the parochial school system of the Roman Catholic Church. The stimulus of this Quixotic movement has undoubtedly hurried the raising of the money and completion of the school buildings, and now we find that by the end of this scholastic year there will be a series of school-houses, and, in most cases, magnificent buildings, sufficient for six thousand scholars. Now, if the 'British American citizens' would

only lay aside their bigotry, and go and do likewise, Boston would indeed be a favored city, and the public school system would have to be rejuvenated and brought up to the requirements of the times. The fact that we have so many private commercial colleges, stenographic and type-writer institutes, hides the fossilized condition of the public school system of to-day. Let us have plenty of schools; we care not who builds them. Let us teach the coming generation that 'knowledge is power.' Let our schools be places to teach what knowledge is. Then, when our young people enter the arena of life, they will gather knowledge at every step, as the children gather flowers in the meadows. To learn to write well, to read, to figure, is but the beginning of the preparation to grasp the knowledge of life. The mistake has been that we were taught that this was the end. The young man or woman has been taught to read, and the use of the pen, and perhaps correct expression, etc., when he or she graduates with high honors, only to find that they must begin again and get the real education of life. He, perhaps, will go to the workshop or to the office; she to the kitchen or sewing room; but both to learn that they have wasted a good deal of time in an institution whose progress had been retarded by the blight of political mismanagement."

The Condition of Italy.

A RECENT number of the *Popolo Romano* (government paper) had a very significant, but, at the same time, we may add, impudent article. It said, amongst other things: "We are now in Rome eighteen years, and the relations between the church and the state have not advanced one foot; on the contrary, they have gone back, and, in our humble opinion, to the detriment of the two institutions, and, what is worse, of the social institution which includes both." It speaks of the evils that the present state of affairs has brought to the church and to the state; and says that a conservative party would be requisite, which, whilst devoted to the interests of the church, would maintain the stability of the state. It expresses a wish that Italian Catholics should take an active part in politics. It says that it would be useful to church and state alike that they should do so.

The *Osservatore Romano* (Catholic organ) very aptly takes it up, and accepts the acknowledgment of the *Popolo Romano*, that such an extent would be useful to the state; but as to what may be useful for the church, it belongs to Catholics themselves to decide, and not to those who live by maligning her. When Italian Catholics see that the time has come for them to take an active part in politics, they will do so, as Catholics have done in Belgium and Germany and elsewhere. But whether that time has come, it is not for those to judge who know very little about what the interest of the church means, and who care less. The *Popolo Romano* and its party are, too, beginning to feel that the influence of the church is more than they can cope with, and something, after all, that they cannot do without. They will feel it better before long. The patience and self-respect of an impoverished people cannot endure oppression and wrong always.

WE ought to despise our body, for by means of it we are wretched and sinful. — *St. Francis.*

From the German.

The Kings of the East.

Fifth Part: Herod.

I.

The cloud is lost in dawn's resplendence,
Flashed back each dome and spire the beam,
As now the kings and their attendants
Forth through the pillared gateways stream.
Fulfilled, the Prophet's word immortal:
"The Gentiles come with gifts in store,
And Epha's camels at thy portal,
O city, shall their treasures pour."

II.

All note, with dread, the train which courses
Through city gates, now yawning wide,
Of camels and fleet-footed horses,
In oriental pomp and pride:
Thronged are the squares, the market-places,
The trumpet peals its war-alarms,
The streets are lined with pallid faces,
The Roman soldiers fly to arms.

III.

King Herod, from his restless slumbers,
Is roused up by the tumult loud,
And gazes on the countless numbers
That round his palace windows crowd;
Soon marks how, o'er that wild commotion,
A sudden hush of silence fell;
The people hear, with glad emotion,
The tidings which the strangers tell.

IV.

The rapturous cry which now he hearkens,
"All hail, the Saviour of mankind!"
Recalls the Prophet's word, and darkens
With fear his conscience-stricken mind.
The skilled in sacred lore he gathers,
In haste they at his summons meet,
"Say whence shall come," he spake, "O fathers,
This promised Saviour whom they greet?"

V.

The council all of one accord is:
"Thou know'st the Prophet of our race,

The heaven-illumined seer, whose word is, —
Which clearly indicates the place, —
'And thou, O Bethlehem, of Judæ,
Least 'mong the cities of the earth,
From thee shall issue the Messiah;
In thee shall be His place of birth.'"

VI.

Swept o'er his soul dark thoughts of malice;
He for the royal strangers sent;
Led by his guards, they to his palace
By secret ways their footsteps bent.
In stately folds their robes stream o'er them;
With eyes averted, pallid cheek,
Sate Herod on his throne before them, —
Not such as he, the King they seek.

VII.

Then spake they with obeisance lowly:
"O Ruler, in the land canst tell,
Where lies the birth-place of the Holy
Anointed One of Israel?
A word, by inspiration hallowed,
Proclaims His birth, and for a sign
His star we've seen and long have followed;
Speak, is He offspring of thy line?"

VIII.

Tho' filled at heart with fear and trembling,
Herod his dread masked with a smile,
Skilled in all manner of dissembling,
He spake in words of cunning wile:
"Long have I watched each dawning presage,
Your Saviour's advent heralding,
I, too, have known the sacred message;
But seek not here your Lord and King.

IX.

"When saw you first that Star auspicious?
Fain would I, too, behold its ray,
For believe me, friends, my ardent wish is
Due homage to your king to pay.
The light by prophecy shed round him
Marks Bethlehem as his place of birth,
The tidings bring me when you've found Him,
Then tarry not but hasten forth."

X.

Up from his heart a shadow floated,
Clouding his face with blackest night;
The Kings all guileless nothing noted
Of evil import in the sight.
The day and hour when forth they started,
When first the Star appeared they tell,
And from the crafty Herod parted
With kindly greetings of farewell.

XI.

The city portals, as night's sombre
Shadows were falling, passed they through;
Jerusalem lay down to slumber,
As ever it was wont to do,
Save where within his palace Herod
Tossed sleepless, waiting for the light,
His mind with dire suspicions worried,
Devising murder thro' the night.

REV. JOHN COSTELLO.

The Waldenses.

ABOUT the year 1160, a certain citizen of Lyons having suddenly fallen dead, one of the spectators, Peter Waldo by name, was so affected with terror, that he immediately gave most of his goods to the poor, and began to exhort his neighbors to lead a more perfect life. He soon formed quite a large association, the members of which practised voluntary poverty. At first, there seems to have been nothing reprehensible in the doctrine or conduct of the Waldenses, or "Poor Men of Lyons," as they were sometimes called; they seem to have regarded themselves as a kind of religious order in the Church, and were by no means hostile to her hierarchy or any of her institutions; in 1212 they even applied, but in vain, to Pope Innocent III. for an approbation of their rule, an imitation of that of the Friars Minor of St. Francis of Assisi, then commencing their apostolic career. In fact, even when they had fallen into doctrinal error, the *pure* Waldenses were noted for apparent integrity of morals, and an external manifestation, at least, of evangelical simplicity which greatly added to their numbers. One of the first innovations of the Waldenses was the free and promiscuous interpretation of the Scriptures. According to Reinerius Saccho,* who had been a bishop among them, they were thoroughly logical and consistent in their application of the new

* Reinerius Saccho abjured the Waldensian heresy about the year 1254, and entered the Order of Preaching Friars just founded by St. Dominic. He wrote a treatise *On Heretics* in which an account is given of the Waldenses and of their numerous progeny of sects.

principle: "I knew a rustic who could recite the Book of Job, word for word, and I met many who knew perfectly the entire New Testament; but as they are ignorant laymen, they interpret the Scriptures falsely and corruptedly. Thus, that passage of John i., 'and His own received Him not,' they explain, saying, 'that is, the swine;' and that of the Psalmist (lxvii. 31), 'Rebuke the wild beasts of the reeds,' they read as 'Rebuke the wild beasts of *the swallow*.'"* When the Waldenses, or Poor Men of Lyons, were reproved for taking upon themselves the right of explaining the Bible without authority, they replied that they were sent by God. Pope Innocent III., in an epistle to the faithful of Metz,† therefore wrote: "The office of teacher ought not to be indifferently assumed by any one; for, according to the Apostle, 'how shall they preach, if they be not sent?' And the very Truth commanded the Apostles, 'pray the Lord of the harvest to send laborers into His harvest.' . . . Since this interior mission is hidden, it is not enough that any one assert that he is sent by God; any heretic may assert this of himself." With regard to the French version of the Bible used by the Waldenses, Pope Innocent III. says that he has written to the bishop and chapter of Metz,‡ ordering them to inquire: "Who is the author of said translation? What was his intention? What is the faith of those who use it?" But the Waldenses would not abandon their practice of independent teaching; and their leaders began to assert that the clergy, many of whom were leading far from blameless lives, were jealous of the Poor Men, and felt the purity of these to be a reproach to themselves. Reinerius Saccho says of the original Waldenses,§ "They present an appearance of piety; for they lead good lives before men, believe rightly about God, and hold all the articles of the Creed; but they blaspheme against the Roman Church and the clergy, and the multitude lend them ready ears. . . . In their habits they are composed and modest, with no vanity of dress, for they use no precious clothes, nor very abject materials. They do not trade, for fear of falling into lies, oaths, and fraud; they live, like artisans, by labor. Even their teachers are weavers. They do not accumulate riches, but are content with necessaries; they are chaste, especially the Leonists, and are temperate in food and drink, going not to taverns, or dances, or other vanities. They refrain from anger. They are always working, learning, or teaching; hence they pray very little. They go to church, offer, confess, communicate, and hear sermons; but in order that they may trap the preacher in his discourse. They are known by the precision and modesty of their words; they abstain from scurrility, detraction, levity, lies, and oaths; nor will they say 'truly' or 'certainly,' for they deem such words to be oaths. Rarely will they answer questions; if they are asked if they know the gospel or the epistle, they will reply: 'Who would teach us them?' Or they may say: 'These things are for men of deep and profound intellect.'"

* That is, they read *harundinis* as *hirundinis*.
† B. II, epist. 131. ‡ Epistle to the Cistercian and Morimond Abbots.
§ Loc. cit., c. 4 and 7.

But the Waldenses did not long confine themselves to malignant criticisms of the clergy, and a pretence of superior sanctity; very soon gross errors of doctrine began to circulate among them, denying, as they did, the exclusive magistracy of the teaching Church. We learn their errors from Saccho, their ex-bishop; from Claude Seyssel, archbishop of Turin in 1517;* from Bernard of Font-Cauld;† and from Eberhard of Bethune.‡ They taught that the Roman Church was not the Church of Christ, but "a church of the malignant, which had been introduced by Pope Sylvester I., when he allowed the Spouse of Christ to be poisoned by the possession of temporal goods." The Waldenses alone were the children of Christ. The Roman Church was a sink of foulness, and the whore of the Apocalypse; the Pope was the head and front of all error, and the bishops were Scribes, while monks were Pharisees. God, not prelates, was to be obeyed. All in the Church are equal, for does not Matthew say (xxiii. 8), "All of you are brethren?" Tithes ought not to be paid, for the primitive Church had none. The clergy should have no possessions, for do we not read in Deuteronomy xviii. 1, "The priests shall have no part nor inheritance with the rest of Israel?" It is a sin to endow a church or a monastery. All the clergy should labor with their hands. The Waldenses admitted only two Sacraments, Baptism and the Eucharist. They did not regard the former as necessary for salvation. They denied the Real Presence, unless at the moment of Communion. Matrimony was not a Sacrament. The use of matrimony was prohibited, as a mortal sin, to a couple whom experience had taught that the wife was barren. Orders they admitted in no sense; any good layman, any good woman, could be a minister. They rejected the doctrine of Purgatory; there was no such thing as venial sin.

In a short time the pure Waldenses had nearly disappeared. Following the inevitable law of heresy, they gave rise to numerous sects, the chief of which were the Runcarii, Sciscidenses, Ortlibenses, Ordibarii, Cathari, Patarini, and Passagini. 1. The Runcarii had for a distinguishing error the doctrine that no sin could be committed by means of the body from the waist down, for, do we not read in the Bible, "From the heart proceed fornications?" 2. The Sciscidenses differed from the other Waldenses, in that they received the Eucharistic doctrine. 3. The Ortlibenses avowed a belief in all the articles of faith, but gave them a mystic interpretation. They admitted a Trinity, but only as existing after the conception of Christ. From the seed of Joseph, Mary had a son, Jesus, whom she brought up in the sect of the Waldenses, and thus he became the Son of God. A third person afterwards came into existence, namely, St. Peter, who co-operating with Jesus, became the Holy Ghost. The world was eternal. There will be no resurrection of our bodies. The last judgment will be held when the Pope and emperor become Waldenses. They denied the Passion and death of Christ; the cross which He carried was merely a life of penance, that is, a life spent as an Ortlibensian

*Against the Waldensian Sect and its Errors. †Against the Waldenses, c .1 and 2. ‡Anti-Heresy.

Waldensis, which life cannot admit of sin. Matrimony is good, if the parties lead continent lives; but the conjugal act is an evil thing. 4. The Ordibarii held that Christ was the son of Joseph and Mary, and he was saved, only because he restored the Waldenses. 5. The Cathari, themselves subdivided into Albanians, Cantorezenes, and Baganolese, held, as a fundamental principle, that the devil is the author of the world and all in it. All the Sacraments are of his invention. Matrimony and its use are sinful; all flesh is unclean, because of the sexual union. The souls of men are rebel spirits expelled from heaven. The Albanians, principally Lombards, were themselves divided into two factions, each with distinctive errors. The first, headed by Gelesinanza of Verona, were very clear in their profession of Manicheism; they taught that each principle had created its own world and angels; that the devil and his angels had mounted to heaven, there fought with the archangel Michael, and pulled out of heaven a third part of the good principle's angels; that these spirits are put into the bodies of men and brutes, pass through various kinds of existence, and finally return to heaven; that the Son of God became man, died, etc., only in appearance; that all the patriarchs and the Baptist were ministers of the devil; that the Old Testament was the work of Satan, excepting the books of Job, Psalms, Solomon, Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, and the Prophets, some of which were written in heaven; that the world will have no end; that the last judgment has already been held; and that, outside this world, there is no punishment. The second faction of the Albanian Catharian Waldenses, led by John of Lyons, held that the good principle produced good creatures from all eternity, as the sun emits rays; the good God is not omnipotent, but finds His efforts frustrated by the evil principle; that Christ could have sinned, but that the good principle would not permit him to do so; that all the Scriptures were composed in heaven, and that Adam and Eve were formed there; that the patriarchs and the Baptist pleased God, but were men of the other world; that Christ really died, but in that other world. The Cantorezene Cathari believed that God created the angels and the four elements from nothing; that the devil made all visible things, among them the first human bodies, into which He put angels who had sinned; that everything in the Old Testament, excepting what Christ and His Apostles praised, was the work of the devil; that the nature of Christ was angelic, and (according to some of them), Mary was an angel; that Christ laid aside His body when ascending to heaven, but will resume it on the last day, when it will be resolved into matter; that the souls of Mary and the saints, like the body of Christ, remain in space until the last day, when, unlike Christ's body, they will enter into glory. The Bagnolese Cathari held that God created human souls before He created the worlds; that then they sinned; that Mary was an angel, and the body of Christ celestial; in other things they agreed with the Cantorezenes. 6. The Patarini, who created much trouble in Northern Italy, differed from the pure Waldenses only in asserting that the devil created all visible things, and that matrimony was as bad as adultery.

7. The Passagini held that the Mosaic Law should be strictly and literally observed; that the three Persons of the Trinity are not consubstantial. The reader will bear in mind that although the above-mentioned sectarians were offshoots of the pure Waldenses, yet, both in doctrine and morals, they differed much from the Poor Men of Lyons. These enthusiasts did not at once fall away from the faith, but only when they failed (as the Abbot of Ursperg tells us) in obtaining the approval of Pope Innocent III. After the Third Council of Lateran, being contumacious, they became schismatics; the next step to heresy, was, of course, very easy. The Waldenses were condemned in various provincial Synods held between the years 1163 and 1179. In the latter year, the Eleventh General Council (third of the Lateran), in its Fourth and Twenty-Seventh Canons, condemned the Waldenses and Albigenses, then split up into numerous sects, some of which had either themselves degenerated into mere predatory bands, or had furnished cutthroats with a cloak under which to follow their trade. Among the writers who defended the orthodox faith against the attacks of the Waldenses, the principal were the following: Egbert the Abbot, brother of St. Elizabeth, abbess of Sconauge, wrote, at the close of the twelfth century, thirteen sermons against the Cathari. At the same time, Eberhard of Bethune wrote his *Anti-Heresy*, and Bernard of Font-Cauld his treatise. In the next century, Ermengard wrote a book entitled, "Against the Heretics who say and believe that this world and all visible things were not made by God, but by the devil." Reinerius Saccho wrote his book on Heretics in 1254. Peter Polichdorf wrote against the Waldenses in 1444.* Claude Seyssel, archbishop of Turin in the sixteenth century, was the author of a valuable book on this subject.

Of modern authors who have treated the Waldensian heresy, the most satisfactory is Andrew Charvaz, bishop of Pinerolo in Piedmont.† Many Protestant authors, such as Leger,‡ Muston,§ and Peyran,‖ have endeavored to ascribe a very ancient origin to the Waldenses, thus hoping to connect their own sects with antiquity, for they claim that these heretics were the forerunners of the Reformation; that they were, in fact, a species of Protestants. If protesting against the authority of the Catholic Church constitutes Protestantism, then the spiritual progeny of Luther, Calvin, Zwinglius, Cranmer, etc., may claim kinship with even those heresies of the early centuries, the teachings of which they would hesitate to mention before their wives, mothers, and sisters. Scarcely had the clouds shut off the ascending Body of the Saviour from view of His disciples, when heresy commenced to rend the seamless garment of Christ, and from then to the sixteenth century not a dogma or usage of the Church escaped attack from one or another sect. One by one these sects had disappeared, when the Lutheran movement was initiated, and, little by little, its followers

* These authors were edited by the Jesuit Gretser, and are all found in the Library of the Fathers.

† Historical Researches on the True Origin of the Waldenses and on the Character of their Primitive Doctrines. Paris, 1836.

‡ History of the Waldenses. Leyden, 1667.

§ History of the Waldenses of the Valleys of Piedmont. Paris, 1835.

‖ Considerations on the Waldenses.

embraced nearly every error of the past; excluding, however, God be thanked, the more disgusting and lunatical ravings, a revival of which would have shocked the then cultivated world. But although each and every error in the conglomeration known as Protestantism had been taught at some time by some particular heretic, it would be folly to ascribe to that heretic the origin of a system which teaches many things that he believed, and rejects many things that he held. So with the Waldenses; many of their errors had been promulgated before; but their system, in its entirety, was a new one. So with the many sects called Protestant, which can trace their origin to the Reformers of the sixteenth century, or to some of their spiritual descendants. We have said that, one by one, the ancient heresies had disappeared, when the turbulent monk of Saxony disturbed the unity of Christendom. Some of the Waldenses, however, had taken refuge in the valleys of Piedmont, and the dukes of Savoy, by successive grants, allowed them the free exercise of their religion, on condition that they would remain within certain limits, namely, the four districts of Angrogna, Villaro, Bobbio, and Rorato; and here the Reformation found them, mixed up with other heretics who had been known before the time of Peter Waldo, as Vaudois or Valdesi, from the valleys they inhabited. These Waldenses or Vaudois, for they had become amalgamated, exchanged their doctrines for Lutheranism, at first, and then for the creed of Geneva. Other Waldenses, expelled from Germany, had found a home in Bohemia, "to which country all heretics were wont to fly,"* and there the Reformation found them, with doctrines considerably different from those of their ancestors.†

In order to show that the Waldenses had their origin in the twelfth century, Charvaz adduces the testimony of the following authors: Bernard, abbot of Font-Cauld, who lived in that century; Alanus, abbot of Larivoir, and bishop of Auxerre, called "the universal doctor," of the same period; Eberhard of Bethune, and Peter of Vaux-Cernay, also of the twelfth century; Stephen of Belleville, a Dominican and an Inquisitor of that time; the Dominican Moneta, who lived in the thirteenth century; Conrad, abbot of Ursperg, who wrote his book against the Waldenses in 1212; Reinerius Saccho, a convert from the Waldensian heresy and an Inquisitor in 1250; Peter Polichdorf, also of the thirteenth century; and many others. All of these authors agree with Stephen of Belleville, whose testimony Palma thus condenses. He testifies that the Waldenses received their name from

* History of Bohemia, by Dubrav, bishop of Olmutz; b. 14.

† In their anxiety to effect a union with the Reformers, these Bohemian Waldenses re-arranged and mollified their system. In their Confession offered to Ferdinand in 1535, we read in Art. XIII., "Concerning the Lord's Supper, it is to be believed and confessed that the Bread is the true Body of Christ, which was given for us, and that the Chalice is His true Blood, which was shed for us in the remission of sin, as the Lord Christ plainly said: 'This is My Body, this is My Blood,'" etc. In their Profession sent to Vladislav, king of Hungary, they say: "When a properly ordained priest utters the words of Christ, immediately the Bread is the Body of Christ, the natural Body, taken from the most chaste Virgin, which He was about to yield up." They denied, however, that the bread was changed into the Body of Christ *substantially;* it was, they said, only changed efficaciously and potentially. Luther, Melanchthon, and Bucer approved of these documents; but not so Calvin, who answered two Bohemian messengers, applying for recognition: "We remain of opinion that your Confession cannot be accepted without danger." See Melanchthon's Epistle to Benedict, and the other Waldensian Brethren in Bohemia, and Bucer's Book entitled, Two Writings Against the Robber, etc.

one Waldo, and that afterwards, on account of their profession of poverty, they were called the Poor Men of Lyons. Stephens says that what he writes concerning these innovators he learned from a Bernard Ydras, a Lyonese priest who had transcribed the first books of the Waldenses, written in the Romance or French language. Waldo, a rich Lyonese citizen, induced Ydras, and another priest named Stephen Ansa, to translate the Bible into the vernacular. He then sold all his goods, and distributed the proceeds to the poor; after which, he commenced to preach, and gathering many followers, he commissioned them, women as well as men, to preach the gospel. Reproved by John, archbishop of Lyons, they would not listen to him; then they were condemned by the Third Council of Lateran, and, being contumacious, were declared schismatics. They then joined the heretics of Provence and Lombardy, and were declared heretics. Moneta says of their origin: "If they say they are from a time anterior to Waldo, let them give proof of their assertion; that they have never been able to do." And in their own petitions of the years 1573, 1585, and 1599, the Waldenses themselves say that their sect is only a few centuries old. Peyran endeavors to show that the Waldenses were in existence before the time of Waldo, by the citation of a Treatise on Antichrist bearing the date of 1120, in which are given the causes leading to the Waldensian schism. He also quotes a vernacular codex of 1100, entitled La Nobla Leizon, in which the term Waldensis is used to signify a good Christian. As to the first book, Muston shows that there is no proof that it is genuine; and Perrin, the author of a History of the Waldenses ascribes it to Peter de Bruis, the father of the Petrobrusians. Charvaz proves that this Treatise on Antichrist contains the errors, not of the pure Waldenses but of the Cathari. But the antiquity of the work is at once exploded when we observe that it cites the book Milleloquium, ascribing it to St. Augustine, when it was written by Augustine Triumphus, who was born in 1243. As for Peyran's second authority, the Nobla Leizon, experts testify, says Charvaz, that it belongs to the thirteenth century. Reinerius Saccho is adduced as admitting that the Waldenses come down from the days of Pope St. Sylvester I., if not from apostolic times. But Reinerius says no such thing. These are his words: "For firstly, *they assert*, the Roman Church is not the Church of Jesus Christ, but of the malignant; the former having fallen away in the time of St. Sylvester, when the poison of temporal possessions was infused into the Church; and *they say* that they are the Church of Christ, since they observe, in word and deed, the doctrine of Christ's Gospel and of the apostles." The same is said by Polichdorf, whose words Leger corrupts. Some Protestant authors have tried to trace the origin of the Waldenses to Claude of Turin, in the ninth century; but we know that Claude admitted all the Sacraments, rejected the private interpretation of Scripture, and accepted the authority of Tradition; that he had no other errors than those of Adoptionism, and of opposition to the invocation of saints. The Waldenses were sometimes called Leonists, and Leger asserts that they were named after a certain Leo,

who resisted St. Sylvester's willingness to receive donations from Constantine. History makes no mention of this Leo; and Leger stamps his own story as a fable, when he assigns the said Leo to the eighth century, while Sylvester lived in the fourth. Even Mosheim admits that the Waldenses originated with Peter Waldo, saying: "Those who assign to the Waldenses a different origin, and, in the first place, to the valleys they inhabited, many centuries before the days of Peter Waldo, have no authority for their opinions, and are refuted by all historians." And speaking of the olden heretics of the Piedmontese valleys, he says: "These Vallenses are to be distinguished from the Waldenses, or followers of Peter Waldo, whom all writers derive from Lyons, and who received their name from that Peter." *

The Vaudois of the thirteenth century, inhabiting the valleys of Piedmont, were a very different people from the Waldenses of France and other countries, and their doctrines were very different from those of the Vaudois of our day. The old Vaudois regarded the Roman Church as the true Church of Christ: but deemed her corrupted and disfigured; they admitted the seven Sacraments, held that the Church could legitimately possess temporal goods, and would not separate from Rome, if they were allowed to retain their own belief. But the Waldenses called the Roman Church the whore of Babylon. Some authors have made the mistake of confounding the Waldenses with the Albigenses. These latter were true Manichæans, which the pure Waldenses never were; although in time some of their offshoots, such as the Albanian and Cantorezene Cathari, became such. The Albigenses were known in France from 1021, and in 1147, before Peter Waldo had appeared, St. Bernard had tried to instruct and convert them. Again, the pure Waldenses and the old Vaudois of Piedmont were remarkable for simplicity and mildness; but of the Albigenses, even in their infancy, Peter of Cluny wrote to the bishops of Embrun, Die, and Gap: "They profane the churches, overturn the altars, burn the crosses, scourge the priests, imprison the monks and force them, by threats and tortures, to take women." † It is the fashion with Protestant writers to draw a beautiful picture of the simple Waldenses entering the hitherto uncultivated valleys which lie between Provence and Dauphiny, and, with incredible fatigue and patience, redeeming the waste around them, and enriching their lords with their labor. But even Hannibal found the valleys of the Alps, both on the Italian and French side, in a state of cultivation; and the district has always been attractive for its isolation from the troubled life of the plains, and for its purity of air. When the snows have melted, the soil is excellent for farming.

Pope Innocent III. has been reproached with having cruelly persecuted the Waldenses, in spite of their innocence and simple habits. But the Crusade directed by this Pontiff, in 1208, was against the Coterells, Triaverdins, and other robbers and murderers, whose hands were against every man, wretches similar to, if not worse than,

* Cent. XII., p. 2, c. 5.

† Fleury, b. 69, n. 24.

the Ribalds of the thirteenth century, and the Circumcelliones of the Donatists.* The pure Waldenses and the Vaudois of Piedmont were not persecuted so long as they conducted themselves in a peaceable manner. The following remarks of Bergier are worthy of the reader's attention: "If we reflect a little upon the conduct of these sectarians, we will see that they were constant in nothing, save in a gross and blind hatred of the Catholic clergy; this was the only fruit they gathered from the reading of that Scripture which they were incapable of understanding. Not at all scrupulous in matter of dogma, they changed their doctrine when their interest seemed to demand a change, and they joined all the sects of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, without being at all embarrassed at a difference of faith. Supple, timid, hypocritical, when they felt themselves weak they covered themselves with a Catholic exterior; contending that swearing, for justice's sake, was wrong, they nevertheless perjured themselves, to hide their belief; condemning all war, they took up arms against their sovereigns; often they stained their hands with the blood of the missionaries sent to instruct them." † Here we may remark that the cynical and ostentatious affectation of poverty, on the part of the original Waldenses, was the occasion of the institution of one of the greatest glories of the Catholic Church, those Mendicant Orders which have done so much to confirm the spirit of true religion in Christian lands, and to evangelize pagan countries. St. Francis of Assisi, laying the first foundations of his Order in 1209, wished to show the Waldenses that a humble, austere, and laborious life could be led within the bosom of the Church, and without any ribald declamations against the clergy; how well he succeeded, is a matter of history, and may be seen, to this day, in every part of the Christian, and nearly every part of the pagan, world.

REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

Why the Irish Die of Consumption.

THE Hygiene of Phthisis is the title of a paper read before the Philadelphia Medical Society by Dr. Lawrence F. Flick. Phthisis is what the doctors call consumption. From it we learn that by consumption, the one-fifteenth of the human family die every year; that heredity is not the cause of consumption, and, "ought to be out of the question at this day, as it is an unreasonable theory, and at variance with all modern knowledge;" that there is more truth in "the doctrine of predisposition, as some families are more apt to develop certain diseases than others."

Dr. Flick holds that consumption, "though contagious, is but

* These sectarian furies of the fourth century pretended to revenge injuries done to society or individuals, and to establish equality among men, and were called by Donatus, "the chiefs of the saints." Their horrible crimes are narrated by St. Augustine and St. Philaster. See Baronio, y. 331. The name of Circumcelliones was also given to certain German fanatics who sustained the cause of Frederick II. after his excommunication by Innocent IV., and who taught that the bishops and priests of the Roman Church had lost their sacerdotal character, because of their wickedness, and that all those who took up arms for Frederick would alone attain salvation.

† Dictionary, Art. Vaudois.

mildly so." That it is upon the stomach that much depends upon the prevention of the disease; that when it fails to perform its functions, the lungs will soon do the same; that it is "generally in over-fed and improperly-fed people, that we have what is called galloping consumption;" that it is the foreign population that gives the largest number of deaths, and that "the largest per cent. of deaths from the disease is among Irish immigrants and their children."

Dr. Flick gives the following as the cause of this death-rate:

"Ireland has a much damper climate than America, and, therefore, one better suited to the development of consumption. The real cause for the larger mortality from consumption among foreigners, and especially among the Irish, is the change in diet. At home, they have been accustomed to a plain, healthy diet, and, when they come to this country, they at once take to the varied, heavy diet of Americans. Where they have eaten little meat at home, they eat it in profusion here. Where they have drank good milk and eaten vegetables at home, they drink teas and coffees and eat spiced foods here. They soon become thorough Americans in their stomachs, and even outdo the natives. The consequences are indigestion, malnutrition, tuberculosis. The German, though frequently pursuing a similar course, is often spared by his characteristic thrift and economy. He partakes more sparingly of the good things that come in his way, because of his anxiety to prepare for a rainy day. His fondness for beer, a beverage which he manages to secure wherever he goes, may likewise have some influence in shielding him against consumption. Sufficient fresh air, sufficient food, and sufficient rest and sleep, are the watch-dogs of health, and where they are on the alert, consumption can never enter."

Dr. Flick continues:

"There is a popular belief that alcoholic drinks are powerful preventives of consumption. This, like all popular beliefs and superstitions, has, undoubtedly, some truth for its foundation. But, as is usual with the bastard progeny of desire, this grain of truth has grown into such immense proportions as to have become the stumbling-block of many. No one, who has carefully studied consumption, can have a doubt that there exists some relation between its production and the non-assimilation of hydrocarbons. Very many cases of consumption have traces of sugar in the urine, and probably all of them have indigestion of heat-producing food. These symptoms frequently exist for months before cough and discernible local congestion sets in. As beverages containing a small amount of alcohol present a most readily assimilating form of hydrocarbons, they, no doubt, when properly used, buoy up the weakened system in its struggle against the *bacillus tuberculosis*, and often enable it to gain the mastery. But what is good in moderation is always hurtful in excess, and, in this instance, precipitates the very evil it might otherwise prevent. Excess of alcohol and the adulterating ingredients in alcoholic beverages derange the stomach, and thus, by interfering with nutrition, predispose to consumption. In this way a long life of hard drinking sometimes ends in consumption."

The writer and medical investigator is a very active member of the Catholic Historical Society, of Philadelphia, and author of The Refugee Trappists in the United States.

FUSSY old maid, entering baseball grounds: "Why, what did they all begin to yell 'fowl' for, when I came in? Do they mean me?" Polite gate-keeper: "Oh, no, mum. You ain't no chicken."

The O'Connell Church.

Lines written for the occasion of the laying of the foundation-stone of the O'Connell Memorial Church, and dedicated respectfully to the Very Rev. Canon Brosnan, P. P., of Cahirciveen, by Eugene Davis.

YE are the guardians of his wondrous fame,
And of his heirloom solemn;
Go sink a shaft, in honor of his name,
And rear a stately column.

Said Heaven's Light: * "Your work is great and good,
And, ev'ry power possessing,
We give you, priest, and friends and brotherhood,
Our Apostolic blessing."

'Tis Leo's gift — this old foundation-stone —
The sacred element
Of martyr's faith that gleamed so long upon
The archway of St. Clement.

Two thousand years within that pillared wall
It braved the shock of ages;
Beneath it slept St. Peter and St. Paul —
Brave Christian knights and sages.

Let faith-illumined artist-minds devise,
And hand and chisel fashion,
With filial love and genius Solon-wise,
And high and holy passion

A sacred mausoleum that shall tell
The one eternal story
Of him who fought life's fight, and fought it well,
Through pathways paved with glory!

Yes, rear a gorgeous temple, tall and wide —
Go, weave from woofs of granite
Translucent webs of cornice on each side,
And sculptured saints to man it.

Great champion of his country's rights was he —
To Erin's foes defiant:
A lamb when stroked, but in the conflict free
A strong, unyielding giant.

His lips were as Medusian furies grim
Let loose on pomp and power;
And wigg'd injustice stood in awe of him,
Whilst knaves were taught to cower.

He found his kind lashed to oppression's stake,
With hopes in no to-morrow;

* "Lumen in cœlo." St. Malachi's prophecy.

Hearts that were bent by fate ere they could break,
And drowned in seas of sorrow.

Law was each magnate's word that pealed aloud,
Like fire-bell from the steeple;
And alien sway, with gory might endowed,
Coerced a hapless people.

"He saw his country's bondage and her shame,"
And with one bold endeavor
He lit in pulse and soul a thrilling flame
To last for e'er and ever:

A flame of manly worth and manly pride,
And independent feeling —
The inner eye that, conscious, scorns to hide
What truth was long revealing;

And though his hands grew palsied ere the chains
With which the isle had striven
In forum's court or on red battle plains
Had been as yet unriven.

He found his kith and kin despairing slaves —
He made them souls unfearing,
And held aloft through storm-rent winds and waves
The old green flag of Erin.

And wherefore 'tis that Fame, with homage rare,
Opes unto him its portals,
And wherefore 'tis he holds the curule chair
Amid our land's immortals.

And wherefore 'tis, from Down to sea-laved Beare,
From Cape to Londonderry,
One voice cries out "Well done," to those who rear
His cenotaph in Kerry.

Amid those scenes where first the great man knew
The patriot's emotion,
Where all his deep inspiring thoughts he drew
From union with the ocean.

Around the STONE they stand in serried lines,
Young man and grandsire hoary,
Dear Ireland's faithful priests and paladines,
As sponsors for his glory.

And thou, oh reverend father! by whose voice
And holy zeal untiring
This new-born home of God shall yet arise
To higher heights aspiring,

I hail thee o'er the wastes of land and tide,
Here where the shades stole o'er him —
Here where he sought life's last repose, and died
Far from the land that bore him.

Sink, then, the shaft, and plant the corner-stone
With feelings deep and solemn!
And build the frescoed pillars, one by one,
And rear a stately column.

The Empire Route to the East.

Part II.

It was in 1870 that the Hudson Bay Company transferred to the Dominion Government, for a sum of three hundred thousand pounds, their exclusive rights over a territory, which, till then practically uninhabited, is declared by some writers to be capable of supporting a population twice that of the United States. Containing a proportion of cultivable land at least equal to that of the most fertile countries of Europe, it has a much more perfect system of natural waterways, in a net-work of lakes and rivers, forming the only existing channels of communication throughout the greater part of its extent. Fenced in by a wide woodland region on either hand, its central heart is traversed for a length of five hundred miles, with a breadth of two hundred and fifty, by that great productive zone of grains and grasses, termed *par excellence* the Fertile Belt, or, more poetically, the Rainbow of the North-West. Here a soil of vegetable mould, accumulated on the prairie through cycles of herbaceous decay, to a depth, in some favored localities, of three hundred feet, contains in its potential productiveness, a reserve of food for the universe.

This golden girdle of the continent is narrowed southward by the encroachment of that region of summer droughts which occupies nearly half the area of the United States, and reduces their central plains west of the 100th meridian to the condition of a sage and cactus-sprinkled desert. As only an insignificant segment of this unwatered tract protrudes north of the International Boundary, Canada has, in this respect, the advantage of her more stirring neighbor.

The prairie region of the North-West, with a diameter of about one thousand miles, is divided into three different plateaus, by successive uplifts of the land from the Woodland Region on the East to the Mountain Region of the West. The First Prairie Steppe is composed of the great plain of Manitoba, occupying the centre of the continent, and lying a little more than six hundred feet above the sea. This depression, almost a dead flat, covered with alluvial deposit, forms an interior drainage basin, and is the ancient bed of a vast inland sea, of which Lake Winnipeg, two hundred and sixty miles long with an area of eight thousand three hundred square miles,

is, with other lesser sheets of water, the shrunken remnant. The Second Prairie Steppe, comprised in the territory of Assiniboia, is less uniform in surface, but contains land equally productive with that of Manitoba. The third land-terrace, sloping to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, is less adapted for tillage, but contains the great ranching district of Alberta, with four million acres of the best grazing land in the world.

The wide area of the North-Western Territories contains as yet a population too scanty for autonomous government; but each district of one thousand square miles, when numbering one thousand inhabitants exclusive of aliens and Indians, will become entitled to a parliamentary representative. Manitoba, on the other hand, enjoys full local independence as a self-governing unit of the Canadian Federation. Her capital, Winnipeg, situated 1423 miles from Montreal, and 1483 from Port Moody, at the confluence of the Assiniboine and Red rivers, occupies a commanding position, not only as the half-way house of the Queen's Highway, but as the focus of three thousand miles of summer navigation by lake and river. First known to history as Fort Garry, the head-quarters of the Red river rising, and objective of Lord Wolseley's expedition in 1870–71, its growth has been rapid since those days of isolation. Inhabited then by some two hundred and forty employees of the Hudson's Bay Company, it was the central station whence that marvellous organization radiated its lines of communication throughout its illimitable domain. Great, indeed, is the change since it saw, in December of each year, the start of the "Great Northern Packet," consisting of four dog-sledges, each drawn by a canine four-in-hand, to travel by the frozen highways of lakes and rivers to those remote stations, for which it formed the only link to the outer world. Now, the centre of traffic of a growing system of steam communication, it has a railway station with twenty miles of sidings, sheds for forty locomotives, and repairing and workshops on a corresponding scale.

The increase of its population has been proportionably rapid, and the 241 inhabitants of 1871 had grown ten years later to 7,895, while the figure of 19,573, reached in 1885, is believed to have swelled since to 27,000 or 30,000. Handsome streets and buildings have sprung up where a few years ago was but a muddy swamp; and five churches, two colleges, and a club bespeak the religious and intellectual progress of the inhabitants.

Speculation, too, has here run riot, as in older communities, and the period of the railway construction in 1882–3 saw a sudden inflation of landed property — in American parlance, a "boom" — followed by a subsequent collapse. The present city is girt round with the outlined city of the future staked out in lots, which, originally sold for building purposes, have since reverted to their prairie value. The temporary check given to its growing prosperity by the rising of the Half-breeds in 1885 has now been lived down, and the future is sure to bring steady progress.

In the suburb of St. Boniface, pre-eminently the Catholic quarter, resides Archbishop Tache, the revered spiritual father of the North-West. The chimes of his cathedral, the "Travelling Bells of St. Boniface," have had an eventful history. Cast in London, their first journey was made before the days of the Central Pacific Railway, when an ox-wagon from St. Paul, Minn., was their mode of conveyance to their destination. They then shared the fate of the church, destroyed by fire in 1860; but their fragments, collected from the ruins, were sent back to London to be recast, and thence, in renovated youth, made the return journey, across ocean and prairie, to ring the Angelus over the plains of the Red river.

Other pioneer cities, with all the ambitions, and most of the vices, of great capitals, are springing up along the vivifying track of the locomotive present or prospective, and Regina, in Assibonia, with a population of but a thousand souls, while claiming, as the seat of government, the headship of the North-West, already sees her pre-eminence threatened in a further future by the embryo glories of Saskatchewan City. The rapidity of settlement is proved by the assignment in 1885 of a quarter of a million of acres to new occupants.

The terms offered by the Dominion Government are exceedingly favorable to immigrants, and the system of blocking out the lands for disposal tends to simplify the process, and prevent dispute or confusion. The unit is the "section," a square mile of territory containing six hundred and forty acres. A "township" consists of thirty-six sections, and contains consequently thirty-six square miles. The sections in each township are numbered, beginning from the south-eastern angle, alternately from east to west, and *vice versa*, so that the same number occupies an invariable position in every township. Two sections in each, Nos. 11 and 29, are reserved for school endowments; and two more, Nos. 8 and 26 are assigned to the Hudson's Bay Company, leaving thirty-two available for letting. These, in all lands for twenty-four miles on either side of the railway, are the property alternately of the Company, and of the Dominion Government, the odd numbers being owned by the former, and the even by the latter. All land beyond the railway-belt belongs to the Provincial or Territorial Governments.

The geographical locality of the townships is determined by their position in reference to the International Boundary, and to certain arbitrary lines called meridians, drawn at intervals of two hundred miles from the first in the neighborhood of Winnipeg. Numbered from north to south from the former, and from east to west from the latter, the "latitude" and "longitude" of townships are expressed respectively in Arabic and Roman numerals. Thus, No. 4 vii. from first meridian would be the fourth township north from the International Boundary, situated in the seventh range, for so the longitudinal sections are styled, west from Winnipeg.

Any settler over the age of eighteen may obtain a grant of a quarter section of one hundred and sixty acres on payment of a fee of two pounds ten shillings, becoming its absolute owner at the end of

three years, on condition of having brought thirty acres under cultivation. He is, moreover, entitled to "pre-empt," or secure the right of purchasing, an adjoining quarter section at a price fixed by the Governor in Council, commonly ten shillings an acre.

One of the most interesting experiments in colonization was that recently made by Lady Gordon Cathcart in the case of the Highland crofters of Benbecula, an island in the Hebrides. As a niggard soil and surly sky made their existence here a struggle at long odds against starvation, the lady owner of the soil offered to transplant them to Manitoba by advances of one hundred pounds each to heads of families, and fifty pounds to single men; arranging also with the Canadian authorities for their reception and suitable settlement. The locality chosen was Moosoomin, two hundred and thirty miles west of Winnipeg; and hither came in the spring of 1883 eleven families, followed in the subsequent season, by a batch of forty-six more. Professor G. G. Ramsay, of Glasgow, recounts the result, as gathered by him in a visit to them in the autumn of that year, in an interesting article in Macmillan's Magazine for January, 1885. He found them already prosperous, comfortably housed, deriving ample sustenance from their farms, and so confident of paying off before three years the advances made to them, that almost all had given notice of pre-emption of adjoining lots. The lands first selected for them by the authorities not having pleased their Highland fancy, they had chosen others for themselves of more varied surface, with clumps of trees promising shelter for cattle and dwellings; and here, as they arrived in May, too late for wheat-sowing, potatoes and other improvised crops were sown in order to tide over the winter. The initial difficulties thus surmounted, all were looking forward hopefully to the future, and were unanimous in their encomiums on their new home. Only the gude-wife, in some cases, expressed a little natural regret for the old country; but the bairns had thriven bravely, and the lassies "liked it fine." Even the winter, by those who had surmounted it, was pronounced "grand," and the plough-oxen, hitherto unacquainted with the forms of address current in the Hebrides, were expected to soon recognize the superior force of Gaelic expletives. One man, when asked if he would wish to return to his old life, declared emphatically, "Not for love or money;" and the happy transformation in their condition was summed up in the parting words of one of their number: "*How can we thank Lady Gordon enough? She has made Lairds of us all.*"

Another interesting settlement is that of Dr. Barnardo's boys, orphaned by civilization, and brought here to find, let us hope, a kindlier fostering from mother earth. An instance of the function fulfilled by these new lands as a receptacle for the overflow of all countries is found in the juxtaposition of a colony of Hungarian settlers, sent out by Count Esterhazy, with the crofter colony of New Benbecula, the resulting amalgam of tribes and tongues threatening to produce a new Babel.

A different class of enterprise is represented by those monster holdings, generally owned by joint-stock companies, of which the great Bell Farm, in the valley of the Qu'Appelle River, is one of the most famous specimens. A block of one hundred miles square, containing 53,389 acres, it is second only to the Dalrymple Farm, near Fargo, in Dakota, where, within an area of 119 square miles, or seventy-five thousand acres, may be seen the magnificent spectacle of a wheatfield twenty-nine thousand acres in extent gilding the prairie for miles.

The estimated cost of producing wheat is estimated on the Bell Farm at 20*s.* an acre, including all preliminary expenses, and, as it sells at the railway for 3*s.* or 3*s.* 2½*d.* a bushel, the comparatively moderate produce of twenty bushels an acre would represent a return of three hundred per cent. At the present railway freight of 16*s.* per quarter to Montreal, it is found more profitable to grind the corn for exportation, particularly as the refuse can be used for fattening pigs.

The superiority of the Canadian over the United States North-West is proved by the incontrovertible evidence of figures. Thus, while the average crop of Manitoba for 1887 was twenty-seven and nine-tenths bushels to the acre, that of Dakota was but fifteen and one-half, and of Minnesota twelve and seven-tenths. The produce of Manitoba for 1886 was but twenty-five bushels per acre, though a single wheatfield in that year reached the figure of fifty-five. The total agricultural products of Manitoba for 1887 were: wheat, 12,400,000 bushels; oats, 7,300,000; barley, 1,900,000; potatoes, 2,650,000. This does not include the province of Assiniboia, where the crops averaged: wheat, 23; oats, 39, and barley, 32 bushels to the acre. Canadian wheat is of exceptionally high quality, averaging in weight sixty-two pounds to sixty-five pounds per bushel, and classed, from its flinty firmness, in that category specially prized by Minneapolis millers as "No. 1 hard." The North-West is indeed singularly adapted, not only by its prolific soil, but by its austere climate, for the growth of wheat, as the winter frosts, by pulverizing the earth, enable the roots to send fibres far down in search of nourishment, and the cold nights of autumn harden the ripening berry to a grain like marble. The climate of Manitoba, contrary to what might be expected from its geographical position, is less rigorous than that of the adjacent states of the Union; higher latitude being compensated for by lower altitude.

The agricultural possibilities of the Great North-West are by no means exhausted by the enumeration of those of its southern provinces. The productiveness of wheat is known to increase up to the northern limit of its successful cultivation, and this, it is thought, may here be found as high as the fifty-ninth parallel, bringing the valleys of the Athabasca and Peace rivers within the zone of prairie culture. The North Saskatchewan has generally been assumed to mark the superior limit of the Fertile Belt; but Sir William Butler has placed on record his belief "that there will be found to be ten

acres of fertile land lying north of this river for every one acre lying south of it." * The combination furnishing the great desideratum for grain culture of high summer temperature with winter frost severe enough to disintegrate a considerable depth of soil is found in these sub-Arctic regions. The summer isotherms curve northward across the continent, carrying the mean temperature of 70°, found at Pittsburgh on the Atlantic, in 40° N. lat., up as high as the 52d parallel in the Forks of the Saskatchewan. Thus, Indian corn, which, requiring a summer average of 65°, with one month at 67°, fails in northern France for want of half a degree of warmth, is a field crop in the valley of the St. Lawrence, and thrives in the North-West up to 54° N. — a latitude higher than that of Liverpool.

British Columbia promises to surpass even her neighbors in rural riches, and we read in the district of the Frazer river, of thirty, forty, and up to fifty bushels of wheat, and sixty to seventy of maize, to the acre, while potatoes are reported as producing, on one farm, seven, and on another, fifteen tons to the acre, with individual specimens attaining a weight of two and a half to three pounds. Although the gold fever has for the present run its course, it by no means follows that the supply is exhausted, and other minerals,—silver, copper, iron, platinum, mercury, and coal,— are known to exist in large quantities. The Laurentian ranges, running down to the north shore of Lake Superior, are believed to be still richer in metalliferous deposits; silver is to be found there in veritable "bonanzas," and somewhere in this region is situated a copper mine so rich that it has ruined its proprietors, the metal being found, not in ore, but in veins so pure as to defy all known means of extraction.

Of the trade in furs, still carried on exclusively by the Hudson's Bay Company, the Canadian North-West may be said to share with Siberia the world's monopoly. Fish, again, swarm in the rivers of the Pacific slope in such numbers as to furnish a large export; the total of Canada for 1887 attaining the value of £3,735,857, and the canneries on the Frazer river, though capable of turning out thirty-two thousand tins a day each, are sometimes unable to consume the supply of salmon, then sold on the spot for a penny a piece.

For such multifarious sources of wealth a single railway line is found to furnish an insufficient outlet, and from Brandon and Portage-la-Prairie, stations west of Winnipeg, two branch lines,— the North-West Central, and the Manitoba and North-Western,— are already in contemplation. The former, leading to Dunvegan, in the basin of Lake Athabasca, twelve hundred miles off, is still a project of the future; but the latter, directed towards Prince Albert on the Saskatchewan, is actually in course of construction. In October, 1886, a length of one hundred and sixty miles was open for traffic, and at the intended rate of progress of fifty miles a year, the total distance of five hundred miles will be covered in five or six years. A subsidy of sixty-four hundred acres is given for every mile constructed, and the

* The Wild North Land. By Captain W. F. Butler, F.R.G.S. London: Sampson Low. 1873.

debt, of which three hundred and ninety thousand pounds was raised in England at five per cent. for the first five years, and six per cent. after, is being paid off by the sale of land, rendered valuable by the passage of the line.

A further opening up of communications in this direction is contemplated by the visionaries of modern commerce, for whom natural obstacles exist only to be surmounted. The great inlet of the Polar Sea, which scoops out the heart of North America for a length of one thousand and a width of six hundred miles, gives a direct ocean route to the further North-West, since York Factory on Hudson's Bay, while within seven hundred miles of the capital of Manitoba, is but 2,966 miles from Liverpool, nearer than New York by one hundred and sixty-four miles. A line hitherward is, according to Mr. Stuart Cumberland, in course of construction, sixty miles having been completed at the date of his visit (July, 1886), while arrangements had been made with a steamship company to connect England with this new transatlantic port. Not only would it then be the outlet for the Canadian prairie region, by a route five hundred and ninety miles shorter than that through Quebec and Montreal, but it would also be the shipping port for the United States grain exports conveyed thither by water carriage nearly all the way. The existing channel of the Nelson river, by which stern-wheel steamers already reach the head of Lake Winnipeg from Hudson's Bay, might easily be made navigable for freight steamers, and the interior cornlands of America would thus be placed within two hundred to three hundred miles of water communication with Europe.

There is, however, an "if" to be writ very large against this scheme of transforming the snow-bound fur depot of York Factory into a western Archangel. The ice in Hudson's strait is an unknown factor in the future of the Manitoba and Hudson's Bay Railway project, and the question whether its adamantine gates will remain open late enough to give passage to the grain fleet with the harvest of the year, has yet to be answered in the affirmative. Were it to resolve itself into a race between Arctic frost and the swift-winged messengers of civilization for the food supply of a continent, the element of doubt introduced into the result by the caprices of the seasons, would be fatal to the prospects of this hyperborean route.

Yet a fourth railway, projected by Manitoba, has brought the state into collision with the Dominion Government. Duluth, the great corn-shipping port on the United States shore of Lake Superior, is but three hundred and eighty miles from Winnipeg, and the freight of corn thence to Montreal is but 1*s.* 6*d.* per quarter, against 16*s.* charged by the Canadian Pacific Railway. Hence the Red River Railway scheme to connect Winnipeg with the United States system, in order to extend its advantages to the Manitoban farmers, who declare that a very small reduction in freight would enable them to double the area under cultivation. The monopoly, however, granted to the Canadian Pacific Railway, guarantees them against the construc-

tion of any line southward to within fifteen miles of the International Boundary, and the Dominion Parliament has steadily vetoed a scheme which is in distinct violation of its own contract. So strong, however, is the feeling throughout Manitoba in its favor, that the provincial authorities have tried to prosecute it in defiance of the central Government, but have hitherto found the legal difficulties insuperable, the Manitoban Supreme Court having recently (October, 1887) declared their contracts invalid and without binding force. It would, indeed, be monstrous, if a pledge given by the Dominion Parliament, as representing the entire Confederation, could be repudiated by a single province, the one, moreover, which has reaped the largest share of advantage from the bargain made on its behalf.

An important part is played in the internal communications of Canada by the chain of lakes drained by the St. Lawrence, which, with their connecting canals, furnish an uninterrupted waterway from Port Arthur, the Canadian Pacific station on Lake Superior, four hundred and twenty-nine miles from Winnipeg, to Montreal, the head of Atlantic navigation. A splendid service of steamers on the lakes, in connection with the railway, gives an alternative route for passengers or goods, through a considerable fraction of the journey.

In reviewing the splendid possibilities now opening up to British North America, we are irresistibly reminded of the prophetic blessing pronounced on the French pioneers by Pere Vimont, in consecrating the site of the present city of Montreal, on May 17, 1642. "*You*" (he said to the kneeling Maisonneuve and his companions) "*are the grain of mustard seed that shall rise and grow till its branches overshadow the earth. You are few; but your work is the work of God. His smile is on you, and your children shall fill the land.*" A people, moreover, who have stood almost alone in the comparative mildness and humanity of their treatment of the conquered race, may well deserve a special measure of worldly prosperity. Guided in their task by heroic bands of missionary priests, their policy has been to reconcile rather than exterminate the expropriated lords of the soil, and the scalp-hunter's sanguinary score has not been, north of the International Boundary, the white man's rendering of the messages of civilization. Indian wars have consequently played little part in Canadian history; and even the fierce Sioux, so irreclaimable on the United States' side of the border, are in Canada inoffensive agriculturists, who furnish most of the labor on the great Bell Farm.

The absolute prohibition of the sale of alcoholic liquors in all the territories west of Manitoba is a striking instance of the paternal care of the Dominion Government for its dusky subjects. It follows, in this respect, the example of the Hudson's Bay Company, whose whole system of trade was based on reliance on the good faith of the native population. From solitary depots of merchandise in the wilderness the Indians took whatever articles they required, leaving a recognized equivalent in skins, and the confidence thus placed in them is said never to have been betrayed.

A still more striking example of incorruptible honor was given by Crowfoot, Chief of the Blackfeet, one of the most powerful tribes of Canadian Indians. During the recent trip of the British Association across the continent, a halt was made at the camp of these people, who were paraded for the visitors, when Professor Macoun suddenly desired the interpreter to ask the Chief if he had ever seen him before.

Crowfoot [says Professor Boyd Dawkins,* who tells the story] looked keenly at him, and a flash of recognition came into his eyes. "Ugh, ugh," he said, and made signs which expressed his pleasure. It appears that six years ago Professor Macoun, when travelling on the prairie, came to Crowfoot's camp, which consisted of one hundred and fifty lodges, and brought with him four cart-loads of supplies. He cooked his food and slept, and prepared next morning to go without the loss of anything. To his horror he found that he was in the midst of men dying of hunger. In one lodge one man lay dead, in another three were dying. There was not an ounce of food in their camp, and the temptation of obtaining food was so strong that they would have taken it had it not been for Crowfoot, who would not allow it, principally on the ground that he had made a treaty with the English, and would rather die than break it, and partly, also, because Professor Macoun had trusted him. Professor Macoun supplied them with food, and the long-expected buffalo came that day.

Settled on the Crowfoot Reserve, along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, this tribe are now beyond the reach of such periodical famines, and are steadily cultivating their farms on the plains whence the buffalo has disappeared before the locomotive. Thus, to them civilization has come as yet as a benign influence, deprived by a humane government of its worst dangers.

A tale of heroism, outdoing that of antiquity, is told of the Crow Indians, subjects of the United States. An epidemic of small-pox having, some seventy years ago, broken out amongst them, their medicine men declared the sacrifice of some of their braves the only means of staying the course of the calamity. Forty young warriors accordingly volunteered to die for their people, and, after performing the Sun Dance, rode to the top of a steep ridge, and thence plunged at full speed, they and their horses having been first blindfolded, over the precipitous edge. A pile of bleaching bones was long visible at the foot of the rock, still pointed out to travellers on the North Pacific line, under the name of Skull Butte, as the scene of this wholesale act of self-immolation.† Thus the sublime virtue which Rome fabled in a single citizen was here practised by a band of nameless Quintus Curtiuses among the savages of the West.

The census of 1883 numbered 131,137 Indians in British North America, of whom 36,483 were located in British Columbia, and 34,-520 in Manitoba and the North-West. So great is the mental quickness of the race, that Archbishop Tache declares he has known an adult Indian learn to read in a single day, and many in two or three days. The hardships endured by the missionaries in evangelizing the outlying Indian tribes, may be measured from the fact that a "sick call" in the Vicariate of Athabasca-Mackenzie sometimes involves

* Canada and the Great North-West: Journal of the Manchester Geographical Society, April, 1885.

† The Great North-West, by the Rev. S. A. Steinthal: Journal of the Manchester Geographical Society, October, 1885.

several days' journey by a dog-sledge, in the depth of an Arctic winter. The zeal of the apostles is often rewarded by the fervor of their dusky converts, and we may hope that, with the farther extension of communications throughout these vast regions, increasing numbers of this disinherited race may be brought within reach of the one boon civilization has brought them.

The importance of the new inter-oceanic highway of America is not limited by its local and immediate effect of throwing open a vast reserve of habitable territory to mankind. Forming, also, the main link in a globe-girdling circuit of communication, it is the practical embodiment of the paradoxical-sounding truth, that the shortest route from Europe to the extreme East is found by travelling westward. The dream of early maritime adventure is thus unexpectedly realized, and the North-West passage to the Indies achieved over-land, when the hopelessness of search for it through the Polar seas has been finally and fatally demonstrated. Its high latitude, it must be borne in mind, is, in this respect an advantage, as from the convergence of the meridians towards the Pole, differences in longitude represent a much shorter mileage, when measured on the diminished northern girth of the globe.

Thus by a new and accelerated service of Atlantic steamers, making the passage to the Canadian ports in five days, Liverpool will be brought within eleven days' journey of Vancouver, whither the sun, in his daily path, takes eight hours to travel. Thence to Yokohama and Hong Kong, a mail-service subsidized by the English Government, was begun in February, 1888, and packets bound by charter to steam sixteen knots an hour will cross the Pacific in ten and a half days, shorter by four or five days than the present time from San Francisco, bringing Liverpool within three weeks of Japan.

It is hoped that an Australasian mail-service may also be established over the Canadian Pacific route, by which it is claimed that Sydney may be reached in from thirty to thirty-two days, against forty via San Francisco, and forty to forty-two via Brindisi and Suez Canal. The subjoined table of the estimated lengths of different routes is taken from the Times of Oct. 4, 1887, the figures representing thousands of miles: —

	Via Canada.	*Via* Suez.	*Via* the Cape.	*Via* Cape Horn.
England to Japan,	9 1-4	13 3-4	15 1-2	15 1-2
" Shanghai,	10 1-2	12 1-2	14 1-4	16
" Hong Kong,	11	11	13 1-2	16
" Singapore,	12 1-2	9 1-2	12 1-4	16 1-4
" Brisbane,	11 1-2	12 1-4	14 1-4	13 3-4
" Sydney,	12	12	13 3-4	12 3-4
" Auckland,	12	12	14	11 1-2

In the vital matter of coal supply the Canadian route has an overwhelming advantage over that by Suez. From both its terminal ports, Halifax and Vancouver, large deposits of coal are accessible, and the latter is within three weeks' steam of Sydney, which is equally well

supplied. On the Suez line, on the other hand, fuel has to be transported 1,150 miles to Gibraltar, 2,130 miles to Malta, 2,950 to Alexandria, 4,150 to Aden, and 6,650 to Colombo, at a cost increasing with every added mile of distance. The slower pace of eastward-bound, as compared with trans-Atlantic steamers, is thus an economical necessity, the consumption of coal being doubled by every increase of two or three knots an hour above a certain rate of speed. Even between ports at equal distances, the Atlantic and Pacific route is thus likely to be the quicker one.

Over its rival in the same hemisphere again, the Canadian highway has the advantage, in crossing both ocean and continent by shorter lines. Thus, while Montreal is two hundred miles nearer to Liverpool than New York, and Vancouver two hundred and fifty miles nearer to Yokohama than San Francisco, the distance between the oceans is but 2,906 miles from Montreal to Vancouver against 3,271 from New York to San Francisco. The latter difference represents that in time between a journey of ninety-three and a half and one of eighty-seven hours, at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour for both. The fact that Yokohama is nearly seven hundred miles nearer Liverpool *via* Canada than *via* the United States is partly accounted for by the fact that the great circle, or air line of shortest distance uniting the two points, would necessarily, lie north of their latitude.*

The Canadian line, in addition to its greater directness, has other advantages over its neighbors. The superiority of its terminal ports are among these; for, while Halifax is much more easily accessible in all weathers than New York, San Francisco is handicapped by a five-mile ferry in its race against Vancouver for the supremacy of the Pacific. Climate, moreover, tells in the same direction, for the snowfall, despite higher latitude, is less on the Canadian side of the International Boundary, and the lower levels at which the mountains are crossed by the Northern line facilitates winter traffic. While the Central and Union Pacific, the most direct of the inter-oceanic competing lines, runs for nearly half its distance from Omaha westwards at an altitude of five thousand feet above the sea, for five hundred miles at over six thousand, and for four hundred miles at over seven thousand feet, the Canadian Pacific surmounts its highest summit at a little over five thousand feet high, and rapidly descends to lower levels.

Commerce, which, like water, always seeks the easiest channel, has already begun to flow over the new highway, which bids fair to monopolize the Asiatic tea-trade. In October, 1886, the pioneer vessel of this trade had delivered her first cargo in Vancouver, and was to be followed by four others, containing an aggregate of one hundred thousand packages, valued at two million dollars. The cars detached at various junctions for different parts of the United States reached their destinations without breaking bulk, the total time to Montreal being forty-seven, and to New York forty-nine days.

* The shortest line between any two places is a segment of a great circle, or one whose plane passes through the centre of the earth, and which is consequently inclined to the smaller circles of latitude at an angle increasing with increase of latitude. From Lisbon to New York, for example, though practically in the same latitude, the shortest course will lie, not due west, but in its earlier portion to the north, and in its later to the south of west.

The rapid development of British trade with the Pacific gives added importance to any extension of trade in this direction, for though merchandise cannot be expected to follow a route entailing a double trans-shipment, enlarged trade will create an increased demand for facilitated mail and passenger traffic. Hence the fact that the United Kingdom has, within twenty-five years, trebled its trade with Australasia, more than doubled that with the Straits Settlements, Java, and the Philippines, increased by a third its commercial intercourse with China, and multiplied fifteen-fold that with Japan, has a direct bearing on the future of the trans-Canadian line.

But it is as the Empire Route *par excellence*, the connecting link between Great and Greater Britain, that the new steam girdle of the earth has its chief political significance. Lying as it does on imperial soil from ocean to ocean, it fulfils the function of a covered way in a fortress, enabling men and munitions to be transported in security from one defensive point to another. It may thus in war time prove a valuable auxiliary to other lines of communication, though it cannot supersede them altogether. The new mail contract with the Canadian Pacific Company includes an arrangement for the conveyance of troops and stores, and the manager of the line has declared himself ready, at any time, to undertake their transport at the rate of eight thousand men a day, with arms and accoutrements, during a week, the continental transit to be accomplished within seven days. By this means fifty thousand men despatched from Portsmouth would be drawn up in fighting trim on the Pacific shore in three weeks, and, as the newly subsidized mail-steamers are required to be convertible into cruisers, a ready means of reinforcing the fleet in those waters is secured as well.

The establishment of a naval arsenal on the Pacific is a necessary corollary to the adoption of the Canadian line as a route for war material, and Esquimault on Vancouver Island, with a harbor said to be capable of sheltering the whole British navy, has been chosen for the purpose. The Canadian and English Governments are to co-operate in its fortification, the former erecting earthworks, at an outlay of twenty thousand pounds, the latter supplying the armament, at a cost of thirty thousand pounds. Stores from Woolwich can now be delivered in twenty days at this remote Pacific station, which is thus brought into touch with the rest of the empire. Being at a like distance, three weeks' steam from Sydney, it forms an intermediate depot between England and the Antipodes, and the existence of coal at both points renders them foci of renewed vitality for the imperial forces. The formation of an arsenal in Australasia is now mooted as a further strengthening of the chain of maritime defence whose links encircle the globe, the participation in which by the great colonies is the first preliminary towards Imperial Federation. "The time is not far distant" (writes the Times, on Oct. 27, 1887), "when an enemy in the Pacific will be called upon to reckon with colonial ships of war, as well as with those of England, and when, in all probability, the mother

country may commit the defence of the Pacific to her great dependencies, and reserve the Atlantic and Mediterranean for herself."

The advent of that time is brought sensibly nearer by the construction of the new imperial highway, the greatest work as yet achieved by colonial enterprise and energy. Looked at in this light, it assumes an importance beyond even that derived from the material changes it has wrought, for we see in it a step towards the realization of a dream of empire such as the world has never seen, in which a family of powerful states, peopled by the Anglo-Saxon race, shall group themselves, no longer as dependencies, but as equal partners in rights and duties, round the little island realm, whose proudest boast it is to be styled the Mother of Nations.

E. M. CLERKE, in Dublin Review.

Drunkenness: Its Remedy.

DRUNKENNESS, in its last stage, is a mortal sin that destroys the life of the soul. Besides the moral turpitude of depriving the image of God and the use of reason, it contains in it, also, the seed of many sins. Sins of anger, neglect of parental and conjugal duties, blasphemy, prodigality, breaking asunder of holy ties, public scandals, are the common fruits of this vice. Drunkenness, being a gross and indecent vice, and entailing on its unhappy victims temporal miseries without number, strikes even the world with horror. An ill-used wife, ragged and half-starved children, a miserable hut of a family once affluent, a bloated countenance of a man once fair, distorted with idiotic laughter or writhing with drunken anger, are things which strike on the external senses so as to move even heartless sentimentalists to hatred of inebriation.

In the northern countries, especially in the British dominions and in the United States, where all liquors are fermented and often drugged, drunkenness is frightfully prevalent. It would be difficult to count the number of ruined families that fall under the personal observation of a single man. What is to stop it? What is to be the remedy?

It is obvious to the Catholic mind that it is to be dealt with as other mortal sins. We do not form our views of it from sentimentalism. It is no worse than fornication, blasphemy, calumny, theft, fraud, gluttony, and the violation of the other commandments of God.

Now the mode of dealing with other mortal sins varies according as the sin affects the individual sinner alone, or God alone, or society.

When the sin does not go beyond its perpetrator, as in the case of all sins of thought and of some external but lonely sins, no earthly tribunal can institute a punishment or devise a preventive of such. The doctrine of a future judgment in which all the hidden things of darkness shall be brought to light, declares the only remedy and the certain punishment of crimes whose only witness is God.

If the sin affects only God, without giving scandal or seducing men into error, God only can avenge it. If, finally, the sin affects society, the civil law can take cognizance of it, punish it, or adopt means for its prevention; but it can adopt means for its prevention only under that particular aspect in which it affects society: it has no right to aim at the radical extermination of the vice, but only of its public phases.

Now drunkenness is a vice which affects society only in the shape of breaches of the peace, fights, riots, etc. But beyond these, society may not go without trenching on individual liberty. Civil government cannot, without tyranny, make a law prescribing any of its members what he may not drink, any more than it can, without tyranny, prescribe what he may eat or wear. Almighty God, in the Old Mosaic Law, made distinction between clean and unclean meats; but that such a distinction should be obligatory, the intervention of divine authority was necessary. No civil power could ever bind its subjects to abstain from any species of food or drink.

The only effectual and radical remedy for drunkenness is the Christian doctrine, that every man shall be judged according to his works. Civil laws will be trampled under foot; but the law of God will prevail. Catholic Telegraph.

Our German Brethren.

GERMAN Catholics filled Cooper Union, in New York, on the 10th of September, to bid farewell to Dr. Philip Ernst Lieber, a leader in the party of the Centre in the Reichstag. Dr. Lieber was a delegate to the recent Convention of German Catholics in Cincinnati. Father Anton B. Schweniger, of the Church of the Assumption, presided, and read a letter of regret from Archbishop Corrigan. Music was furnished by the Cecilia and Fidelia singing societies, and by the full chorus of the Palestrina Society. Herr Lieber was introduced by Father Schweniger, and he spoke about an hour. He said in part:

"We never hear, among German Catholics in Europe, the expression, 'Boycott the Pope.' The affairs of the church, they think, should be left to the God-appointed servants of the church. They bow to the triple crown, whoever he may be who may wear it. Pope Leo has repeatedly warned the faithful to be united, and this precept German Catholics respect. They envy no nation, and they would be the last to endure oppression."

After stigmatizing Anarchists as fanatics of the Social Democratic party, and pointing to the late Anarchist troubles in Chicago, Herr Lieber said:

"Why should anarchy arise here? Why, the condition of the working classes is worse in Germany than it is here. Capital does not take so bold a stand here as it does across the water. The Centre party has been struggling to satisfy the demand of the poor. A struggle will come between capital and labor in the old country before it will break out in America, and the shock of it will be felt around the world."

At the close of Herr Lieber's speech, "Hoch!" was given thrice for the United States, and a mighty "Hoch!" for the Centre party in the Reichstag. Herr Lieber sailed for Europe the following week.

An Appeal to Catholic Women.

We do not believe in woman suffrage. We do not believe in this country going to war. While we are in favor of peace and good-will to all, we, at the same time, believe in having a good navy, an army, and soldiers trained in the military arts, and everything else, in fact, to make us secure in case of an emergency or outbreak. "In time of peace prepare for war." Our views on this matter are the same as on woman suffrage. We repeat again, that we do not believe in woman suffrage; but as the women of this state are limited on the rights of suffrage, it would be well for some of them to be in a state of preparation in so far as this right goes. The daily assessing of about one hundred and fifty women, which has been going on for many days, means this: These women, mostly, if not entirely, Protestants, are going to vote for the school committee this fall. Like the Know-Nothings of a few years ago, they are opposed to Catholics, and everybody and everything that has the tincture of the Irish about it. They are also going to vote for those only who are ardently opposed to parochial schools. This is not all by any means. At a meeting of these bigots and fanatics in Faneuil Hall, last July, a circular was distributed, which, of course, met with hearty approbation. Among other things on this scurrilous notice were these: That no Roman Catholic should be elected to serve on the school committee; that no Protestant, who is not in sympathy with our public-school system, should be allowed to serve on the school committee; that Swinton's Text-book should be reinstated; that Mr. Travis, the school-teacher, should be replaced in his old position, and that no Roman Catholic teachers be employed in our public schools.

This is, indeed, a "pretty state of things." A battle of this kind should be left to the men. These women, who will poll several thousand votes, will off-set the votes of the men, and whether right or wrong the ballots tell the tale, and we must abide by the result whether we like it or no. What, then, is the duty of the Catholic woman? Come out and vote, not only for the purpose of electing a school committee that is nominated without regard to beliefs and creed, but to off-set the votes of these rabid women, who hate the Catholics as the "Devil does Holy Water," and thus make the result the same as if left to the men, as it should be first, last, and always. Are we not right, then, when we use the truthful quotation, "In time of peace prepare for war?" We think we are. The Catholic women, aside from their views on parochial schools, for we know that a great many Catholics are opposed to them, thus doubting the sincerity of their priests, should then vote for other reasons. Do you believe, and are you willing, that Catholic teachers shall be prevented from making a living as school teachers? That the Catholic teachers at present in the public schools shall be intimidated by insult, and probably discharged from the positions they so ably fill? That Swinton's Book should be replaced in our

schools to mislead our children, and give non-Catholics the opportunity to ridicule the Catholic Church? That Mr. Travis should be reinstated to give his narrow-minded views to children on the Catholic Church? If you are not, and we do not think you are, your duty is to vote, and protect yourselves by so doing.

The Pilot, in commenting on this timely subject, says: "Boston women are registering in great numbers against the coming election of the school committee. Over two hundred registered on a single day last week. We shall be sorry to see Catholic women enter this feverish and fanatical movement. Far better to allow the bigots to have it their own way for a year or two. Every fair-minded citizen will regard their course with aversion; and the Catholics, already half the population, will be strengthened by their own reserve and the sympathy and respect of all unprejudiced people."

"We shall be sorry to see Catholic women enter this feverish and fanatical movement." So shall we; but necessity demands it. We do not believe in letting the "bigots have it their own way;" and while it is in our hands we believe in keeping it there, and therefore call upon the women to take a hand in it. Probably we would win without the women's vote. Probably we would; but we want to be sure of doing so and take no risk, for every vote counts. It is all very well to say let them "have it their own way;" but how about the Catholic teachers, and future candidates who are even at this time busily engaged in studying in the hope of being teachers in a few years?

We have endeavored to present the case clearly. After looking the matter over carefully we have come to this conclusion. The call is being made for Protestant women to vote, and as one bigoted speaker said to a large number of women, "All we want is a solid phalanx, and go to the polls and show to the people of the whole country that not Pope Leo but the people rule in Boston, and then Roman intrigue and Jesuitism will be buried forever."

It is the Catholic Church they are fighting. While it would be absurd for anybody to suppose that the church can be ruined or injured in the least, yet it is plain that if these people get on top they will try very hard to make it as disagreeable as they can for us. The call is also being made for Catholic women to vote. We hope they will look upon this matter as we do, and even sacrifice their feelings for the good of their own people, and frustrate the bold and unmanly attempts of these modern Know-Nothings and bigots.

He who envies his brother the grace God has given him, commits the sin of blasphemy, because he thus envies the Most High, who inspires every good word and action. — *St. Francis.*

The glory I aspire to is such as will make me find a charm in my trials, my sufferings, my humiliations, my persecutions, and my afflictions. — *St. Francis.*

The Cry of the Souls.

In the morning,
When the pure air comes unbreathed, and the fresh fields lie untrod,
When the lark's song rises upward, and the wet flowers deck the sod:
In the time of earnest praying, in the hushed and holy morn,
Hear those voices softly pleading, hear those low words interceding,
From the green graves lonesome lying,
Evermore in sad tones crying:—
"*Have pity! you at least have pity, you my friends!*"

In the noontide,
When the hot earth almost slumbers and the tree-tops scarcely stir,
When the bee sleeps on the lily, and the hare pants by the fir;
When the stream-breeze softly cools you, and the grateful shade invites:
While the hot skies far are glowing, think of pain no respite knowing,
And those prisoned fires appalling,
And those piteous wails still calling,
"*Have pity! you at least have pity, you my friends!*"

In the evening,
When the long day's cares are ended, and the home-group soon shall meet,
While the silent twilight deepens and comes rest for wearied feet;
In the time of sad remembrance, give a prayer to old friends gone,
Some regret, some feelings tender, to past days and scenes surrender;
Let your heart with mournful greeting
Hear the sad refrain repeating,
"*Have pity! you at least have pity, you my friends!*"

In the night-time,
When the stars are set in ether, and the white moon in a cloud,
When the children's hands are folded and the golden heads are bowed;
Tell them of that fearful burning, of those souls in tortures dire:
Let their sinless hearts adoring reach Christ's throne in sweet imploring.
By those faces lost forever,
By those smiles to greet thee never,
By the memories of past days,
And the kindness of old ways;
By the love in life you bore them,
And the tears in death shed o'er them,
By their words and looks in dying,
Oh! hear those plaintive voices crying:—
"*Have pity! you at least have pity, you my friends!*"

ALICE ESMONDE, in Irish Monthly.

All Saints' Day.

THE month of October is fast coming to an end. A few days more and our temples, adorned with their richest vestments, will resound with hymns of joy to celebrate the glories of the Saints. It will be the first of November — All Saints' Day — a day of grand rejoicing for the happy inhabitants of heaven, as also a day replete of consolation for the struggling citizens of earth.

The object of the solemnity of All Saints is to glorify God in his Saints, to praise their heroic deeds, and to secure their assistance and protection. But has it ever entered into our mind that, to do so, the

very best means is to look up to the Saints as models, to practise their virtues, — in a word, to become perfect imitators of them?

Ah! some already are frightened by that which seems to them a hard task. Let them remember that the soldier, who, on the battle-field, turns pale at the sight of the enemy, and takes to his heels, is called a coward and a traitor. He alone who fights the good fight has a right to receive the palm of victory.

And, pray, what were the saints on earth? Were they men different from us? Were they free from the infirmities to which we are subjected? Had God, by some particular privilege, exempted them from the many obstacles and difficulties which we daily encounter? Or had God given them a nature different from ours? By no means. They were men created like unto ourselves, therefore subject to the same miseries, condemned to combat against the same temptations; but, like brave soldiers of Christ, they faced the enemy without fear; they held their ground to the last; they conquered, and now sing in heaven the song of eternal triumph.

Shall we, one day, take part in their joyful chorus in God's happy mansion? It remains with us to decide the question. But we surely shall if we become their imitators.

Month of the Souls of Purgatory.

BEHOLD, the month of November is near at hand! This is most appropriately called the Month of the Souls in Purgatory. It is especially consecrated to their memory.

During the month of November, therefore, bear in mind that the prayers, sacrifices, and other good works of the faithful upon earth, are of great benefit to the Souls in Purgatory, when offered to God for them.

The Scripture expressly says, that "it is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins." (II. Mach. xii.)

In their situation, the Souls in Purgatory can do nothing for themselves but suffer till they have paid the last farthing. For, as our Saviour assures us, when "the night of death cometh no man can work." (John ix. 4.)

But, though the Souls in Purgatory can do nothing of themselves to ease or shorten their sufferings, yet such is the goodness of God, that in consideration of the union and charity which he so strictly requires among all the members of his church — the body of Christ — and of that communion of Saints which he himself has established among them, he is pleased to accept of the prayers, sacrifices and good works of the faithful upon earth, when offered up by them for the souls departed; and, on that account, relieves their pains, and grants them a more speedy deliverance from them.

To work, then, during this month of November — especially consecrated to the souls of Purgatory! Consider *who they are, what they*

suffer, and how easily relieved by us, though they can do nothing for themselves. And fail not to offer up plentiful suffrages for those dear souls, who from their place of misery, cry out to us: "Have pity no me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me." (Job. xix. 6.)

New Orleans Morning Star.

How Irish!

How Irish! Who that has Celtic blood in his veins has not felt that restless, quicksilver fluid mount to boiling point when he hears those words uttered with a contemptuous sneer? How often some blunder, some awkwardness, some thriftlessness, or some piece of downright stupidity, calls forth that exclamation! Now, though I am not so prejudiced as to claim for my countrymen a total exemption from those unenviable characteristics, I deny that they enjoy a monopoly of them; so, to put the case modestly, and without exaggeration, I merely assert that they are as quick-witted, as graceful, as thrifty, and as intellectual, as their critical neighbors in the adjoining island. If there are to be found ignorant, famished, and uncivilized human beings in Ireland, does not the same deplorable state of affairs exist in other and more prosperous countries? And whose the fault in Ireland?

If one wanted to find a typical Englishman or Scotchman, one would scarcely look for him in a Lancashire coal mine or a Glasgow cotton factory. Why, then, should the typical Irishman be a half-starved Connemara peasant? or, even more glaringly unfair, why should he often be not a real man, fashioned by the hand of the Creator, but a puppet invented by a farce writer, a creature with a shock head of flaming red hair, an enormous mouth and an idiotic propensity for blundering? If six baby John Bulls, six infant Sandies, and six little Patricks, were taken by chance from London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, carried off to France or Germany, educated alike, and given the same start in life does any one seriously believe that the last-named boys would not bear themselves as bravely, and achieve the same meed of success, as either of the former? I know at which end of the ladder I would confidently look to find them. Irish boys are as apt to learn now as in the glorious days when their lovely island was the acknowledged nursery of saints and learned men; but, glorious as that sanctity and learning were, it may be that they were scarcely more holy and precious in the sight of God than was the enforced ignorance which was the costly price at which the Irish race guarded the faith in the dark penal days, when it was death for a Catholic teacher to instruct, or for a Catholic child to learn. Better such ignorance, bitter though it be, than the learning which was to be procured only at the schools set up with the definite purpose of proselytism. Of all the trials which our brave forefathers underwent for the Faith, none can have been more intense than this; for the deep, devoted love of learning never died out

of their hearts, and it was only when they had to make their choice between ignorance and heretical teaching that they were forced by conscience to chose ignorance.

How Irish! Yes, thank God, how very Irish has been their undeviating fidelity to that holy Faith! How Irish the missionary spirit which, since the days of St. Patrick, has animated the Irish Church, and sent forth priests and bishops to the farthest ends of the earth to win souls to the knowledge and love of our Lord Jesus Christ! How Irish the fervent love of God which has impelled the Sisters of Charity and Mercy to give up their lives to the service of the poor and suffering! How Irish the self-abnegation which leads so many holy women to leave all the pleasures of this world and devote themselves to the Christian work of training the young! How Irish the filial love of the true-hearted emigrant girls, which has sent thousands of pounds across the sea to the dear old fathers and mothers at home! How Irish the strong love of kindred which has caused the prosperous settlers in new lands to send for brothers and sisters, till whole families, who parted in sorrow, have been re-united under the gleam of the Southern Cross! How Irish the buoyant, joyous temperament which never meets trouble half-way, but laughs at difficulties, and bravely sets them at naught! How Irish the generosity which has raised the noble cathedrals, the churches, convents, and schools, which consecrate this fair Australia of ours to God! How Irish the hospitality which gladly welcomes friends to share the good things God has given! How Irish! Well, yes, perhaps it is a little bit Irish the way in which I am running on, so I must pull myself up, though, after all, I should think my little task fairly done if the kind reader said of it, with a sympathetic smile, "How Irish!"

SUSAN GAVAN DUFFY, in Irish Monthly.

Gospel Truth.

AT the beginning of the scholastic year, we ask our readers to reflect upon these timely thoughts of the eloquent Bishop O'Farrell of Trenton, N. J.: "The church and the school," said the eloquent and zealous prelate, "comprise the life of a Catholic parish, and in these two words can be found all that is necessary for the progress of the church and the advancement of her children. Christian education is the true basis of all knowledge, and, so far from being bound by our faith, we alone are the freest of all. . . . All true knowledge is good, and belongs to God. The church has no fear of any future knowledge. She tells her children to go as far as they can and find God in all his works. . . . This land must remain a Christian land if it wants to remain a free land. In supporting your own schools as well as those established by the state—in paying double—you show you have more love of country than any other people. Without morality there can be no true citizenship. . . . Here in this country, if education is not founded on Christianity the country will cease to be Christian, and with Christianity will depart morality, and with morality, the ties that make men good citizens."

The Great Cardinal.

His Eminence, Cardinal Manning, Archbishop of Westminster, has just completed the eightieth year of a great and beneficent life. The venerable prelate, observes the Dublin Freemen's Journal, stands out prominently amongst the foremost men of the time, a notable figure. Sweetness and strength, and noble devotedness to lofty aims, distinguish him who, oppressed by the weight of years, labors all the more assiduously for the glory of God and the good of his fellow-men, because his time here below must be brief. Born and educated in the Protestant Church, he was, for a time, Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, and one of the select preachers in the University. Thence to a country living in Sussex, with an appointment as Archdeacon of Chichester, and thence "to Rome," was the course of his life. In 1851 he resigned all his preferments, and his accession to the Catholic Church was announced. Six years previously his great contemporary, John Henry Newman, had abandoned Protestantism, and the two converts have exercised an influence upon their countrymen more potent than can yet be understood. Their teaching and their practical work, stimulating hundreds to imitation and thousands to better and less selfish lives, extorted the respect of millions; and if England does not now echo from end to end with anti-Catholic clamor, the change is due to the two aged Princes of the church. Thirteen years have passed since the successor of the learned and saintly Cardinal Wiseman, in the See of Westminster, was raised to the Cardinalate by Pius IX. Many changes have taken place in the interval; and the ascetic form of the Cardinal bears traces of the laspe of time. But, erect as ever, clear in thought and language, he works with indomitable resolution. Driving from church to church on Sunday, he preaches sometimes three sermons in the course of a day, and the effort, which would prove excessive for many a strong man, seems to produce no fatigue. Temperance societies, confraternities, and all the countless affairs, great and small, of the Archdiocese are cared for by the personal direction of the wonderful old man. And, withal, he finds time to guide movements of a philanthropic character affecting the poor of all creeds, and promoted by men of all forms of religious belief. His is a marvellous and precious life, truly; and prayers that it may be prolonged for yet many years will be spoken from the hearts of many who are not Catholics.

The Founder of the Jesuits.

The Feast of St. Ignatius was this year observed at the Gesu, in Rome, with the usual solemnities. The First Pontifical Vespers were sung in the evening in the church where the body of the saint reposes, the music being supplied by two choirs under the direction of Maestro Meluzzi. The rooms occupied by the saint in the old

Casa Professa of the Jesuits in the Via Aracœli, now occupied by the Carabineers, were visited by numerous pious pilgrims. The saints' room, which has been transformed into a chapel, was so low that it was necessary to remove a portion of the ceiling to place the candlesticks on the altar. Hallowed memories are awakened by this sanctuary. It was here St. Ignatius and St. Francis Borgia died. On this very altar St. Charles Borromeo said his first Mass, and St. Francis de Sales celebrated the Holy Sacrifice, and here St. Philip Neri came to converse with St. Ignatius. The walls of the room are covered with autographs of saints, including the original compact by which the first Jesuits bound themselves to implicit obedience and to the service of the church, signed by the hands of St. Ignatius, St. Francis Xavier, the blessed Lefebvre, and Rodriguez, Lainez, Salmeron, and Bobadilla. The room occupied by Brother John Paul, the *socius* of St. Ignatius, has been changed into a sacristry. Farther on is the room in which the founder of the Society of Jesus wrote his constitutions. The statue there is clothed in his sacerdotal garb, and its feet covered with the sandals he wore. There also is the *loggia* where he used to meditate at night, and where he exclaimed as he contemplated the sky: *Quam sordet mihi tellus, quam cœlum aspicio!*

Aliens in the Majority.

Representatives Ford, Oates and Guenther of the congressional immigration committee sat in New York, Boston, and other cities. Chairman Ford said that they had already taken what was equivalent to seven hundred pages of printed testimony, and he would endeavor to get an order from the House to have the testimony printed at once. The investigation already made conclusively proved that the immigration and naturalization laws would have to be amended, and that the contract labor law had been openly violated and disregarded.

Referring more particularly to the testimony taken at Boston, Mr. Ford said: "The testimony taken before the committee showed that seventy-five per cent. of the men engaged in the fishing business were aliens, and that the American fishermen, like the American buffalo, are rapidly becoming extinct. The talk that was indulged in to the effect that the ratification of the fisheries treaty would drive out the American fishermen, is all nonsense, because there are really at the present time no American fishermen to drive out.

"The Gloucester bosses very industriously circulated that story because it was to their advantage to do so. Their vessels are nearly all manned by Canadians or other aliens because they work for lower wages than the native-born fisherman does. So it isn't a case of protection to 'our nursery for sailors,' as it has been prettily but untruthfully called, but of protection to one of our monopolistic combines, and the lower they can reduce wages, and the less competition they have, the better it is for them.

"Boarding Officer Colcord of Boston told the committee that five thousand Canadians came to Boston every year to work during the summer, and return home in the fall. Of this number twenty-five hundred were fishermen. It is my opinion that there is practically no such thing as an American workman, either male or female, to be found in the New England factories. The same thing seems to be happening there as with the fishermen. Aliens are driving them out, because the manufacturers find that they work for less money than our own people."

Mr. Ford and his associates were delighted with the hospitable treatment they received in Boston.

The Battle of Gettysburg.

THE battle of Gettysburg is remarkable not only for its results, but for the fierce and stubborn nature of the conflict itself. The armies on both sides were large, though not so large, perhaps, as to make the battle pre-eminent on that account. The figures on this point are interesting. Those given by the Comte de Paris may be accepted as obtained by careful investigation. The Army of the Potomac, without French's division, which had remained at Frederick, numbered 167,251 men; but nearly 28,000 were in the hospitals, and more than 21,000 were on detached service. The number of men present with their corps was 112,988, and that of men under arms 99,455. About 5,000 men came as reinforcement under Stannard and Lockwood, making a total of effective forces of 105,000 men and 352 pieces of artillery. But 2,750 troops were on duty at headquarters; the cavalry, numbering 10,500, were not seriously engaged; 3,000 to 4,000 were serving as additional guards near supply trains, batteries, etc., and there were probably 4,000 to 5,000 stragglers. The Comte de Paris therefore estimates the Union force seriously engaged at from 82,000 to 84,000 men. According to the official reports the Union loss was 2,834 killed, 13,709 wounded, including ten generals, and 6,645 prisoners, or 23,186 in all; but these figures do not tell the the whole story. The hospital records show the burial of 3,575 Union corpses, and it is estimated that 1,000 or 1,100 died of their wounds. It is estimated that Lee brought on the battlefield for actual service 68,000 to 69,000 men and 250 guns. The Confederates had 2,665 killed, 12,599 wounded, including 13 generals, and 7,464 missing, or 22,728 in all, making their losses almost exactly the same as those of the Union forces, though the latter army was the larger by one-fourth. These losses were enormous, being 27 per cent. of the Union army and 36 per cent. of the Confederate army. They are proofs of the stubborn bravery of both the blue and the gray, which the survivors of to-day can recall with pride as well as with sorrow.

ADVERSITY is very useful to those who profess to serve God.

The Southern Cross: New Ireland.

His Eminence, Cardinal Moran, recently visited Kilkenny, and, in reply to an address of welcome, the Cardinal delivered the following address:

My Lord Bishop of Ossory, Reverend Fathers, Mr. Mayor, and Dear Citizens: —

I scarce know what to say to reply to those addresses, so full of piety and affection, which you have been pleased to present, and yet I am no stranger to the virtues from which such piety and affection proceed. It was my privilege to be for twelve years associated with your venerable clergy in laboring amongst you, and I am an authentic witness of your earnestness and devotedness in every work of religion and education and charity. I am witness of your piety, of your unbounded generosity, and of your ever-abiding lively faith. It has pleased Providence that I should now labor in a distant field; but I can assure you that in that distant field of my spiritual labor I find the same faith, the same piety, the same devotedness. It is not, I am happy to say, in a material way that we have a new Ireland under the "Southern Cross." We have not those coercion laws which oppress this country. We have not that unjust, that unwise legislation that for centuries has blighted the industry, and weighed down the energies, of your people. We enjoy equal laws, and, thanks to the wisdom that has guided our great colonial empire, we have our own Parliament, make our own laws, and all enjoy the blessings, the material blessings, of peace and prosperity. But it is of the spiritual blessings I would wish particularly to speak.

There would seem as if a new Ireland, destined to fulfil Ireland's mission of old, to be the centre of civilization, the great centre of Catholic piety for the whole Southern world, had been transplanted to these distant lands. It would seem as if a fruitful branch of a fruitful tree had been wafted to a genial soil and there had taken root, and was soon clothed with blossoms and with fruit. The same virtues that have adorned your diocese, that have shown such fruitfulness in decking this country with schools and churches and religious institutions, the same fruitfulness marks that distant new Ireland under the Southern Cross. Some fifty years ago there was but one vicariate apostolic in all Australia; now there are twenty-five full organized dioceses in the same territory. There was then one school conducted by an ex-convict with a handful of children. In the one Diocese of Sydney alone there are, at present, about twenty thousand children receiving the blessings of Catholic religious instruction. We have not as yet celebrated the jubilee commemoration of the landing of the first nuns upon the Australian shore. And here I must award a due meed of praise to these heroic ladies, who, coming from their tranquil convents in Ireland, landed upon, at that time, an almost unknown region, to bring the blessings of their devotedness and their enlightened piety

to instruct the children of that land. We have not as yet, I say, commemorated the fiftieth anniversary of their landing upon the Australian shore, and yet in the one diocese of Sydney alone we have now more than sixty convents, all flourishing in their number and fruitful in their virtues and their good works. But you are not to suppose that if Irish faith has been so fruitful on Australian land that it has had no difficulties to contend against. That is not the way Providence pursues when conferring its choicest blessings. You have had here your ages of persecution, and those ages of persecution will produce their abundant and their joyous fruit. At no distant day you will have your own parliament to dictate laws for this chosen land, and the blessings of peace, the blessings of a true Christian liberty, shall smile upon the green hills of old Ireland. But Providence permits that your sufferings at home have been fruitful of blessings in our distant land. I should rather say, perhaps, that the first buds of this faithfulness that is in store for Ireland should appear under the Southern Cross on the distant shores of Australia. The first Catholics that came amongst us, perhaps I should say the first fruits of Catholic piety that were witnessed in Australia, we owe them to what is popularly known as the Rebellion of 1798. It is easy to brand the action of those devoted men with the name of rebellion; but every student of history will acknowledge that most of those who then took up arms in defence of their country were impelled by the result of piety and true patriotism, and it is to those devoted men who were sent as exiles to inhospitable shores, that we are indebted for the first foundations of the Catholic Church in Australia. The foundations were laid in sorrow. They were watered by the tears of the suffering exiles of Ireland, and those foundations thus cemented were blessed by God, and blessed is the sacred edifice that rests upon those foundations. These exiles had no consolations — no outward consolations of religion. They could only at night stand together and gaze upon that constellation that adorns our Southern hemisphere. They would look to the sign of the cross set in the heavens, and they would pray aloud to God that that sign of the victory of faith would not have been set forever in vain in the Southern skies, and their prayer was heard.

In those early days it was no unusual matter for a fervent Catholic, through the agency of an imperious master, to receive fifty lashes because he would refuse to attend at Protestant services. For more than fifty years that sort of rule held undivided sway. But this was only one feature of the terrorism that then prevailed. Catholics were obliged, when journeying to distant Australia on board the ship, to attend at Protestant services. Their children, when they landed, were put into Protestant orphanages, and were reared by Protestants. Many such still remain amongst us. When it was proposed to permit the Catholic children to receive a Catholic catechism for their instruction, they received the official reply that there were no such Catholic children; that the state regarded all the children in the orphanage as Protestants, and all should be reared as such; and every

communication that would tend to revive their Catholic faith in their hearts was regarded as an act of treason and was punished as such. But all this has passed away. Those were the days of storm, the days of winter; but springtime came, and with springtime came the summer sunshine. And, thanks be to God, the clouds of winter have forever passed from the Australian Church. We see it on every side now, and radiant with piety, walking abroad in all the splendor of religious worship, and impressing friends and enemies alike with the conviction that it is the only stay of social order throughout the Southern world. You will, perhaps, say to me that it is unwise to recall these harrowing memories of the past; but I do so as a lesson to you, who have suffered so much, and continue to suffer so much, here in this dear motherland; it is that you may see what fruitfulness of blessings in the ways of God repays those sufferings that are endured for conscience' sake; and, I must add, that so far as our Protestant fellow-citizens in Australia being severed from us by those memories, they themselves are the first to be ashamed of those penal enactments of past times. They are united with us, at present, in every bond of social fellowship. In every good work that is being carried on there are none more prominent than our Protestant fellow-citizens to aid us and assist us in the good cause in which we are engaged.

The Pope on Columbus.

At a time when the monument in Barcelona to the memory of Christopher Columbus is being unveiled, it may not be out of place to submit a few extracts from a recent Pontifical letter dealing with the exploits of the great explorer. "So far as Columbus is concerned," writes the Holy Father, "the excellence of his virtue and the abundance of benefits accorded by him to the Old World, as well as to the New, hold such a high and honored place in the annals of history that very few of humanity's benefactors can be at all compared with him.

"To us his memory is particularly dear, because he undertook perilous voyages, subjected himself to herculean labors, and ran many a risk with the view to prepare the way for preachers of the gospel in unknown lands, in order that they might be able to spread the knowledge of God among the innumerable children of men living in darkness and in the shadow of death.

"Desiring to do justice to the character of this wonderful man, and wishing to see the present generation emulate his zeal and many virtues, we heartily endorse the good work effected by your committee, and, as a mark of our sympathy, we tender you all, our apostolic benediction." Leo's appreciation of the efforts made by Columbus on behalf of Catholicity will be read with the deepest interest by Catholics in all portions of the civilized universe.

Antiquity of the Cross.

CARDINAL WISEMAN in his charming work, Fabiola, thus speaks of the great love manifested for the cross as the symbol of man's redemption: "The Christians," said Calpurnius, "are a foreign sect, the founder of which flourished many years ago in Chaldea. His doctrines were brought to Rome at the time of Vespasian by two brothers named Peter and Paul. Some maintain that these were the same twin brothers as the Jews call Moses and Aaron, the second of whom sold his birthright to his brother for a kid, the skin of which he wanted to make gloves of. But this identity I do not admit, as it is recorded in the mystical books of the Jews that the second of these brothers, seeing the other's victims give better omens of birds than his own, slew him, as our Romulus did Remus, but with the jaw-bone of an ass; for which he was hung by King Mordochaeus of Macedon, upon a gibbet fifty cubits high, at the suit of their sister Judith. However, Peter and Paul, coming, as I said, to Rome, the former was discovered to be a fugitive slave of Pontius Pilate, and was crucified by his master's orders on the Janiculum. Their followers, of whom they had made many, made the cross their symbol and adored it; and they think it the greatest honor to suffer stripes, and even ignominious death, as the best means of being like their teachers, and, as they fancy, of going to them in a place somewhere among the clouds."

Nine Remedies in Nine Sentences.

FOR a sore throat cut slices of fat, boneless bacon, pepper thickly, and tie around the throat with a flannel cloth. When stung by a bee or wasp, make a paste of common earth and water, put on the place at once and cover with a cloth. For a cold on the chest, a flannel rag wrung out in boiling water and sprinkled with turpentine, laid on the chest, gives the greatest relief. When a felon first begins to make its appearance, take a lemon, cut off one end, put the finger in, and the longer it is kept there the better. For a cough, boil one ounce of flaxseed in a pint of water, strain and add a little honey, one ounce of rock candy, and the juice of three lemons; mix and boil well; drink as hot as possible. Often after cooking a meal a person will feel tired and have no appetite; for this beat a raw egg until light, stir in a little milk and sugar and season with nutmeg; drink half an hour before eating. For a burn or scald, make a paste of common baking soda and water, apply at once and cover with a linen cloth. When the skin is broken apply the white of an egg with a feather; this gives instant relief, as it keeps the air from the flesh. At the first signs of a run round, take a cup of wood ashes, put in a pan with a quart of cold water, put the pan on the stove, put yonr finger in the pan, keep it there until the water begins to boil, or as long as it can be borne; repeat once or twice, if necessary.

The Laboring Man and Political Parties.

Now that the campaign is on, we find partisan sheets nearly strangling themselves to prove that their respective candidates are lying awake at night to frame measures for the amelioration of the working man. The laboring men happen to be in the majority in this country; but they never realize that fact so thoroughly as at election time. Vanderbilt and Gould, and Carnegie and William Scott, seem to be the whole United States outside of campaign year. Railroads, corporate trusts, and monopolies of every kind, can gain the eager attention of Congress and State Legislatures; but the laboring man goes on in the even tenor of his way, unnoticed and ignored. He is nothing but brawn and muscle, doing machine work and begrimed with dirt, and why should he be noticed?

The laboring man will never be respected by any of the great political parties, until he makes them respect him by the intelligence he manifests in casting his ballot. He has allied himself to both the old parties from time immemorial, and has yet to receive proper acknowledgment for the vast influence he wields in selecting public officers for public trusts. The farmer, the miner, the mill-worker, and the fisherman, are the agencies who make the soil and seas give up their wealth, and these four classes united can do anything with the ballot. They never did unite, however, and it is unlikely that they ever will. They would sooner listen to the deceptive and alluring promises of two parties, who laugh at them after they use them. This is the year in which the laboring men *do* live.

The Catholic, Pittsburg, Penn.

He Met His Match.

The tide has turned at last. A young man out in Arizona armed himself with a revolver and sallied forth to shoot a young woman who had declined the honor of his hand. But she was prepared for him. She read the papers and had frequently heard of shooting under like circumstances. She didn't refuse him without taking into account all the consequences that it might involve, and she quietly resolved that no discarded lover should get the drop on her. When the young man arrived at the house full of his deadly mission, he found the fair but cruel one doing the week's ironing. She didn't seem to suspect anything, and he anticipated an easy task in preparing her for the coroner's jury; but when he casually reached towards his hip pocket with the remark that her time had come, she said she guessed not, and knocked him down with the flat-iron, breaking his nose and loosening all his front teeth. Then with equal cheerfulness and prodigality she distributed the boiling contents of a tea-kettle about his person as he lay against the wood box, and when the family rushed into the kitchen to see what was the matter, they found her industriously mopping the floor with the rejected one. The next time he proposes to some Gertrude of Wyoming and is refused, he will probably concluded that that settles the matter and keep away.

A Bostonian in New York.

X.

MANY of you have heard of that part of New York called "Five Points," and I dare say you have never heard much that was good concerning it. The "Five Points" as it was known to memory exists no longer. The open space that still bears that name is still there, but changed wonderfully. Instead of the squalid rookeries and low drinking places that thickly inhabited it in former days, there are, at present, large mission schools and chapels and stores. Dirt, poverty, and crime still haunt the narrow and crooked streets running out of it; but the criminals are few, and their deeds not so infamous as their predecessors who made it a dangerous place for a respectable person to move through. The population around this section has changed in nationality as it has in character, and the Italian organ-grinder, the boot black, the Chinese laundries and opium dens, and the Jews' clothing establishments account for the most of the denizens of a neighborhood which, although not of the best to-day, was, in years gone by, the most dangerous part of the city. The North End and South Cove of Boston were much like "Five Points" years ago, and although a sloppy place to ramble through even to-day, it is not particularly disreputable. This peculiar name, "Five Points," was given this spot because it was the junction of five streets. There are many parts of New York which the peaceable citizen would be more careful to avoid than the "Five Points."

On a Saturday night the clothes merchants of the North End in Boston prepare for a harvest. This is their great night, and it is unnecessary to state specifically why this night above all others is the busiest one. Strolling along Hanover, Salem, and other streets in that part of Boston, one is frequently button-holed, while there warble through the air such announcements as these: "Sell you a good suit of clothes cheap;" "suspenders, collar buttons," and so on. All these stores have among their employers men, who, while they do not work inside, attend to the passers-by, and "call in trade." Once they get you inside, their duty is performed, and if a person leaves the premises without purchasing some goods, he is something more than the ordinary. Many of you have, no doubt, heard of Baxter street. This is the great Jew clothing section of New York, and is really a modern Jerusalem. If a person were innocent, and had seen but little of the world, it would not be a hard matter to make him believe that all the Jews were settled in this particular spot. Baxter street excels our Salem street more than a lion excels a kitten. One day, about the middle of the week, accompanied by two other young men, I happened more by accident than anything else, to find myself on Baxter street. On one side of the thoroughfare was a long row of stores and basements used for the same purposes, while the fronts were nearly, if not wholly, concealed by clothes, hanging from racks, enough in all, to conceal the

anatomy of every citizen of Boston. The streets and sidewalks are narrow, and it is hard for more than three persons to pass along abreast, and almost impossible for one person, except it be a policeman, to get along at all. Standing on the sidewalk, in front of these establishments, was a crowd of Jews, men, women, boys, and girls, engaged not only in calling in trade, but virtually dragging it in. I and my friends were evidently looked upon as fishes who would bite easily, and, as a consequence, our progress was heeded, and we were, without the least exaggeration, laid hold of, run against the walls, twirled round like a pin-wheel on a stick, talked to, and urged to buy by all of these. The children, too, are adept, and if they are not tall enough to clutch you by the throat, they will entwine their dirty little hands round your legs, grab your coat, and try other manœuvres which, to say the least, are decidedly annoying. We were scattered all around the street, and when we succeeded in freeing ourselves from one gang, it was only to be collared by another still more turbulent. Some of these dealers swung clubs, the same as policemen, and others had big sticks and canes, so that it would not have been safe to retaliate (although one had sufficent cause), if for no other reason than fear for his own personal safety. When I at last got off of this street it was with much pleasure, and I seemed to experience a feeling such as one might who had just escaped a great danger; and in this I was like my two friends, and as one of them truly said, "It was just like getting a bit of fresh air," to escape from this desperate crowd and dirty thoroughfare.

There are more Jews in New York than there are inhabitants in some good-sized cities, and they constitute an important element in the affairs of the city. You will see more Jews in New York city in one day than you will see in Boston in a month. There are a large number of synagogues, about thirty, I believe, where they attend services on their holydays. It would seem funny to say I saw a poor Jew, for whoever heard of such a thing? Yet, there are around the streets many of them with juvenile show-cases and boxes containing all sorts of wares. Some of the richest men in New York are Jews, and they conduct large business concerns. To look at the signs on the large buildings and immense stores it can at once be seen that they are very active. They own real estate in the city valued at over thirty million dollars, and if the visitor takes a stroll down Broadway, or any of the leading business thoroughfares, he will see Jewish names by the hundreds. They are, in many cases, successful merchants, bankers, brokers, actors, editors, etc., and probably they contribute less to the criminal classes than any other people.

Passing through Harrison avenue and Howard street, the Bostonian may truly be amazed to see how these sections of the Hub have been gobbled up by the Chinese. On Mott street, New York's "Chinatown," called by the latter name as much as any, the Chinese occupy nearly every building, basement, store, and house on either side of the long street. Washing is not their only occupation by any means. Here they are in every kind of business, — the cobbler, the grocer, the

butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker. Indeed, they occupy corners of the street, where they sell fruit like their Italian neighbors, and are engaged in most every calling practised by the "Melican" man, so that in New York truly, the Chinaman need not, and, I dare say, he does not, patronize any one but his own pig-tailed and almond-eyed countrymen. One big store, the Jordan, Marsh & Co. establishment of the street, has a large sign over the door, bearing the words "Wo Kee." This is the central bazaar for the Celestials of the city. Here may be purchased clothing, hats, shoes, ornaments, in fact everything that a Chinaman could desire to remind him of his native country, or make him contented in a strange land. There are Sunday-schools around, where some of the Chinese attend. They also have a temple of their own, where the pagan rites, in honor of a heathen idol, go on as they do in China. The Christian Chinese sing hymns and prays, while those who prefer to remain pagans bow before a gorgeously-gilded shrine, making their prayers to a hideous-looking god, painted on cigarette paper, and offering wine, orange-peel, and other delicacies before him. They act, while here, in a most peculiar way. Looking at this picture, they ask his opinion, with much reverence, before taking any important step. Whether they receive any definite answer or not I cannot say. But any one wishing to see their religious performances can do so on any Sunday at No. 18 Mott street. These Chinese elect a Mayor who is the "boss" and the great "Mogul" while in office. This election, which is an annual affair, is quite exciting among the Celestials, and if his Honor doesn't take care of the "heelers" he is likely to be defeated for a second term. The Chinese, as is well known, are inveterate gamblers. Those in New York work hard, but in the evenings and on Sunday "buck the tiger" and smoke opium. Going to Sunday-School to learn English, hitting the pipe, and playing at games of chance, are their great pastimes. "Fan-tan," and other games, are played in most of their establishments constantly, notwithstanding the numerous raids made by the police. They have become very secretive and can, it is said, spirit away an entire "layout" at a moment's notice. There are many Chinese who speak English fluently and are shrewd business men. It is thought by many that the day is not far distant when they will have in the city many large business establishments like other more enterprising foreigners. The Chinese are guilty of adding one more bad habit to an already long list of crimes in New York. That is the opium habit and the establishment of opium dens. The Chinese first started their opium dens around Mott street, and soon after admitted curiosity seekers to the place. The habit was soon taken up by gamblers, and depraved women, and, like all things which are injurious, spread rapidly, until places were established by the heathen especially for the Caucasians in the neighborhood. Others are said to be running in all parts of the city and all doing a good business.

Many thousands of Italians, or, as they are generally called, "Dagos," make New York their home. Their principal occupation consists in rough labor for wages that the ordinary working man would

starve on; rag-picking, boot-blacking, street music, and fruit vending. They are a class of people who waste little or no money. In fact, they may be said to be most economical as well as dirty. They will content themselves with abject privation for the sake of saving money, and though miserable in appearance few of them are beggars. They live on the several dirty streets in this dirty locality. They can rarely speak the English language; do not endeavor much to acquire it, and mingle but little with people of other nations. One thing, however, they do learn, and that is the value of the different pieces of money, and seldom, if ever, are guilty of mistakes in making change. Although we have many such Italians in Boston, we, on the other hand, have many that are good citizens and business men. But that is accounted for doubtless by the culture of the Hub. The Italians drink but little, if at all, and seldom get drunk. This is probably because the fiery liquid costs too much, and their economical habits will not allow them to indulge in it to any great extent. But when they do get drunk! Well, they make Rome howl then with a vengeance, and generally that terrible instrument of theirs, the stiletto, is brought into use, often with much damaging effect. Some of the Italians have pride about them, and stand well in the social circles. We find them teachers of music and languages, high in their professions, and others have devoted themselves to literary pursuits and the higher branches of trade.

The style in which the lower Italian lives is most wretched, abominable, and often criminal. Gotham's "Little Italy" is on Mulberry street. Most of the houses here are tumble-down old rookeries, in some cases never intended for habitation, and, therefore, worse than the worst buildings intended for that purpose, and they are all horrible enough. Old stables have been transformed into dirty stores and drinking places, and all the cellars are reached from the sidewalk to low dives. The population in this neighborhood is as thick and closely packed together as flies on fly-paper. There is nothing very modest about a good many of them. Women may be seen on the curb-stones and steps nursing babies; old women trudging along with enormous baskets and bundles on their heads; Jew peddlers selling refuse fish, meat, vegetables, and stale bread, with children running around in such great numbers that one might think of that popular ballad, "The Babies in Our Block!" One thing quite noticeable, is, that the women never wear bonnets, hats, or stockings, while corsets, bustles, and other modern traps and cages, are apparently not known to them. Their lower extremities are concealed in men's congress boots, and they flop up and down, at every step taken, like a boat toddling up and down at its mooring. An old skirt, a little beneath the knees, and a shabby covering of some kind on the upper parts of the bodies, complete their apparel. They work hard, especially the old ones, and their faces are wrinkled, worn, and haggard. It must be excruciating to an intelligent Italian coming to this country and seeing the squalor and filth in which the greater part of his country people live. Many of these

unfortunate people would be better off in their own sweet and sunny country which they are enticed to leave to come here, to a country that is pictured out to them as the fairest spot that the sun shines on, and, particularly, a place where everything they touch will turn into gold. It is only too soon that these poor Italians find out that they have been duped; but having little, if any, money they must remain and content themselves in a country where, amid splendors and riches, they must be enwrapped in filth and poverty, and confined to hard and unceasing labor. It is no wonder that many of them slave hard, and save their money, in the hope that some day they may be able to go back to their native land which is as dear to them as ours is to us, for to all mankind there is "no place like home." The "padrone" is an individual of the lowest type, and a terrible sight in the eyes of the Italians. He is the one they pay their rents to; he it is that places them around the city blacking boots and collects what money they take in, keeping the lion's share. There are many of these. They are in Italy sending the poor people to this country. They put them to work, collect the money for their labor, and give the working people a smaller part than they honestly make. The padrone runs the Italians of New York, and when he is brought to earth, and prevented from his cowardly dealings, the Italians of New York may see better days in a country that prides itself on its freedom, yet is not free to them.

It is in the interior of the houses that poverty, squalor, and filth are rife. Whole families and lodgers eat and sleep in one dirty room. This is so among all of the lower and poorer Italians in large cities; but there is more of it in New York, I believe, than in any other civilized city in the world. The overcrowding is something frightful. It was among such scenes that the Italian woman, Cignarale, lived and committed murder, for which crime she was sentenced to be hanged, but through the clemency of Gov. Hill had her fearful sentence commuted to imprisonment for life. Prison for her will certainly be a healthier abode than she has ever before had in this country. Poor as they are, their christenings and weddings are gay and charming. While mostly Roman Catholics, a great number of them never bother about church or religion of any sort. The missionaries and schools have been of invaluable assistance to these poor people, and while many of the mothers are working at picking or assorting rags, selling fruit, and other occupations, the offsprings are taken care of and schooled. A very pretty Catholic church has been built for their use, called after St. Anthony of Padua.

It is easy to tell, when walking along Phillips, Anderson, Garden, Joy, and other streets, that you are in a part of Boston thickly and almost exclusively peopled by negroes. This fact is also soon discovered while on and in the neighborhood of New York's Thompson street. "Africa" is a name given to a part of the latter thoroughfare, it being entirely inhabited by negroes. The Italians, too, have encroached somewhat in this vicinity. It is a well-known fact that an Irishman and a negro do not pull well together, and it is said that the

Italian, too, cannot get along well with his dusky neighbor. The colored people in Thompson street, and its environs, are of the poorer and often lower classes. They are described as being careless and shiftless, and do not save the pennies, and, as a result, do not have any dollars. They would live in palaces if they could, and poor as they sometimes are, do not live like the lower Italians, and have a great antipathy to filth and squalor. Consequently, when the Italian comes, the negro goes. On Minetta street are the humble but respectable homes of respectable colored people, who are said to be aristocratic in their tastes, and their social gatherings are pleasant and refined. Near by is a place called Minetta Lane. This is where the tougher element of the negroes abound in great numbers. Of a night they make a great noise, and the frequent filling up of the can with cheap beer is often the cause of much trouble. The women here are as bad as the men, and take a hand in everything that is going on. They do not seem to find much employment, and it is doubtful even if they look for work. Playing poker and policy is about all they attend to, the latter principally. They speak of their success at the game in this style: "I feel up agin luck dis mornin' an' she handed me ober fo' dollah." Ill luck is distinguished by such terms as: "De ole hoss mus' a lost a shoe to-day, 'cause I'm a dead loser, suah," or "De crumple in de moon's horn was turned down de oder night, so I spill all my boodle." There are several dirty rooms, in dirty buildings, where the games are played all day and night long. The police raid the dives at times; but it would be as hard to clean them out of existence as it would be to arrest the mighty rolling of the waters of Niagara. Of course, the colored people are not confined to this part of the city entirely; they are in other parts; as in Boston, they are at all the ends, with the West End in the lead. This part I am now mentioning is most assuredly the West End of New York as far as the colored people are concerned. There are several churches, social clubs, and societies of all kinds in this particular district for the Africans. On Bleeker street there is a modest but substantial little Catholic Church, named St. Benedict the Moor, which has a congregation made up mostly of colored people. Then there are the Methodist, Episcopal, Baptist, and other churches, which they attend.

"Germany" is a name often applied to that part of the city between Houston and Fourteenth streets. The population here, as might be supposed from the name given it, is distinctly German. German beer shops are numerous, and nearly all the signs on the stores bear German names, while the physiognomy of the people is easily detected. I have particularly mentioned the Jews, Italians, Chinese, and negroes. Are there no other nationalities here? Truly there are, and lots of them. I do not believe that there is even the remotest hamlet in the remotest country, and, in fact, every country, that is not represented in the population of New York city. The Spaniards and Portuguese are found at trades they brought over with them, while the Cubans, Norwegians, Greeks, Egyptians, and others, find something

at which to keep themselves busy. Last, but not least, the Irishman. Where will we look for him? He, like the city itself, is cosmopolitan. We find him everywhere and in every occupation. Some of them are the poorest, others the richest; some live in the worst parts of the city, others in the best; some hold the most humble positions while others hold the loftiest. There is nothing slow about the sons of Erin in America. In New York, like all other large cities, they rise to the highest point. They do not loaf around but are industrious, hard working, and enterprising. There is nothing so high but that they aspire to it with the greatest success. What can be said of Irishmen in New York can be said of them the world over. They are a people who not only will beautify the city by their muscle, but come very near ruling it by their brain. Perhaps the greatest of these in New York, in recent years, was the late John Kelly, the son of an Irishman, who, although abused like all men who rise to fame, was as honest a man as ever lived. When they come to this country they become Americans, though amid all their trials, troubles, and again prosperity and wealth, they never forget that little Green Isle across the sea, for which they always bear feelings of the greatest love, pride, and veneration. Some of the richest men in the city to-day are Irishmen. The fact that they succeed so well here is sufficient proof that they are good citizens, able to obey the laws of the country, as they are able to frame them in the legislative bodies of the city, state, and nation; and it is hoped not only by Irish, but by the majority of the people of this country, that they will some day have a chance in their own country; that the green flag shall wave over "College Green" in Dublin, a symbol of a suffering country's emancipation, — Home Rule for Ireland forever and forever.

WILLIAM F. DONOVAN.

Our Allegiance to Rome.

THE Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick, in his Pastoral to the first Provincial Council of St. Louis, explains to the satisfaction of all honest and intelligent Protestants the position of Catholics in America in regard to their temporal allegiance. The following extract is plain and concise in its bearing on the subject:

"We owe no temporal allegiance to the Bishop of Rome. We recognize, in the government under which we live, the power established by God for the regulation of society, supreme in all that constitutes the civil order, and always to be obeyed, whenever its requirements are not obviously opposed to the law of God. We maintain, indeed, the superiority of the spiritual over the temporal order. We maintain that the temporal ruler is bound to conform his temporal chastisements to the divine law. We maintain that the church is the supreme judge of all questions concerning faith and morals, and that, in the determination of such questions, the Roman Pontiff, as Vicar of

Jesus Christ, constitutes a tribunal from which there is no appeal, and to whose award all the children of the church must yield obedience.

"If this appear incompatible with the allegiance we owe to the civil ruler, it can only be in the minds of those who ignore the rights of conscience, or suppose that, in the most difficult and momentous questions, conscience has no certain rule by which to be guided, and who, in denying the paramount obligation of God's law, would establish, under the name of liberty, the most revolting despotism, — that which absolves power from its most obvious and sacred obligation of obeying Him from whom all power descends, and substitutes, for obedience, submission to a force that cannot successfully be resisted."

Silver Jubilee of a Great Prelate.

Archbishop Corrigan's Silver Jubilee, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his consecration to the sacred office of the priesthood, was celebrated at St. Patrick's Cathedral, on Thursday, 20th of September. The happy occasion called forth a demonstration of love and loyalty on the part of the clergy and laity that was indeed impressive, and that extended even beyond the fold. The vast Cathedral could not hold the throngs who flocked to it. And the old question comes, What went they out to see?

They went out and saw this: a magnificent and spontaneous demonstration of what Catholic unity, loyalty, faith, and reverence for pastor and the church really mean. The people there assembled differed on many matters; but in the church they were all one, and they recognized their Archbishop as their spiritual, gentle, and wise chief in this the foremost city of a greater and more powerful republic than Rome was.

The joyous occasion was happily celebrated with great eclat. A quarter of a century ago the Archbishop of New York was ordained. To-day, by God's grace, he is the head of one of the foremost dioceses of the world, and with, we hope and trust, many and many years before him to carry out and help to complete the glorious work of his great and venerated predecessors.

It is impossible to calculate or measure the influence that a man in Archbishop Corrigan's position can exercise on the moral drift, to put it largely, of our country and people. That he has won the hearts of his own flock and shepherds, was sufficiently testified by Thursday's demonstration, though, in truth, it needed no demonstration to testify to that fact. The Archbishop's gentle firmness has made itself felt, not only in the church, but outside of it.

In these days, when public men blazon themselves, and get their henchmen to blazon them, it is a pleasure and a pride to Catholics to

see their prelates and priests so reserved, so modest and retiring, so wholly in the world, yet not of it. This was a beautiful characteristic of the venerable Cardinal McCloskey. It won for him the heart of New York, and the respect of the American people. It has been inherited by the successor whom he chose.

Noteworthy offerings on the anniversary day were those of the clergy of the Diocese to the Archbishop, of a purse of $18,400, and a cheque for $10,000 from Mr. Eugene Kelly towards the new Seminary, the great work which the Archbishop has set his heart on erecting in the near future.

The Catholic Review, New York.

The Two Platforms.

THE Christian Union: Two policies are proposed. The Democratic party proposes to confine appropriations of public money to such sums as are necessary for an economical administration of the government; to retain the tax on alcohol; to modify the tax on tobacco, and to reduce the tax on imports by admitting raw materials free of duty, and by reducing taxes on all articles of necessity.

	REP.	DEM.
Tax on tobacco	Abolish	Modify.
Tax on alcohol	Reduce or abolish	Retain.
Tax on raw materials	Retain	Abolish.
Tax on necessaries	Retain	Reduce.
Tax on luxuries	Retain	Retain.
Object of tax	Protection	Revenue.
Expenditures	Liberal	Economical.

Discard Stays.

NO mother should allow her daughter to wear stays while she is under her charge. If a girl never begins to wear corsets, I promise her she will not require them. But woe if she once begin to wear them, for then she will not be able to do without them, for they weaken the spine, and once weakened it cannot dispense with the false support it has long depended upon. Believe me, the most beautiful and graceful figures are those which have never been in steel or whalebone. I will risk all I possess in a wager that if you never put stays on a little girl she will not require them when she becomes a woman, and she will have a figure that every one will admire and covet. A young girl with a slight, supple, yet firm, figure, certainly needs no corset; and a woman, however stout she may be, will always look fleshier and stiffer in stays than without them. Loose jackets and flowing draperies are far more becoming to a stout figure than tight stays; and as for young, slim girls and women, all they need is a band round the waist to mark its natural curve. I, who write these lines, am

a stayless being; and I need not blush if I tell you at this distance that my dress-makers used to say that among all their ladies there was not one who had a more perfect figure. To use their expression, I was "moulee." You see, I speak in the past tense; years have changed the once youthful figure to more matronly proportions; but I can still exercise, touching the ground without bending the knees, and perform other gymnastic feats above mentioned. I have proven by experience that the corset is not necessary, and urge all to do without it. An elastic, tight-fitting jersey will support your figure quite enough, if it needs support.

Ninon, in Dress.

The Pope's Encyclical on Liberty.

We have been trying for some months to print this remarkable document. It is one of the best, if not the very best, that has ever issued from the fertile brain of our great Pope. Says an Irish exchange: —

"Different reports are in circulation regarding the length of time devoted by the Pope to the preparation of his encyclical on liberty. Some say that the document was written in eight days. Others assert that three days only were occupied on it, and that it was an answer to the recent demonstration made in the polling booths by the municipal electors of Rome. The press men, who assume the paternity of these rumors, ignore one of the chief characteristics of Leo XIII. The Supreme Pontiff is never known to do anything in a hurry, and is even exceptionally slow in issuing an encyclical. It is now stated on the best authority that the letter on liberalism occupied his Holiness's attention for no less than three years. The decision of the Pope is always final; but he does not adopt any decision without grave and mature thought. He is also very difficult in the matter of style, and is fond of clothing his thoughts in choice and elegant language. From intimate sources it is now known that he first drew out a skeleton of his liberty encyclical in Italian, and subsequently prepared all his notes in the same language. After this part of the work was completed he handed it to his secretaries, who translated the document into Latin. The translation was corrected and recorrected ten times, and was finally adopted by the Pope as the definite text. Internal evidence, moreover, goes to prove that much thought and labor must have been expended on this marvellous encyclical."

We will make a New Year's present of this important document to the patrons of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE in the January issue. That is, we will give the encyclical in addition to the hundred pages of the MAGAZINE, making that issue ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE PAGES. We hope our subscribers will make on effort to add to our list the coming year by sending us one or more new ones.

Religious Education of Children.

As an evidence that Catholic opinion on the non-religious character of education under the public school system (says the Catholic Mirror) is approved, and that the evil results of elementary religious instruction in the training of children are fully appreciated and con-

demned, we quote from the Episcopal Churchman the following scathing indictment:

"It is noteworthy, though it is perfectly natural, that absconding clerks and other defaulters are mostly men who have received such learning as they possess from public schools. That the public schools do turn out a large number of smart men is indisputable; but their neglect of moral teaching and training, which is confessed by their best friends, makes them quite as likely to turn out smart rogues as competent citizens. . . . It is greatly to be feared that the indirect effect of the methods of teaching in our schools is distinctly and unequivocally immoral. In nearly all secular schools the one thing which is always kept before the mind of the scholar is the indispensable necessity of getting on. The stimulus of emulation is constantly applied. Year after year children are impressed with the thought that the first duty of life is to get ahead of other people. Success in competition is made the great object of their daily work. Why should one wonder if the practical outcome of many years of such training should prove to be disastrous to morality? Teach a child that success in getting on is the supreme object of all his efforts; teach him little or nothing of the conditions of right success; practically ignore duty as the guide of every step in life; and then, why should you wonder if the result of your fine system of education proves to be the making of a successful (or unsuccessful) rogue?"

WHO IS SWINTON?

THE following is a brief sketch of Swinton, about whose book so much has been said in Boston for the past few weeks. The account is taken from the second volume of Gen. Grant's Memoirs, 47th chapter, pages 143–145.

"A few days before my" (Gen. Grant) "departure from Culpepper, the Hon. E. B. Washburne visited me there, and remained with my headquarters for some distance south, through the battle in the Wilderness and I think to Spottsylvania. He was accompanied by a Mr. Swinton, whom he presented as a literary gentleman who wished to accompany the army with a view of writing a history of the war when it was over. He assured me, and I have no doubt Swinton gave him the assurance, that he was not present as a correspondent of the press. I expressed an entire willingness to have him (Swinton) accompany the army, and would have allowed him to do so as a correspondent restricted, however, in the character of the information he could give. We received Richmond papers with about as much regularity as if there had been no war, and knew that our papers were received with equal regularity by the Confederates. It was desirable, therefore, that correspondents should not be privileged spies of the enemy within our lines.

"Probably Mr. Swinton expected to be an invited guest at my headquarters, and was disappointed that he was not asked to become so. At all events he was not invited, and soon I found that he was corresponding with some newspaper (I have now forgotten which one), thus violating his word either expressed or implied. He knew of the assurance Washburne had given as to the character of his mission. I never saw the man from the day of our introduction to the present,

that I recollect. He accompanied us, however, for a time at least. The second night after crossing the Rapidan (the night of the 5th of May), Col. W. R. Rowley, of my staff, was acting as night officer at my headquarters. A short time before midnight I gave him verbal instructions for the night. Three days later I read in a Richmond paper a verbatim report of these instructions. A few nights still later (after the first and possibly after the second day's fighting in the Wilderness), Gen. Meade came to my tent for consultation, bringing with him some of his staff officers. Both his staff and mine retired to the camp-fire some yards in front of the tent, thinking our conversation should be private. There was a stump a little to one side and between the front of the tent and the camp-fire. One of my staff, Col. T. S. Bowers, saw what he took to be a man seated on the ground, and leaning against the stump, listening to the conversation between Meade and myself. He called the attention of Col. Rowley to it. The latter immediately took the man by the shoulder, and asked him in language more forcible than polite what he was doing there. The man proved to be Swinton, the "historian," and his replies to the questions were evasive and unsatisfactory, and he was warned against further eavesdropping.

"The next I heard of Mr. Swinton was at Cold Harbor. Gen. Meade came to my headquarters, saying that Gen. Burnside had arrested Swinton, who at some previous time had given great offence, and had ordered him to be shot that afternoon. I promptly ordered the prisoner to be released, but that he must be expelled from the lines of the army, not to return again on pain of punishment."

Wonderful Increase of Our Children.

Mr. E. C. Carrigan, of the State Board of Education and the Boston School Committee, had a very sensible article in a recent number of the Boston Daily Herald, in which he severely criticised the action of the leaders of the present crusade against the Catholics. He says:

"In presenting reasons for the enactment of the illiterate minor bill, I found it important to consult the reports of the Bureau of Statistics and Labor. As a wholesale disfranchisement of the Irish in the city and state is proposed by our British-American friends, I have thought that I might be of service to those who are seriously contemplating 'Irish extermination,' by calling their attention to some interesting, if not valuable, data found in the census of the commonwealth for the period ending 1885. By this census, it will be seen that the children of Irish parentage now residing in Boston numerically exceed those of the children of Massachusetts parentage by 89,763; while the same report, for the state, shows an excess of 69,790 children of Irish parentage over those whose parents were natives of Massachusetts. No one should be misled by these figures, for I have simply taken the two highest classes of people in the commonwealth to show the ratio of the so-called 'Irish-American' to that of the 'native Americans,' whose fathers and mothers are to the manor born. If, now, we add the 8,508 children who are half Irish, and whose mother or father were born in Massachusetts, the ratio will be 98,271 to 50,977, or nearly two to one.

"So much for Boston, where, as we have observed, it is determined that, in the coming election for school committee and other departments of the city government, 'the Irish shall be swept from the board.' It is not necessary to print the census of other cities in the state, which show like ratios, the whole number of persons in the commonwealth whose parents were both Irish, being 518,931, and those whose parents were both natives of Massachusetts, being 449,141. That there may be no doubt as to the correctness of these statistics, I will quote directly:

BOSTON.

Place of Birth.		Males.		Females.		Both Sexes.
Father.	Mother.	Native.	Foreign.	Native.	Foreign.	
Ireland . . .	Ireland . . .	33,528	30,933	34,084	42,195	140,740
Massachusetts,	Massachusetts,	24,976	60	25,865	76	50,977
Massachusetts,	Ireland . . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	3,323
Ireland . . .	Massachusetts,	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	5,185

THE STATE.

Children.

Place of Birth.		Males.		Females.		Both Sexes.
Father.	Mother.	Native.	Foreign.	Native.	Foreign.	
Ireland . . .	Ireland . . .	127,187	112,496	131,452	131,452	518,931
Massachusetts,	Massachusetts,	217,500	268	231,058	314	449,141

"It is not necessary to discuss probabilities of a growth of these ratios, nor comment upon the right of class representation; yet, in view of the rapid increase of 'the foreign element,' I have thought that it might not be unwise for our friends, who are marshalling their anti-Irish forces, to look philosophically at the facts, and, having reviewed the constitution and bill of rights, to suggest the following, as a fitting topic for a Sunday lesson in Tremont Temple:

"'All religious sects and denominations, demeaning themselves peaceably, and as good citizens of the commonwealth, shall be equally under the protection of the law; and no subordination of any one sect or denomination to another shall ever be established by law.'"

Pussy, We are all Alone.

THE Florida fever sufferers are receiving sympathy and substantial comfort from all quarters. A most pathetic story, an incident of the plague, is thus told. A little white boy, about seven years old, had been discharged cured from the Sand Hills, and found his way from his present guardian's side to his old home, in which, during his illness, his father, mother, and sister had died and the house was shut up. He asked the people round for his father and mother, and the poor little fellow was finally told that all his people were dead. He stooped down and picked up the cat, which had been the only thing to welcome him home. He sat down on the doorstep of his father's house, fondled the cat in his arms, and said, in a piteous voice: "Pussy, there are only you and I left now. We are all alone." After some time the neighbors got him to go to one of their houses with the only friend of his old home in his arms.

Marrying His Own Niece.

THE Catholic Mirror has an article on this statement which is going the rounds of the press.

"The dispensation granted by the Pope to Prince Amedeo to marry his own niece, the Princess Lætitia Bonaparte."

In the case at issue it is not a question of Papal infallibility, but of the Pope's *supreme jurisdiction* over the laws *purely* ecclesiastical. The church, being a visible society constituted by Jesus Christ, has received from Him the power to make laws and dispense from their observance according as the spiritual good of the faithful under her government demands. That the Catholic Church possesses this power is of faith, for it was so defined by the Council of Trent. Now, as the law concerning the *diriment* impediment of marriage between uncle and niece is *purely ecclesiastical*, and *not divine*, the church, which possesses the power of making that law, has, most naturally, the power of dispensing from it. Hence, whenever in particular cases, the dispensation is granted, what was an impediment is no longer an impediment. Of course, such dispensation requires a cause; but of the adequateness of the cause, or of the lawfulness and advantage of the dispensation, the church herself is necessarily the sole judge. The practical conclusion from this premise is, that if the Pope had not granted the dispensation from the impediment of consanguinity in the case of Prince Amedeo and Princess Bonaparte, their marriage would be *null* and *void*, and the crime of *incest* would follow; but with the previous dispensation (and not with the *licensing*) from that impediment, the marriage is *valid*, and there is no *incest*.

Our Episcopalian *exposer* qualifies that dispensation *an abomination*, and very much like an attempt at dispensing from one of the Ten Commandments. We have anticipated the answer to all this, when we stated that the church is *the sole judge* of the adequateness of the cause, or of the lawfulness and advantage of the dispensation, and that the church has no power in dispensing from *divine* laws, — for instance, from the *Eighth Commandment*, — but she, the church, has the divine power of making laws and of dispensing from them. The like dispensation has been granted to parties that are not of royal blood; in fact, there is one family, English as well as Neapolitan, in which a dispensation for a marriage between uncle and niece was granted early in the present century.

The Episcopalian *exposer* may hold his mind and heart in peace, that the Catholic Church, whether through her bishops in ecumenical council or through the Pope alone, is governed by the indwelling spirit of truth and holiness, and her action is always upholding and fostering both the divine, natural, human, and ecclesiastical principles of morals. The Catholic Church is guiding the souls divinely intrusted to her care *strongly and sweetly*, soars above human passions and considerations, and never yields to man's request for dispensation from *her own laws*, unless the cause in favor of it is

real, strong, and leading to spiritual good. With the church the laws governing the Christian marriage always stand uncompromising with man's passions and power. The fewness of dispensations in the case at issue points the exception which, according to the golden maxim, confirms the rule. The Episcopalian *exposer* may rest assured that, notwithstanding the made lawful marriage of Prince Amedeo with his own niece, Princess Lætitia Bonaparte, uncles and nieces will make no effort to get married to one another any more than they felt like doing before the aforesaid royal marriage; but even if they should feel inclined to try the repetition, if they be Catholics, they would soon find out that the *resolution that it is lawful, under any circumstances, for a man to marry his niece* may exist with the House of Bishops (Episcopalians), but not with the Catholic Church.

The Christian Brothers.

On the 20th of September, the most important Catholic educational institution in Great Britain, save, perhaps, the Jesuit's College at Stonyhurst, was opened at Tooting, England, by Cardinal Manning, in presence of the Bishops of Southwark and Portsmouth, many priests, and a great concourse of people. Tooting College is the *chef d'œuvre* of the Christian Brothers. It has a claim on American interest from the fact that it owes its existence to two Americans. Its president, Brother Potamian, is a New-York city boy, better known to the world of science as Dr. O'Reilly, and the Provincial of the Order in Britain and Ireland is Brother Clementian, a native of Baltimore, and very well known throughout America. These men invented the college, carried it through to the completion of the whole building, and fitted it with school furniture bought in America by Dr. O'Reilly last winter, and it is probable that this example will revolutionize the awkward archaic furniture of European schools. The total cost of the college to the present time is about four hundred thousand dollars. The site is on land confiscated when Merton Abbey was suppressed, over three centuries ago, and, all in all, this is probably the most important Catholic foundation in England since that time.

The institute of the Brothers of the Christian schools now numbers 1,200 establishments, scattered throughout the world. There are 11,712 brothers, and 1,670 schools, with 307,387 pupils, besides many colleges and boarding-schools.

When young Jenkinson told his father that he'd only been out on a little lark, the old gentleman muttered that "he guessed there was more swallow than lark."

Keep a constant watch over your tongue, and when you are with others speak of important things alone, and then only when you are asked. — *St. Bonaventure.*

House-Keepers and Home-Makers.

House-keepers and home-makers is the unique and highly finished setting of a series of articles on the art of cooking which first appeared in the Boston Herald, and was read with zest by all women readers, and, doubtless, by many men readers, and the permanent form in which they are now presented to the public is due to the favor with which they were received. Such information and instruction is a delight coming from a woman who ranks high as a successful journalist, and another proof that the knowledge and mastery of house-keeping enhances the lustre of pursuits and accomplishments not materially connected with the home. Mrs. Sallie Joy White is the author of this book, which is replete with the freshness and charm of a novel, without deviating one iota from its purpose of a safe guide of all that pertains to the happiness and elevation of the home and well-being of its inmates. It is no ordinary cook-book, for aside from its receipts on cooking, it contains valuable hints on Cereal and Health Foods, The Breakfast Hour, Kitchen and Cellar, Made-over Dishes, What to Eat, An Emergency Dinner, Jellies and Preserves, Salads, The Servant Question, and many others equally useful. No one can read the book without being benefited by its perusal. House-keepers and Home-Makers, by Sallie Joy White, for sale by Jordan, Marsh & Co.

After the Boston Pattern.

CATHOLIC Columbia: Pittsburgh papers contain mention of the ferment among the Protestant ministers and people of that locality, because Father Sheedy, on the part of the Catholic children, who constitute the great bulk of those in the district, rented a portion of the public school of his ward, and introduced Sisters as teachers. Those ministers who are proverbially bitter, whenever matters do not go on in the way they would desire, denounced Catholicity from their pulpits, Sunday last, and arrangements are set on foot for public meetings of protest. It is a clear case of "The Other Ox Gored." Hundreds of people of Pittsburgh can recollect when the sects,—probably from having no churches of their own,—used the Eleventh Ward school and other public schools, as a matter of course, on Sundays. Now, they are frothing at the mouth because Catholics use one of the same buildings for, as they allege, "religious purposes." How consistent these preachers of "good-will to all men" are!

Editors Differ.

From the Journal of Education, Boston.

THE editor said in regard to the withdrawal of Catholic children from the public schools: "Every American interest would say to them, 'Go, and stand not upon the order of your going!' It will save Boston more than two hundred thousand dollars a year to have every child of foreign-born parentage taken from the public schools; it will raise the standard of scholarship in the public schools; it will make many of the public schools much more refined; it will greatly reduce the occasions for corporal punishment."

From the Popular Educator, Boston, in reply to the above.

"These reflections are not true, and are born largely of prejudice. The 'standard of scholarship,' age for age, is as high in the schools made up of the children of foreign-born parentage as of native. If there is any difference, it is not in birth, but in age and circumstance. We question, too, whether there is 'more refinement,' genuine and from the heart, in the Back Bay schools than in the schools composed of the 'children of foreign parentage.' Indeed, from what we ourselves have seen, we hesitate not to declare that the scales tip downward (?) toward this 'child of foreign parentage.' And as for corporal punishment, it is notorious that the 'children of foreign parentage are more amenable to the kind words and sparkling eyes of their teacher than the native children are; especially those natives born to look through plate glass windows. But why this discrimination in a democracy? It is not argument; it acomplishes nothing of good; and it is false."

THE Catholic newsboys of New Orleans have their own chapel, and attend Mass at five A. M. daily.

WE reproduce elsewhere, from the Dublin Freeman of Sept. 13, the substance of an interview, which a representative of that paper had with Mr. A. Shuman, of the firm of Shuman & Co., Boston, during his recent visit to Ireland, for the purpose of inspecting the woollen mills in that country.

Hero and Heroine.

THE funeral of Patrick Tracy, who was killed Sept. 20, while endeavoring to save a human life at the Old Colony station in Hyde Park, Mass., took place from the Catholic church in that town Sunday afternoon, Sept. 24. A large number of people was present. Rev. Richard J. Barry recited the services for the dead, and paid an eloquent and touching tribute to the character of the deceased. "How much he loved his fellow-men," said the speaker, "he has proved time and again by acts of heroism while about his laborious work, and no soldier met a braver death than did Patrick Tracy when he laid down his life for his neighbor. The possessor of millions can do no more than this He was, although poor in this world's goods and uneducated, one of nature's noblemen, and deserving of reward at the hands of his heavenly Father, who in calling him home, did it so mercifully."

MISS HANNAH M. DONOVAN, the young lady who so bravely rescued a Boston man from drowning at Nantasket Beach, in July last, was given a surprise party at the handsome summer cottage of her brother-in-law, Mr. John F. Callaghan, one of the directors of public institutions, on the evening of Sept. 11. On this occasion Miss Donovan was remembered for her brave act by the residents of the beach. After all the guests, to the number of a hundred and ten, had arrived at the cottage, Hon. Patrick Maguire presented the young lady with a superb gold watch studded with diamonds, rubies, and sapphires, and suitably inscribed, which had been specially ordered from Tiffany's, New York. Miss Donovan was overwhelmed with surprise, but managed to murmur her thanks. On the same occasion Mr. and Mrs. Callaghan, who have just returned from a tour in Europe, were presented by their many friends with a magnificent solid silver tea set valued at five hundred dollars. The presentation speech was made by Hon. John B. Martin. The party then adjourned to the dining hall, and after a bountiful collation had been disposed of, singing, dancing, and sociability were in order. Those present on the double occasion included many prominent Boston city officials and others. It was in the early morning hours when the company dispersed.

Trading in Apostacy.

LIVERPOOL Catholic Times: Fifty Presbyterian ministers now preaching in Canada and the states, says the Christian Age, were formerly Roman Catholic priests! Not only so, but Methodists, Protestant Episcopalians, and even Baptists, have each their quota of "converted" priests serving in their various ministries. One explanation, we fancy, of this ridiculous fable is, that not a few Protestant ministers in America pretend that they once were priests, when, as a matter of fact, they never said Mass in their lives. They find that the reputation of being a convert attracts attention, and seasons lectures wonderfully. In a word, the profession of being a convert pays, and therefore it is followed. If any Catholic, with spare time, finds himself in the neighborhood of a professed apostate priest acting as a Protestant minister, he would do well to persuade "deacons," or other paymasters of his chapel, to ask him for some proofs of his ordination. If there really are in America fifty Presbyterian ministers who profess to have been priests, we venture to say not five of them could prove the truth of their statement.

WHERE can you buy musical instruments, especially *violins*, cheaper, and better than you can of Clark Powers, 86 Court street, Boston, up one flight? He repairs all kinds of musical instruments, and sells very cheap, cheaper than any place in Boston. Give him a call and be convinced.

FRESH meat, beginning to sour, will sweeten if placed out of doors in the air over night.

In a Sunday School.—After hearing a number of little boys, none of them over ten years of age, and some younger, their lessons in the Catechism, I commenced to impart a little information to them of a religious character. Who is the Archbishop of Boston? was the first question. There was a profound pause among the group of half dozen youngsters when one of them finally said, "Williams, ain't it?" What is the Pope's name? Only one knew this, but he was puzzled about the figures "XIII.," not knowing why they were used. One answer that rather amused me was the reply made to this query: Who makes the Pope? One of the little boys spoke up and said "The people." Imagine it! The people electing the Pope! Holding a convention of the people to select a successor to St. Peter! This was indeed rich. Many more questions of a similar nature were asked; but alas! their knowledge was limited to a painful degree.

The Pope has instituted an Order of Knighthood for Women, the members of which will bear the title of "*Matrone del Santo Sepolcro*" (Matrons of the Holy Sepulchre).

Catholic Children Ahead.

We have repeatedly called attention to statistical statements which show that, in the matter of thoroughness and efficiency, our Catholic schools are not behind those under state patronage. There were in Ireland, in the month of June, what are called "intermediate examinations," and the result is, that without any external advantages, the Catholic students have succeeded in carrying off no less than 420 prizes, as against 295 for students of all other forms of belief, representing the substantial money value of $18,790 out of a total of $32,905.

The Rev. P. J. Garrigan, rector of St. Bernard's parish, Fitchburg, Mass., for thirteen years, has lately announced to his congregation that he has decided to accept the call to fill the vice-rectorship of the new Catholic University. Father Garrigan explained his motives for adopting this course, and said he did not accept the position for the sake of honors. In closing his remarks he said that as he entered the parish quietly and unostentatiously, so also did he wish to leave without any celebration, or speech-making, or testimonials of any kind.

Immigration.

The tables show the total number of immigrants arriving in this country during the years 1880–1887, inclusive respectively as follows: 1880, 593,-702; 1881, 720,045; 1882, 730,349; 1883, 570,316; 1884, 461,346; 1885, 350,510; 1886, 334,203; 1887, 490,109. Grand total, 4,520,580. Germany is in the lead, with a total of 1,236,926, or a percentage of 29 of the whole number of arrivals. Ireland comes next, with 534,991.

Everything in the way of painting, decorating, and fancy work, required for churches, halls, or temples, can be performed by one of the oldest and most reliable firms in Boston, namely, W. J. McPherson & Co., Tremont street. If forty odd years' experience in the business is a test of perfection, certainly Mr. McPherson lays claim to this term. Stained glass, in all its various shades, for churches, monasteries, or schools, can be procured, and everything in the art of painting, glazing, etc., can be performed by this, the oldest firm of the kind in the city.

On Sunday, the 30th of September, Requiem Masses were celebrated by direction of the Holy Father in all the churches throughout the world, for the suffering souls in purgatory. These Masses were the closing services of the Sacerdotal Jubilee.

Shamrock Dew.

This is the title of a new Irish national drink invented and copyrighted by Von Lear & Co., the great importers of lemon and lime fruit juices, 383 and 385 Atlantic avenue, Boston. It is a most delicious beverage, and sparkles like the finest champagne. It is entirely unalcoholic, and far surpasses any other temperance beverage yet invented.

A New Work on Mexico.

Now that our southerly neighbor, the Mexican Republic, is stepping out from the dreamy, yet unrestful, atmosphere that has hung around her since the days of Cortes, and coming closer to us through the lines of traffic and reciprocal interest, there is something valuable, as well as timely, in a work that pictures her truly as she is. It was a felicitous thought of two Catholic literary ladies, who are unsurpassed in their line as observers and writers, to group into one compact monograph, the series of articles that have come from their pens, as the results of recent tours in the land of Montezuma. As the outcome we have the unique book, issued from the house of Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mexico, Picturesque, Political and Progressive, under the joint authorship of Mrs. Mary E. Blake, the much-appreciated writer in verse and prose, and Mrs. Margaret F. Sullivan, the author of Ireland of To-Day. In view of the two names upon its frontispiece, it is needless to say that a work is to be expected that both in facts, and the style in which they are stated, will fully warrant a perusal.

In the initial portion of the book, which has to do with Mexico mainly in its picturesque aspects, we recognize the incisive observation and facile pen of Mrs. Blake. There is a peculiar charm in the grace of diction and fancy with which she ushers the reader's imagination into the half real, half romantic, suggestiveness of the Southland, and gives novel glimpses of the characteristic scenes and objects that greet the view. The City of Mexico is effectively presented, and much of its inherent interest, that has heretofore escaped comment, is elicited. The lanes and by-ways form the theme of a fascinating chapter, as also her observations on the Southern Slope. To Catholics there will be rare satisfaction in finding the themes of shrines and pilgrimages treated by a sympathetic, rather than a hostile, hand. In the literature of Mexico she finds a congenial field, and happily supplements it with the excerpts on Mexican novels and blossoms of verse which mark the close of her portion of the volume.

In the portion devoted to political and progressive Mexico, we have topics which do not usually fall to womanly presentation, treated with marked clearness and force by Mrs. Sullivan. The customs and the present and prospective development of the country are described in a manner to convey neither a biassed nor a disparaging judgment. In treating of the popular amusements and methods of money-getting, after fairly deprecating some of their features, she adds the following passage, calculated to show her conviction that the shafts of criticism, which have been levelled against the Mexicans, could be more forcibly directed against others: —

"But when I read, the other day, the story of the evictions of Bodyke, Ireland, where bed-ridden old women and half-naked children were thrown out into ditches; the roofs that sheltered them, — in many cases built by their kindred, — torn down lest they should reclaim their own; and all this to extort by terror from others rents that land and labor combined could not pay, the lot-

tery, the bull-fight, and the cock-pit, as means of money-making, become civilized by comparison."

Altogether it may fairly be claimed that the work has a dual interest in keeping with its dual authorship, and will afford an intelligent estimate of a member of our family of American republics that is too little known or appreciated.

HENRY O'MEARA.

The Coming Race.

DR. O. A. BROWNSON has beautifully said of what the youth of the country, properly directed, could do to improve society by raising the tone of moral feeling and the standard of intelligence: "These Catholic young men who now feel that they have no place and find no outlet for their activity, are the future, the men who are to take our places, and carry on the work committed to us. We must inspire them with faith in the future and encourage them to live for it. Instead of snubbing them for their inexperience, quizzing them for their zeal, dampening their hopes, pouring cold water on their enthusiasms, brushing the flower from their young hearts, or freezing up the well-springs of their life, we must renew our own life and freshness in theirs, encourage them with our confidence and sympathy, raise them up if they fall, sooth them when they fall, and cheer them on always to new and nobler efforts. . . . Bear with them, tread lightly on their involuntary errors, forgive the ebullitions of a zeal not always according to knowledge, and they will not refuse to listen to the counsels of age and experience. They will take advice, and will amply repay us by making themselves felt in the country by elevating the standard of intelligence, raising the tone of moral feeling, and directing public and private activity to just and noble ends."

The Widow's Mite.

IT was the custom of the Jews, at the time when our Saviour was on earth, to put money into boxes which were placed at the entrance of the temple. This was called the treasury, and the money deposited there was used for the support of the priests who officiated in the temple, and for the relief of the poor. Some of the rich people of those times, like some rich people of to-day, were very vain, and loved to let others, who were less wealthy, see how charitable and generous they were in their alms-giving. One day as our Lord sat near the treasury, he watched the rich men come to the box, and place in it their contributions with much pride, and he was greatly displeased for he could see the vanity of their hearts.

Presently a poor woman — a widow — came to the treasury, leading a little child by the hand. She was very poorly clad, and her gar-

ments formed quite a contrast with the fine clothing of others about her. She timidly approached the box, and after looking around to see if she was unobserved, she quietly dropped into it two mites, which were about equal in value to half a cent. It was a small sum; but it was all she possessed. Perhaps she thought that no one noticed her, but Jesus saw her, and calling His disciples together, he said to them: "Amen, I say to you, this poor widow hath cast in more than all they, who have cast into the treasury." Meaning thereby that all that the rich and proud had cast in had been given out of their abundance, and they had plenty left besides; but the poor widow had offered to the service of God all that she possessed in the world, and trusted to His Divine Providence for more. It is not always the amount we give which is pleasing to Almighty God, but the spirit and motive with which it is given.

A Most Disgraceful Sight.

It is pitiable to know that men can take pleasure and deep interest in witnessing their fellow men exert their strongest powers of nature for the purpose of defacing and destroying each other in set fights; but what are we to think of women who enter the prize-ring, with some fifty or sixty brutal ruffians as the spectators? Not even a solitary creature of their own sex present. "Oh, no, no!" exclaim a thousand voices at the same time. "Human nature is bad, but not so bad as that."

Yet it is true; and if "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," it might well be questioned if it hath greater furies than those women who, on Sunday morning, Sept. 16th, entered the prize-ring at the hour when people are going to church, and there and then fought seven bloody rounds for a stake and the championship of America!

Here are the facts as briefly and as decently told as the circumstances of the case will permit: Two "women" of about equal age, twenty-five years, one a Mrs. Leslie, the other named Alice Leary — mark the name of the latter — went into training for this fight on the 10th of last July. For two months and six days they prepared themselves to spill each other's blood, and to batter each other's bodies until one or the other of them was pounded into submission.

The place selected for this horrible exhibition was Navy Island, in the Niagara river, at Buffalo, N. Y. Both were dressed in tights and trunks, in other words, as immodestly as they knew how, without appearing altogether naked. Each "woman" had her backer, or seconds, who acted as bottle-holder; and the fighters were primed with brandy between the rounds, and the blood wiped from their face as occasion required. It was raining hard at the time the roughs and the "women" landed on Navy Island; but the "women" did not care for the rain, and declared themselves ready for the fight under the rain or

in shelter. After a search a barn was found, and into this place the select party retired.

No wonder the skies wept at such brutality. It was enough to make the angels weep and to call forth a jubilee among the demons. London rules were to govern the fight; but as the place was too limited in size for this order of procedure, Queensberry rules were adopted. Like men, in a like position, the "women" shook hands before they sprang at each other's throats. Both were pale but determined looking. In the first round — ah, no! Let us leave the promise of describing the fight, as decently as the circumstances would permit, unfulfilled. The heart sickens at the thought of such a recital, and the blood boils at the thought that one of those viragos was named Leary, or O'Leary.

There is much food for reflection, sad reflection, in the knowledge that one of those who disgraced her sex at this fight, was, probably, judging by the name, of Irish parentage. If this is not a lesson for parents we know not what is, or should be, a lesson. The world is full of pitfalls, and into these our Irish-American boys or girls will assuredly fall, unless guided aright by those whose duty it is to vigilantly guard their steps aright.

The "winner" of the fight is a variety actress, with a "husband," who has travelled from Maine to California; the loser, Alice Leary, was also not unknown as an amateur on the stage. She was also known as an athlete.

Heaven save us! Have women nowadays no higher ambition than to be known as athletes and fighters for the woman's championship of America?

This idea of woman's championship in the prize-ring is a new thing, and a dangerous trap set by designing rascals to perpetuate the new scheme of bringing women forward as fighters in the prize-ring. It behooves the police authorities, in every part of the country, to be wide awake to this new evil, so as to stamp it out at its inception. The American public will not stand such a scandal as women prize-fighters, and the police will be required to understand that outraged public opinion is directed towards them, and will not readily condone any dereliction of duty in respect to these matters. Superintendent of Police Morin, of Buffalo, says he is determined to arrest every one connected with this woman's fight,— the fighters, backers, spectators, and all. So far the police of Buffalo have only arrested Billy Baker, the backer of Alice Leary, and Hattie Leslie and her husband. George La Blanche, champion middle-weight pugilist, otherwise known as "The Marine," has also been arrested in New York city. Chief of Police Schmitt, of Buffalo, is moving in the matter, and there is no reason why, if due vigilance be exercised, that the whole fraternity of law-breakers should not be in jail in a short time, where they can contemplate at leisure the difficulty of escape from the consequences of their evil deeds.

There is much evil in this world without adding to it, and it is a good thing to lessen it, even a little, if we can. Here is a new evil

staring us right in the face, and it cannot be doubted that the devil will be satisfied with what has already been accomplished in the direction of this new evil. No more disgusting and debasing spectacle could be imagined, even by the most fervid imagination, than that of two "women" urged on to a cold and bloody fight by brutal men, so brutalized that they could stand by and enjoy such an encounter.

During the horrible proceedings there was some slight spark of pity appeared on the face of the woman Leslie towards her opponent. La Blanche, who was Leslie's second, noticed it, and, fearing that it might lead to a cessation of hostilities, yelled like a demon for Leslie "to go in and finish her." The reports say that, soon after this, "Leary's heart was broken."

And so the cruel, bloody performance came to a close on that blessed Sunday morning!

There is many a dark and cruel episode enacted, in this favored land, by the outcasts of society; episodes that fill every honest heart with unspeakable grief; but there are few of so abandoned a character as this prize-fight, deliberately entered into, and prepared for, for months beforehand. Its cold-blooded deliberateness is certainly not the smallest feature of the evil.

In the heathen world, women were never known to so unsex themselves, and amid all the barbarities that characterized the arena, there were none so disgusting, so horrible as this. True, they were spectators; but even that soon became too much for them, heathen and all as they were.

There is no evil that men do that some women will not follow, if they can, especially when purity and modesty are lost. No pure or modest woman on earth could be found to do as those "women" did, for the moment the attempt was made, the purity and modesty were gone, if they had not gone before.

Heresy has, at all times, loosened the bonds prescribed by the church for the guardianship and elevation of womankind. In the earliest ages the doctrines of the church made the prejudices of the old Roman days against women vanish. The church made woman equal to man by unity of origin and destiny, and the ancient philosophy which degraded woman was met by the church and checked. It is only when men depart from the church that woman is permitted to fall from her high estate. Nevertheless it must be acknowledged with grief that the present order of prize-fighting, with all its abominations, owes its status to men, who were, presumably, for the most part, baptized in the church of God, but who, from one cause or another, were neglected in their early training, and have thus become a scandal and a disgrace to themselves, and to the race from which they sprung. Not all of the prize-fighters certainly are, or have been, Catholics; but, judging by their nomenclature, it is impossible to deny the fact that many of them should be Catholics. This consideration should teach us with double force to hate and detest a practice which is offensive to the spirit of religion and to civilization. Let it be abolished, and let us help

in its destruction by joining in the public opinion that condemns and reprobates the unmanly and brutal practice.

PETER MCCORRY.

ANOTHER BRUTAL FIGHT.

A prize-fight was arranged on Friday night, Sept. 21, in Dakota, between George Fulljames, of Winnipeg, and an unknown, who was backed by local sporting men. At two o'clock, Saturday morning, a large crowd went into the barn, where the ring had been pitched. Half an hour later, the men entered the ring and began their battle. As soon as they had shaken hands, the unknown struck Fulljames a terrific blow on the left temple, which sent him to the floor. He soon recovered, and, staggering to his feet, started to continue the fight. The fighting became furious, Fulljames' face being battered in the most horrible manner. The unknown, who was a powerful fellow, finally landed a blow over Fulljames' heart. The famous pugilist reeled, and then fell, *white and rigid, upon the floor!* Men who examined him declared that he was pulseless. The crowd, now thoroughly alarmed, fled from the building, leaving the stricken pugilist where he fell. At seven o'clock in the morning, a doctor, who had been asked to visit the barn, found Fulljames in a dying condition. He had vomited blood, and his heart was beating feebly. He never regained consciousness, and, at six o'clock in the evening, he died.

This intelligence needs no comment; it carries that with it in perfect fulness; but, at the same time, the subject is worthy of contemplation.

The School Question.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 22.—The trouble growing out of the lease of a public school to Catholics in Pittsburgh and the rejection of Swinton's so-called History by the Boston public-school board, has awakened interest in the school question. Cardinal Gibbons has been interviewed, and his words are so pregnant with truth and justice that they ought to be quoted everywhere.

"We have no disposition to interfere with public schools, as they are a state institution, chartered and supported by the state, and, incidentally, the tax-payers of which element the members of our faith are an integrant. But we do not wish to have our children receive an imperfect or partial education. We want one that will develop the whole man, his moral and religious faculties as well as his intellectual gifts. We are persuaded that a child so instructed makes the best citizen. We maintain that an education that does not include a religious training is almost fatally imperfect. We are only consulting in this matter the good of our children. Public schools are good, but we desire to add to their advantages what we conceive to be a vital necessity.

"The curriculum of the parochial school system includes a specified amount of time for the study of the Bible and researches into Biblical classics. Time will show this theory to be correct. Fifty years from now I predict a general and universal acceptation of the principle that the teachings of religion underlie the successful education of the young and formative mind. In an education comprising the healthiest qualifications of citizenship religion should be judiciously interspersed."

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

BABY.

Fair Baby, my Baby!
Come down from above.
The lark seems to sing it,
The curlew to wing it,
The heavens are whispering of love,
Yes, of love.
Baby, my Baby!
Come down from above.

White Baby, dead Baby!
I kiss thy pale brow.
Dost thou grieve for my loss?
Canst thou feel for my cross?
Mayest thou love me, thy mother, now?
I mean *now*,
Baby, my Baby!
As she kisses thy brow.

King Baby, Saint Baby!
God took thee from me
For my good and thy gain,
For thy joy and my pain,
Till the angel called Death sets me free,
And I flee,
O Baby, my Baby!
To see God, and then — thee.

Darcy Byrn, in Irish Monthly.

Yankee Bob and Irish Tom.

CHAPTER I.

"Halloo, there, Tom Larkin! what are you whittling out of that old board, and tying strings to them things for, that way?"

"Nothin' but fun, master Bobby. I've been used to whittlin' since I was born; an' jest like eatin' an' drinkin', it comes a kind o' natral to me."

"Ah, Tom! you mean them for something, or you wouldn't make so many of them," answered Bobby, giving the heap of little sticks a kick with his foot.

The sticks were about four or five inches long, with a hole bored in each end, to which a string was appended.

"Well, I'll tell you, Master Bobby, what I want them for. You know, where I was raised, down in Maine, we boys used to go fishin' in the Androscoggin river, an' this is the way we done it. We tied a hook to each string, and, when baited, cast it into the water; an' when a fish got caught the stick disappeared under the water, but comes up again; an' we catch it by rowing our boat up to the place an' grabbin' it with our hands. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand; but I don't think you mean what you say."

"Why?"

"Because I never heard you speak of it before when you were fishing with me in the Niagara river."

"Well, Bobby, I, maybe, didn't think of it at the time, but, I tell ye, it's all currect."

"Well, maybe it is Tom; but I don't believe you," answered Bobby, as he sauntered towards the river whistling a tune.

Tom looked after him for a minute, forgetful of his whittling, and while a smile illuminated his bronzed, but comely, countenance, he said to himself, "That's a smart lad; an' if he lives, will make his mark in the states yit." This was the highest compliment Tom ever paid to any one he considered "a smart man."

Tom Larkin was an Irishman; his father had been a rebel in the Irish Rebellion of 1798, but escaping from the clutches of the English, escaped to America, and settled in the state of Maine. His Irish wife followed after, bringing her first-born, Tom, with her. He was then twenty. This is the Tom Larkins of our story, and the friend of Bobby. Tom's father raised him a Yankee, with a holy hatred of the "Britishers." And when the war of 1812 broke out, Tom enlisted in the American army.

Bobby's father was colonel of the regiment, and Tom had the good luck at the Battle of Lundy's Lane to save the life of Col. Sibley, by bayonetting an Indian, who aimed a blow of a tomahawk at him. From that to the time of our story, which brings us down to the year 1815, Tom was a favored friend of Col. Sibley.

Bobby, as he was familiarly called by the soldiers, was the only son of Col. Sibley, a bright boy of fifteen, mild in manner, amiable in disposition, for a boy of his age, and utterly unknown to fear. He was the favorite of the camp, and as the widower colonel had no child but him, he was persuaded by the boy to give his consent to permit him to accompany the army to the Canadian frontier.

The colonel's regiment was stationed at Lewiston, watching the British, who lay encamped at Queenstown, a few miles further down the river, on the Canadian side. An engagement was shortly expected, and it was surmised by the Americans that the British would soon endeavor to cross the river and attack them in Lewiston. As day by day reinforcements poured into the British, the Americans were momentarily expecting this attack.

The dialogue between Tom and Bob took place before the head-quarters of Col. Sibley. It was a block-house, built of rough logs, and

stood about two hundred yards from the Niagara river. Armed sentinels patroled it, and the least alarm in the camp could be distinctly heard within it. Capt. Sibley, with the favored Bob, and three or four officers, were just finishing their dinner, when Bob, looking out of a window, espied Tom Larkin approaching the block-house. Tom had a bundle under his arm, and approached in a cautious manner towards the house. Bob rushed out to meet him.

"What have you got? Have you been fishing, Tom?" inquired Bob, putting his hand on the bundle.

"No, Bobby, I haven't gone fishing as yet; but I expect to do so to-night."

"Oh, won't you take me with you, Tom?" implored Bob in a breathless manner.

"Can't do it, Bobby," answered Tom; "too dangerous for a boy like you among the rapids. I'm going to spear red fish, to-night, an' you know they are hard to ketch. Is the colonel at home?"

"Yes, follow me; I'll take you to him."

In a few minutes he took him to the dining-room where Col. Sibley and his officers sat over their wine. Bob was ordered out of the room; but he did not go far. Shutting the door after him, he silently peeped through the keyhole, where he could conveniently see and hear all that passed in the room.

"Well, Tom," said the colonel after presenting him with a glass of brandy, "can I do anything for you? Can I oblige you any way?"

"Yes, colonel, you can," said Tom, clutching the bundle which he still retained in his arms, "you can do me a favor to-night, if you wish. I'll tell you what it is. The Britishers are celebrating their king's birthday across the river, an' to-night they will be all drunk, an' if you give me permission, I'll take three or four boats, and a few of the boys, and go over an' capture a few of the red-coats an' bring them into camp in the mornin'."

The colonel laughed.

"Tom," said he, "it is too dangerous an undertaking. One shot heard in the British camp would rouse the whole army. I cannot afford to lose such brave men as you on such dangerous and unprofitable enterprises."

"Beggin' yer pardon, colonel, I don't intend to fire a shot. This is my plan; as soon as they are drunk enough toasting their English King, they will fall asleep round the dyin' camp-fires, an' then me an' the boys will steal in, gag twenty or more of 'em, and bring 'em to the boats. See! I've got all the gags ready."

Opening his bundle he displayed before the astonished gaze of the colonel upwards of a hundred wooden gags which he had whittled with his jack-knife and all ready for immediate use.

"I think the project feasible," said one of the officers, "and if you will only give the order, colonel, I'll command the expedition."

The colonel paused for a moment, and laying his hand on Tom's shoulder, said, smilingly, "Tom, you want to become another Wash-

ington. I like your ambition, and as Lieut. Kelly says he will head you, why, I will issue the order."

"Thank ye, colonel; I knowed you'd do it," said Tom; "an' if we can't capture as many red-coats as Washington did at Trenton, we'll try to scoop in as many as we can."

"I know you will, my brave fellow," replied the colonel; "and now let you and Lieut. Kelly make your preparations." They then retired from the dining-room, leaving the colonel alone.

Bob rushed up stairs in the direction of his bedroom, as the Lieut. and Tom left the house.

CHAPTER II.

There was mirth and merriment in the British camp. It was King George's birthday, and Gen. Brock, the English commander, had issued a double allowance of whiskey to the troops in honor of the King. They made merry over it, and in many a merry toast drank long life to the King and speedy confusion to his Yankee enemies. The day was passed in mirth and jollity, and, as the sunset gun sounded, those who were not on duty were recklessly partaking of the bounteous supply of ardent spirits which their canteens contained.

And thus they revelled far into the night, until the midnight stars shone brightly in the sky. Little did they deem a foe was near. Secure in their strength, with a swiftly-rolling river between them, they never dreamed of an attack.

About ten o'clock, when partial darkness fell on the river, ten boats, with four rowers in each, commanded by Lieut. Kelly, put off from the American shore in the direction of the British camp. Slowly and silently the soldiers plied the oars, and as they neared the Canadian side their precautions were redoubled. The lieutenant and Tom Larkin sat in the bow of the leading boat, and anxiously strained their ears to catch the sounds that came from the English camp. Some indistinct expressions regarding the King and his enemies fell on their ears, and from their tenor they knew that they boded no good to their cause.

It was approaching midnight, and the boatmen were nearing the extreme line of the British army, that stretched the furthest on the river's banks. The camp fires were dying out, and only the voices of a few revellers could be heard. The sentries were pacing to and fro on their lonely midnight beat. Some, in a maudlin way, singing snatches of home-songs, and others by their unsteady gait, showing that they, too, had indulged in the night's debauchery.

"Now is our time to grapple them," said Tom, in a fierce whisper to the lieutenant, as they came nearer to the shore and the dying camp fires. "Let us land about two hundred yards above the pickets, and noiselessly grasp and gag them, and bring them to the boats."

"What if the pickets give the alarm, Tom?" asked the lieutenant, under his breath.

"There are only two within a thousand yards' distance, and, surely, me and you are able for them."

"Yes, Tom; they don't expect an attack to-night, and we'll guzzle them before they can squeal. We two can do that while the boys are dragging the soldiers out of the camp."

"With a little of my assistance, please," said a voice from under the seat where the lieutenant sat, and the next moment Bob Sibley appeared before them. The lieutenant and Tom looked at him in astonishment. A broad grin overspread Bob's face, but his two friends were knocked dumb by his presence. At length the lieutenant found breath enough to utter, —

"You here, Bob?"

"Yes, I'm here, lieutenant; and if there's any fighting to be done, I'm going to do my share of it." Then, turning to Tom, he said, in a whisper: "Ha, Tom! you thought to fool me, to-day, with your whittlings; but I was too smart for you. You are too near the enemy to take me back now, and so you must take me along."

"Too true, Tom," said the lieutenant; "we must take him with us, and be sure not to lose sight of him. Here's a pistol for you, Bob; but, be sure, don't fire it unless you are attacked."

"Thank you, lieutenant," answered Bob; "I brought one of my father's with me."

Tom looked with admiration on the gallant boy, and silently resolved to die before he would allow a Britisher to ruffle one hair of his head. All he said was, "You'll make your mark in the states yet."

They were now within a few hundred yards of the Canadian shore, and might, at any moment, be perceived. Discovery was certain death. But silently the boats glided on; no splash of the oars was heard, until, at last, their keels touched the sandy beach. Then, noiselessly, the soldiers approached the enemies' camp. The lieutenant, Tom, and Bob, keeping in the shadow of the trees, crept, silently and stealthily, upon the pickets. Bob crept by Tom's side. They passed the first picket, and, as Tom came within a few yards of the second, he sprang, with the fierceness of a tiger, upon him, and hurled him to the ground. So quickly was it done, that, before he recovered from his astonishment, he was gagged by Tom, and bound, hand and foot, by Bob, utterly unable to move, or utter an alarm. Tom slung him over his shoulder, and proceeded in the direction of the boats, and Bob, picking up the red-coat's rifle, followed him. The lieutenant joined them, with the first picket on his back, and both deposited their captives in the boat.

In the meantime the other soldiers were not idle; as they crawled towards the British camp they could easily perceive by the light of the dying embers that the British were asleep. Each, under the guidance of an old sergeant, singled out his man, and quietly gagged him. Then taking him in his arms carried him to the boats. Forty men were thus captured without the faintest suspicion. They were laid in the bottoms of the boats, where, perforce, they had to remain quiet. Many of the enemies' muskets were also brought along by the Americans and stored in the boats. It was a complete surprise. While the British were sleep-

ing in fancied security, the enemy had entered their camp and carried off the spoils! Oh, what would not their comrades say on the morrow when they heard the glad news! So thought Lieut. Kelly, as he looked at the red-coats, and at Tom who sat with his feet on one of their breasts, and a musket in his hand. Bob was by his side, a pistol in his hand.

The captured muskets were divided among the boats and all were ready to start from shore. As they were slowly drawing the first stroke, and congratulating themselves on the success of the expedition, all at once a musket accidentally went off in the hands of an American, and echoed high in the midnight air over Queenstown Heights. The muskets of the British pickets run out; in a moment the camp was all astir; the drums beat to arms, a cannon boomed from the Heights, and rockets, as they burst over the river, displayed to the enemy's view, Lieut. Kelly and his men steering for the American shore.

"Now we are in for it! Pull for your lives, men, pull!" shouted the lieutenant, and the men bent to the oars.

Another cannon boomed, and a round shot fell within a few feet of the foremost boat. Another followed; but this time it was grape, and fell short. The men were pulling for all that they were worth. They were now a hundred yards or more from the shore; but the rockets which the enemy were continually firing exposed their position and gave the British gunners a chance to aim.

Suddenly a volley of musketry burst from the shore and a shower of bullets rattled on the boats. By the light of the volley they could see a hundred men launching a score of boats and armed soldiers filling them.

"They are following us on the water, boys," said Bob, as he stood up in the stern of the boat beside the steersman. As he spoke a bullet from the British knocked the pistol out of his hand, and almost tumbled him overboard.

Twenty boats, manned by the British, put off from shore. The men were fresh, and goaded to desperation by the night's surprise, were filled with vengeance. The American boats were fewer, and, owing to the number of prisoners they contained, were heavier and harder to propel. Therefore the English gained upon them, and in less than twenty minutes were within fifty yards of them.

Shots were now exchanged between them, and in this encounter the Americans had the best of it. The lieutenant, Tom, and Bob emptied every English gun in the boat, and as no more ammunition could be found, and the English steadily gaining on them, their valor was lost.

"What next, Tom?" said the lieutenant, with a sad but determined look in his face.

"Nothin' that I knows of," answered Tom, "only to wait till they come up to us and dash out their brains with our clubbed muskets. That's my way of feelin' about it," and he clubbed his musket as he spoke and stood up in the boat.

"I've a better plan than that, boys," said Bob, coolly, as he watched the English boats rapidly gaining upon them, and the men loading their pieces to fire another volley. "Pick up a red-coat, Tom, and fling him overboard; it will delay the English ten minutes to get him into the boat, and will give us so much of a start."

"Do it, Tom! Quick!" shouted the lieutenant, instantly catching Bob's desperate idea. "Quick! they will be down on us in a minute!"

Tom instantly dragged a red-coat from the bottom of the boat, and, wrenching the gag from his mouth, hurled him overboard. Then, turning to Bob, he said: "You'll make your mark in the states yet."

The English saw the deed, and rowed with all their strength to where the unfortunate man was struggling in the water. With much difficulty they hauled their drunken, half-drowned comrade on board, and consumed more than ten minutes in the attempt.

This gave the Americans a chance to shoot ahead, and they did it with vigor. But the enemy, maddened with vengeance, were determined to overtake them; and, exerting their utmost strength, succeeded in coming again almost alongside of them. "Throw another red-coat overboard!" shouted Bob; and Tom hurled another in the face of the enemy. "Throw another! and another!" shouted Bob, as he saw the British stop to pick them up.

One after another, Tom flung them into the river, until not another red-coat was left in the boat. And then, turning to Bob, quietly remarked, "You'll make your mark in the states yet."

Thus lightened, the oarsmen had no further difficulty in distancing their enemies, who were still employed in trying to save their drowning comrades. "What a pity we can't give them another volley before we leave!" said Tom, with a melancholy look at the lieutenant.

As he spoke, a rocket leaped out from the American shore, illuminating the water, and bursting into flame over the English boats.

Another moment, and the guns of Lewiston belched fire and death on the devoted British. A shell fell among their boats, shattering and sinking every one of them.

"Let that be your answer, Tom," replied the lieutenant. "Col. Sibley has answered you well."

Half an hour after, the Americans were safe in Lewiston. Great was the astonishment of Col. Sibley to see his son, whom he supposed in bed, step ashore with Tom and the lieutenant. But the colonel's astonishment was even greater, when he was told of the ruse Bob had employed to rid them of the British. The soldiers gave a cheer for Bob when they heard it, and his proud father, taking him in his arms, said: "You are a brave boy, Bob, and I am proud of you."

"He will make his mark in the states yet," muttered Tom, as he wended his way back to camp.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

IT'S the little things that tell — Especially the little brothers and sisters.

BRING UP A CHILD IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO.

What would become of the world without religion? The greatest service that I ever rendered to France was in re-establishing the Catholic religion.— *Napoleon Bonaparte.*

From the Catholic Youth, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A BIG burden would be taken off the shoulders of Catholics, if they could take advantage of the state schools; but sooner than have their children lose their Faith, they bear the burden gladly.

When parents are not strict in demanding obedience to all their commands, the children will not respect or obey the teachers in the school-room. This will prove a serious obstacle to the advancement of children in their studies, and a trial for the teachers which they should be spared. The remedy for the evil is for parents to exercise their authority in full over their children, and to compel obedience to every command they give or make.

It is the experience of Most Rev. Archbishop Ireland, on his visitation through his diocese, that the children who give the best answers to questions of religion, are those who read Catholic papers. He maintains, then, that Catholic papers are a great aid in teaching the doctrines of the church, and a sure preservative of children's morals. Moreover, the reading of them, he says, will train children to read Catholic books and papers, when they are more advanced in years. As to the expense of furnishing such reading to the children, there is no doubt in his mind but that every zealous pastor of souls can find a means of defraying it.

Happy would all Christian mothers be, if, at the end of their lives, they could say they were faithful to their children even to death. And unhappy must those mothers be who hand over their children to the influences of a false education, and when they are dying know that they have left behind them children who will not even say a prayer for their souls. Their own hearts "a sword shall pierce;" but their sorrows shall never be crowned with joy, like Mary's, the Mother of God.

The danger to young readers who use public libraries, is, that they can get bad books as well as good ones there, and that if they read the bad books, their minds and hearts may be injured beyond repair. A good parish library, frequently replenished with new books, is an offset to such dangers, and if it be conducted properly, our young people will take advantage of its treasures, and not go elsewhere perhaps to their ruin.

Catholic schools in England are subsidized or aided by the government; ten shillings a year is the latest award proposed by the Royal Commission of Elementary Education per child in average attendance at the voluntary or denominational school, in which class the Catholic schools are placed. The English government, moreover, favors religious training in the schools, and the Royal Commission, mentioned, says in its report to the government: "While the Commission desired to secure for the children in public elementary schools

the best and most thorough instruction in secular subjects, they are also unanimously of opinion that their religious and moral training is a matter of still higher importance alike to the children, the parents, and the nation. To secularize elementary education, would be a violation of the wishes of parents, whose views, in such a matter, are entitled to the first consideration. The evidence does not warrant the conclusion that religious and moral training can be amply provided otherwise than through the medium of elementary schools.

A LITTLE MISSIONARY.

THE New Orleans Morning Star relates that some years ago a missionary visited the islands Fernando Po and Amban. On his arrival he was greatly surprised to discover, at a short distance inland, a rudely constructed cross, surrounded by a crowd of negro children, among whom was a white boy, about ten years of age. The children were reciting the Rosary in Spanish. On perceiving the priest, the little white boy joyfully exclaimed, "A priest! a priest!" The missionary, having drawn near, asked him to bring him to the dwelling of his parents. "My parents! My parents are not here," said the boy; "I have been shipwrecked, and the negroes here have kindly received me. Mindful of my mother's teaching, I have not failed to recite the Rosary every day. As I have no statue of the Blessed Virgin, and did not know how to make one, I have made this cross, and I daily come here to recite my prayers. My playmates come with me, and I have tried to teach them the Hail Mary, that we may say the beads together." The missionary, having asked him how long he had been in that island, received this reply: "I can't tell, but it must be a long time; for, when I am away from my parents, the time seems so long to me." The boy then led the Father to the hut of negroes with whom he dwelt. These good people received the priest with great respect. The following day the missionary, in the presence of several families, presided at the recitation of the Rosary, and began his labors by preaching to them. Then, going from family to family, he soon succeeded in establishing, under the protection of the Queen of the Rosary, a fervent congregation, which continued to increase daily, especially after the arrival of other missionaries. One of these, returning some time ago to Spain, took the little boy with him to the place where resided his parents, who had escaped shipwreck and returned to Spain. On finding them, the good boy had the happiness of relating to them, among his other adventures, the Blessed Virgin's goodness toward him, and the prodigies effected by the Rosary in the country where he dwelt.

Do not expose yourself, in the hope of pleasure, to the gratification of a desire, or some temporal benefit.

OUTWITTED BY A BOY.

In Ireland potatoes go by a variety of names. When the writer was a boy, over twenty summers ago, the name "Protestants" was given to potatoes with a bluish rind, being oblong in shape. A lad named Johnny Downing carried a "kish" full of them on his back one day. "Kish" is an arrangement made of wicker work and almost square in form, used generally for carrying turf or potatoes. Johnny, while carrying his load, happened to meet a Protestant minister. It was among the mountains of the south of Ireland.

"Say, young lad, what's that you've got on your back?" asked the minister.

"Potatoes, yer reverence," responded Johnny.

"What kind of potatoes are they that you have got there?" continued the minister.

"'Protestants,' yer reverence."

"And are you a Protestant, Johnny?"

"No, sir, I'm a Catholic."

"Then 'tis a great wonder that you would carry 'Protestants' on your back."

"Nothin' wonderful at all about it, sir, because you see we like to return good for evil, and do you know also that when I go home my mother will bile these 'Protestants' I've got on my back and take the harm out of them!"

The minister indulged in a very hearty laugh, and, like a liberal gentleman as he was, he generously threw Johnny a crown piece, British money; whereupon, the latter burst out in an exclamation: "Oh, sir, may the Mother of God pray to her Divine Son to convert you, and may you wan day get a crown of glory in heaven for that crown piece you gev me."

The minister thanked the boy for his prayer and did some tall thinking as he walked pensively along the road, musing on the intimate connection there necessarily must be between a mother and a son, and especially such a Mother and such a Son.

Robbed by the Trusts.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: The "trusts" regulate the amount of production and the price of the article sold. These robbers of the people will not permit supply and demand to regulate prices; but whenever, in the minds of the unprincipled managers, they deem it to their own interest to increase prices, they so act.

The consumer is compelled to pay twenty-five, fifty, or even one hundred per cent. profits, just as the managers of the trusts think the public will stand the raise and price. In the matter of necessities, the public is compelled to pay whatever price is fixed.

A forced situation like this is unnatural, as any man with common sense can see. The only legitimate and natural law of supply and demand is thrust aside, and the highwayman's "stand and deliver" is forced into use.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1888.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

A Boston Merchant in Ireland. — His Views of the Irish Question.

WE reproduce from the Dublin *Freeman's Journal* of September 13, the substance of an interview which a representative of that paper had with Mr. A. Shuman, of the firm of Shuman & Co., Boston, during his recent visit to Ireland, for the purpose of inspecting the woollen mills in that country.

Mr. Shuman's high standing in the city of his home is well known in Ireland; and his strong and fine personality has evidently made itself duly felt. The *Freeman* says of him: "His opinion upon matters affecting the relations of American business men with foreign countries is one that must command attention abroad, as it certainly bears much weight in his own land."

The *Freeman's* representative opened the conversation by asking: —

"What is the feeling in the United States regarding Home Rule for Ireland?"

"Our people are, almost without an exception, warmly in favor of it. Indeed, I have yet to meet an American who is not in full sympathy with the principle of your present constitutional agitation for self-government. As a matter of course, this feeling could not be otherwise. We are brought up and educated in an atmosphere of Home Rule ourselves. It constitutes the very basis of our democratic system of Home Rule from the government of our towns, cities, and states, up to the National Legislature of the Republic. Hence it is that Americans naturally sympathize with your present laudable moral force agitation. And let me say further, that that sympathy has been expressed in the most practical manner by thousands of our leading American merchants, manufacturers, and professional men through liberal contributions of money to aid your cause; contributions which I am certain would be renewed again and again as often as required until you achieve success on your constitutional lines of action."

"It has been asserted by enemies of Home Rule that many educated Americans were opposed to our movement on the ground that it is analogous to the attempted secession of the Southern States from the Union in 1861. Is that true?"

"I do not think there is a scintilla of truth in such an assertion. I certainly have not heard of such an objection raised by any American. And let me say right here that my acquaintance among the mercantile community of the North Eastern States is somewhat intimate and extensive, that I occasionally meet and have talked about your agitation with college professors and literary men, and I have never heard such a comparison as that to which you have referred made, or even intimated, by a solitary individual among them, or in fact any objection urged against the principle for which you are contending. Why, sir, there is not the slightest analogy whatever between the attempted secession of our Southern States and your splendid efforts to secure the right of self-government. The Southern States had perfect self-government — precisely what you are asking. Each Southern State, in 1861, when it passed its secession ordinance, was sovereign within its own borders, that is to say, it had absolute jurisdiction over its militia, police, judiciary, and corporations; in a word, it exercised all the authority of an independent State save in the power to declare war, to make treaties, impose customs duties, regulate the postal service, coin money, and some other less important matters which are clearly set forth as reserved in the National Constitution, and over which the Congress alone, in which all the States are represented according to their population, has jurisdiction. Now if Ireland had a Parliament exercising such power as that possessed by the Southern States when they attempted to secede from the Union co-partnership, and if she attempted to cut loose from Great Britain by force of arms, the cases would be analogous, and coercion for Ireland might be justified. But you are (and the American people understand it precisely) but asking for that measure of Home Rule which every State of the Union possessed in its full plentitude in 1861 as it does to-day, and which is the crown and glory of the American Government, expressed in our significant national motto, '*E pluribus unum*' — many in one. I will venture to say there is not an American in my own State of Massachusetts, from my friend Governor Ames to the toiling mechanic in our multifarious workshops, who is not desirous and hopeful of seeing Ireland making her own laws precisely as Massachusetts does, while preserving the same connection with the Empire that our State does to the United States."

"What has been the progress of the Irish people in America?"

"Very remarkable, indeed, taking into consideration the condition under which most of them reached our shores. Nearly all come to us poor in this world's goods, but after a few years many acquire a competence, secure their own homes and advance neck and neck with the most progressive of our composite American population. In the walks of professional life, and more especially the legal and medical professions, the young Irish-Americans who have had the advantages of an education in our public schools and colleges are rapidly pushing their way to the very fore front. The hereditary political genius, if I may so designate it, of the race that produced Burke, Grattan, O'Connell, and Parnell has full scope among us, and it has, quite naturally, assumed a commanding position in the body-politic. As an instance of this is my friend, Hon. Hugh O'Brien, the present Mayor of Boston. He was elected last year for his fourth municipal term as Mayor by the people of that city, and never within my memory have we had a more able, upright, and generally respected Mayor than he, and he was born here in Ireland. A similar case is that of Mayor Grace, of New York, the predecessor of the present Chief Magistrate of the greatest American city. Thus it is generally throughout our country. Then there are nearly, if not quite, one hundred Irish-American members in our National Legislature at Washing-

ton, and they are among the foremost in point of ability and far-reaching influence; and I may here remark that they are all the most intense Americans among us, while at the same time they are profoundly interested in a proper solution of the Irish question through Home Rule. I doubt if in Ireland you can find more intensely ardent Home Rulers than millions of your race born beyond the Atlantic, who have never seen, and many of them will probably never see, this country of their parents. Their faith is deep and abiding in the ultimate triumph of justice and right in this country."

"What is thought of the leaders of the Home Rule party in America?"

"Mr. Gladstone is regarded by the American people as the greatest and noblest Englishman living—if not the greatest who has ever lived. His present brave, conscientious fight, in the closing years of his long and meritorious life, to close up the horrid chasm of hatred and blood between England and Ireland has doubly endeared him to the hearts of the American people. I feel safe in saying that there is no man in the world whom we respect and admire so much as William Ewart Gladstone. His efforts as a peacemaker compel the homage of every just and liberty-loving man. Could the Grand Old Man, this great Commoner of yours, visit us in the United States, he would be received with a popular welcome such as no royal ruler ever received. Generally with his name we couple that of your own far-seeing, conservative, and skilful leader, Charles Stewart Parnell, who is partly American, as you know. The cause which is championed by two such men must inevitably succeed. Prejudice and the exigencies of party politics and appeals to ancient hatred may baffle it for a time, but it is sure to win in the end."

"Did I understand you to say (I mean understand correctly) that numbers of Americans not of Irish extraction contribute liberally to aid us in our agitation?"

"You apprehend me perfectly in that regard. Last year we had a large meeting in Boston to aid you, at which the largest sums were contributed by men who had not a drop of Irish blood in their veins. About the same time a meeting of manufacturers of the city of Worcester, forty miles from Boston, was held with the same object, at which a large amount was received from men among whom there was scarcely one of Irish extraction. I am not aware that I am myself connected by blood, however remotely, with Ireland but I have contributed my mite, with many others situated as I am, as often as a call for assistance was made and as liberally as I could afford, and I propose to do so again and again until your just demands are conceded. The fact is, we in America wish to see this international feud of centuries settled, as well for England's as for Ireland's sake. One of Boston's greatest men, lately deceased, Wendell Phillips, once said, 'You can do many things with a bayonet, but you can't sit on it,' and 'Nothing is definitely settled which is not settled right.' We in America hope to see a right settlement—one based on justice and equity; and we cannot see how it can be accomplished except by a government 'of the people, by the people, and for the people' of Ireland. That is our belief, and in the strength of that faith we believe in and sympathize with the cause of Home Rule for Ireland."

"For the material prosperity of Ireland, of course we look upon an Irish Parliament as a first necessity; but the demand that has recently sprung up for Irish goods in America has opened a new prospect for the manufacturers in this country."

"Well, my firm has been using Irish manufactured goods for the last five years. For the past three years we have purchased them largely, and within the past two years we have become the largest purchasers of Irish manufactured goods in America. I mean of goods made in the Irish woollen mills."

"It was not from any sentimental notion that this change has come about?"

"No; but we find that the Irish woollen goods are the strongest fabrics, and therefore we give them the preference over the other goods imported from Europe. Of late, too, the Irish goods have been very much improved in style and finish, and the designs are much better adapted to the tastes of our people. In this respect the Irish Export Company have done a great deal of good work, as their manager, Mr. Peter White, having come to the conclusion that the American merchants have learned to judge our wants, and to provide suitable goods for our markets. Being anxious to learn the system, and to see the manner in which Irish goods were manufactured, I came to Ireland in order to visit the Irish mills and meet the mill owners personally; and from what I have seen I believe that the Irish woollen trade is only in its infancy. The progress I have alluded to, I am glad to say, still continues. I have noticed a marked improvement in their goods for next season."

"Is there any interest taken in the Irish industrial question in America?"

"American business people are very much pleased at seeing the Irish leaders taking practical steps to improve and encourage Irish industries. Since my visit here I met Mr. Davitt for the first time, and I was very much impressed with his clear-headedness and capacity for business affairs, and with the intense interest that he manifests in Irish manufactures."

Mr Shuman left Liverpool, Sept. 13, by the steamer Pavonia, and arrived in Boston, Sunday, Sept. 23. Interviewed the following day by a representative of *The Pilot*, Mr. Shuman said of his visit to Ireland:—

"From a mercantile point of view, I find the Irish people are much more encouraged to make the most of their actual opportunities by the prospect of obtaining Home Rule in the near future. The thinking men of Ireland, and especially those who are interested in the development of the country, are looking about for ways in which to extend and increase their industries. Indeed, people generally seem imbued with this one idea that if they were to obtain Home Rule they would be working for themselves, and not for the landlords. They are so thoroughly preoccupied with this thought that it looks probable that as soon as they succeed in getting legislative independence, capital and labor will unite in doing their utmost to make Ireland vie with other free countries as an industrial nation and a prosperous and contented people."

Death of Mother Provincial.

CONVENT OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD,
BOSTON, Sept. 29, 1888.

DEAR MR. DONAHOE:—

We come as usual to beg a favor of your hands. Would you be so kind as to insert in your Magazine a notice, somewhat extended, if you can, of the death of the deeply regretted Mother Provincial which occurred at our convent in New York, on the 12th of September. The beloved Mother Mary of St. Magdalen Clovet was in the 75th year of her age and 47th of her religious profession. Although she had been in feeble health for a long time, her death, preceded as it was by only two days' sickness, was a great shock to the community. Heart trouble caused the intense agony which she endured during the last forty-eight hours of her sickness.

Her saintly missionary career in America began in Louisville, Ky., in 1844, amid severe privations and hardships.

In November, 1857, she was transferred to New York, where, in a dwelling-house on Fourteenth Street, a new fold of the Good Shepherd had just been opened under the patronage of several benevolent ladies, foremost among whom were Mrs. Geo. Ripley (a Bostonian, and a convert to our Holy Faith), Mrs. Foote, and Blatchly. Mrs. Ripley pledged herself to become responsible for $1,000 yearly until the work was firmly established.

The mission was begun in extremest poverty

and privation of the barest necessaries of life. Our Ecclesiastical Superiors had but little confidence in the undertaking, and determined to test it thoroughly before giving it their sanction. There was a dearth too of all spiritual aids, the entire House being left for weeks together without confession, Mass, etc., but our Mother was one of those favored souls who had listened with the ear of her heart to the burning words uttered by our venerated Mother Foundress, exhorting her children to go forth with courage, confidence, and hope to the conquest of souls, and to spare no pains, efforts, or sacrifices in so glorious a work. Gradually the power of our Mother's gentle, unassuming manners gained many friends, but she was not enthusiastic. As in the days of greatest trial she struggled on with wonderful energy, often working until late at night making flowers (which were greatly admired) for the different churches, or finishing some beautiful embroidery; often have we seen our poor Mother's hands swollen and stiff with cold, but she was always trying to help and encourage her family.

Soon our quarters were crowded to excess, and when another poor little street waif would come, conducted by one of the Vincent de Paul Society, we would go to our Mother, saying, "Another child, what shall we do?" Our Mother would reply, "Dear sister, do as you please, I don't like to overburden you, but such a one may go out, and then you will have her place." That place would be a little space on the classroom floor; the bed, a little piece of carpet. We well understood what our Mother's wishes were, and when the poor child was received, Mother would console us by saying, "How much better off she now is than in company with drunken parents, or on the street." Her love and zeal for the penitents was boundless. In reward for it, our dear Lord blessed all her efforts. At the expiration of three years the fold was removed to its present site on the banks of the East River. To-day its inmates are to be numbered by hundreds, its five branch houses shelter at least a thousand souls, who are cared for by religious who have been trained under the vigilant eye of their lamented Mother.

The bright example of religious virtues which our Mother has given us will be ever cherished as a rich heritage by her bereaved children. In her we could admire the valiant woman who was not to be overcome by any difficulty; the holy religious who drew all her strength and consolation from prayer and union with her heavenly Spouse, the humble, patient, and charitable Superior, who could overlook and forgive all shortcomings; the enlightened guide, whose earnest words would encourage the down-hearted, and stimulate the fervent to more generous effort.

Like the great Apostle, she endeavored to make herself all to all to gain all to God, and her large heart and amiable presence greatly aided her in this. Few came in contact with our Mother without being favorably impressed, and even strangers frequently remarked the striking resemblance which she bore to our late beloved Pontiff, Pius IX. The earthly existence of our holy Mother closed in unconsciousness, though she had been strengthened with the last rites of the church as far as her sufferings would permit, on Wednesday, the day dedicated to her favorite St. Joseph, and during the octave of our Lady's Nativity. The obsequies took place on the 14th inst., Most Rev. M. A. Corrigan presiding, assisted by Very Rev. Fr. Donnelly, V. G., and several members of the Society of Jesus. The remains were interred in Calvary Cemetery, the out-sisters of the different houses accompanying them to their final resting-place; the children of St. Anne's Home, one hundred and eighty little girls dressed in white with black sashes, bearing their banner of the Holy Angels likewise draped, formed part of the funeral cortege as far as the Astoria boat, which bore away from them forever their good Mother Provincial, whose last work had been the erection of their spacious, comfortable Home on Nineteenth Street, New York. May she rest in peace. Amen.

Very gratefully yours,
SR. M. ST. ALOYSIUS, Suprss.

Mr. C. Sadakichi Hartmann. — A Talented Young Japanese-American.

[Written for Donahoe's Magazine.]

The subject of our sketch, Mr. C. Sadakichi Hartmann, who opens his dramatic performances in the chosen city of his adoption, Boston, in Union Hall, Tuesday evening, November 15th, was born in Nagaski, Japan. His mother was a native of the latter country; his father, a German. Among relatives on the male side he can boast of names like Mme. Rachel, one of the greatest actresses the world has seen.

Space forbids us to give in detail the life of this brilliant young Japanese, which is a most interesting one, and would read indeed like a romance. Early in his childhood he was sent by his fond parents to Germany to be educated. He learned very rapidly, and was finally placed in a military school by direction of his father. The stern discipline of the institution he could not bear, and after reading much of America, the land of freedom and liberty, he resolved to run away, which he finally did, and came to this country penniless, and without knowing a word of the English language, a stranger in a strange land. Having a decided talent as an artist, he readily found work at lithographing and mechanical drawing. He worked here and there for a while, but the work was distasteful to him, except as a means of subsistence, and all the while he applied himself studiously to learning the language of his adopted country. Having mastered the latter and secured a little money, he gave up manual labor and turned his attention to journalism and literature and wrote considerably for the newspapers and leading magazines. His taste, however, lay in the direction of art, and particularly the dramatic art, of which he made a profound study. The better to carry out his intention, he found it necessary to make several trips to Europe to study in the most prominent theatres of Germany, Belgium and France, beginning at the lowest rung on the ladder as a scene shifter. He had an extended experience and training at the Royal Theatre, Munich, under Possart, and played a great variety of parts in that famous theatre.

Of his abilities as an actor a well-known German manager says that culture, originality and depth of feeling are his chief characteristics. His voice is deep and very pleasant in quality. He has but recently returned from a short trip to the principal cities of Great Britain. During his absence he wrote a number of original plays and translated many others.

In his efforts on the local stage we bespeak for him the kind attention of our numerous readers in and around Boston.

The following summary of his *repertoire* during his Union Hall engagement must necessarily be brief.

He opens with NARCISSE, one of the most remarkable productions of modern dramatic literature. Several years ago it was introduced into this country by Bandman, and at present it is very successfully played at the Haymarket, London, with Beerbohn Tree in the title role.

SEVEN GIRLS IN UNIFORM is a very amusing piece; everybody will enjoy the drill of the girls and the many comic situations, interwoven with the plot.

The play ABRAHAM LINCOLN shows us the president in some of the most eventful days of his life, without aspiring to be ranked among the historical dramas of our literature.

SCENE I.	Home in Springfield.	1860.	
" II.	The White House.	1860.	4th of March
" III.	"	1862.	20th of Feb.
" IV.	"	1863.	22d of Sept.
" V.	"	1865.	14th of April

THE DEATH OF DON JUAN is called by Paul Heyse himself, "my masterpiece." It shows like all his works, the bewitching charm of his language, nobility of thought, and abundance of passion subdued by taste, as in several other plays he proves that violence can destroy the happiness of two

human beings, but cannot triumph over their love. A vigorous vitality is everywhere present, and thoughts and feelings are grouped together in a way to command our continual attention, and stimulate our expectancy to the last moment when Don Juan ends his vicious life by throwing himself into the Vesuvius. The characters of the two lovers, Countess Ghita and Gianotto (the son of Don Juan), and Don Juan himself, are worthy of having a strong hold upon popular favor.

THE FLUTE-MAKER has many admirers. The story of the plot is as simple as beautiful. Master Falbe, a flute-maker, has promised his eldest daughter, Gertrude, to him of his workmen who would make a flute which would satisfy Frederic the Great. A hunchback called "Little Moses" is convinced of having made the best. He is in love with Gertrude, but as he sees her heart belongs to one of the young and beautiful workmen, he changes the flutes. His noble deed, however, is found out, and the king bestows upon him the honor of being in future the "Flute-maker to the King."

In one of the larger German cities people believe in the legend that whenever OTHELLO is played at the Ducal Theatre of that city, eight days later somebody of the Ducal Family has to die. The young princess Elvira laughs at all superstition, and Othello is performed. But as the princess is in love with a Polish count who deceives her, she dies after all — though from grief — eight days after the performance of Othello. This play introduces two most interesting scenes: the studio of the old superstitious stage manager Mr. Baldini, and the stage of the Ducal Theatre during a rehearsal.

Henrik Ibsen is after Holberg the most prominent dramatist of the Scandinavian race. His NORA is a masterpiece. Its aim is to show us how seldom true happiness exists in married life. Nora is dearly loved by her husband, but treated like a child. Husband and wife have never spoken a serious word together, she is to him merely a flower whose perfume he enjoys. And as this becomes clear to her, she leaves her despairing husband forever. Henrik Ibsen teaches in this play a grand lesson to humanity, and it has made in Europe a deep and widespread impression.

IN THE SNOWSTORM is a charming little comedy, with a bright and sparkling dialogue. A lady and gentleman meet in a snowstorm, drive home together, fall in love, and the play ends with an engagement before the highly astonished fathers.

BOO-BA will be perhaps the most striking novelty of the season. The scene is laid in Japan, the action characteristic of the manners and customs of that nation, and yet interesting to us. In this play the author feels perfectly at home and gives to thoughts the amplest freedom, and they range at random through the realms of fantasy.

THE New England pianos are justly celebrated for their well-balanced tone and absolute durability, combined with superior elegance and design of cases. They are thoroughly reliable, fully guaranteed, and are sold at a moderate price.

To Honor Father Mathew.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 2.— Rev. Thos. J. Conaty of Worcester, Mass., President of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, has issued an appeal to the eight hundred societies of the union in reference to the establishment of the professorship in the Catholic University in honor of Father Mathew, decided upon at the recent Boston convention of the union, and requesting contributions for its endowment. The sum required for the purpose is fifty thousand dollars, and it is desired that the amount be raised before the centennial anniversary of Father Mathew's birthday, Oct. 10, 1890.

What Rheumatism Really Is.

MR. F. W. KIMBALL, 357 Washington street, Boston, Mass., has issued an elegant little pamphlet telling in plain terms "What Rheumatism really is, the cause of the pain attending it, and how sufferers can easily obtain relief." He will send it free to any one who will send him their address. This information may be of use to some of our readers.

☞ LOOK at the cover of your MAGAZINE (immediately after your name), and you will see to what time you have paid. If you owe for the past and present year, please send a money order or postal note for the amount. Don't forget.

Irish Athletes.

THE fifty athletes, representing the Irish Gaelic Society, have arrived at New York. They were met at the dock by a number of gentlemen connected with the various Irish societies of that city. The athletes are picked men, and all have won laurels on the other side. Among the men are some champion hurlers, who intend meeting the principal hurling clubs of this country during their stay here, which will extend over six weeks. During this brief visit of the athletes, the principal cities in the United States will be visited and an exhibition given in each city. They visited Boston and gave exhibitions at Beacon Park.

IT is estimated that five hundred and eighty-five thousand children attended Catholic schools in the United States up to the close of 1887! 1888 will show a large increase.

High License.

THE result of high license in Minnesota is happily shown by the fact that while a few years ago when the license was one hundred dollars, there were five hundred saloons in St. Paul; now that the fee has been raised, there are only 1,597 saloons in that state. Much of the credit for this splendid, beneficent reform is due to Archbishop Ireland, and his zealous efforts in the cause of temperance.

ENGLAND'S FUTURE.— If the words of the Rev. Father Snow be true, and he ought to be a good authority on the subject, the prospect of the conversion of England is not very encouraging. His testimony is that religion is neither understood nor practised by the people as a whole. "What," he asked, addressing the members of the Young Men's Society, on a recent Sunday, "what was the life of the bulk of the people in this wretched country? The upper classes sneered at religion, and, shrugging their shoulders at piety, they knew not God. They did not worship stocks and stones like the early pagans, but they worshipped not God. They were given to a life of luxury, sensuality, and all those wicked passions that human nature gives way to when not restrained by the grace of God. The lower classes were in utter ignorance of anything tending to religion. Hence it was said that the condition of things at the present day might be likened to a new paganism." Truly a painful picture.

SURE DEATH TO BUFFALO MOTHS. Take strips of red or blue flannel (as these colors are particularly attractive to them) dip in liquid arsenic and lay around the edges of carpets, or wherever the pests are troublesome. They will soon eat a desired amount and collapse, to the entire satisfaction of the housewife, without the least injury to her carpets.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND, of St. Paul, Minn., is Irish by birth as well as by name. He is fifty years old, having been born at Burnchurch, Kilkenny county, in 1835. He was chaplain of the Fifth (Minn.) Regiment during the war. He was ordained priest in 1861, and succeeded to the See of St. Paul in 1884. He visited the See of St. Peter in Rome not long ago, and has been heard of much of late in connection with the new Catholic University at Washington. A few weeks ago he was made an Archbishop, — a deserved tribute to his ability and a fitting recognition of the Catholic Church in Minnesota under his zealous administration.

The Rose of Order.

How can I tell her?
By her cellar,
Cleanly shelves and whitened walls.
I can guess her
By her dresser,
By the back staircase and hall,
And with pleasure
Take her measure
By the way she keeps her brooms;
Or the peeping
At the "keeping"
Of her back and unseen rooms;
By her kitchen's air of neatness,
And its general completeness,
Wherein in cleanliness and sweetness
The Rose of Order blooms.

BUILDER.

The Great German Leader.

AT the closing sitting of the Catholic Diet at Freiburg, Dr. Windthorst devoted a speech to the argument that the restoration of the temporal power of the pope would add to Bismarck's glorious achievements toward the maintenance of the world's peace. He said that a friendly but energetic word from the German Chancellor, backed by Austria, would do much for the Pope; while the act would make the best impression upon German Catholics, and be hailed by sensible statesmen in Italy as a means for combating revolutionary danger. Signor Crispi, the Italian Prime Minister, was snubbed by Prince Bismarck during his recent visit to Friedrichsruhe. Prince Bismarck has discovered that the time has not arrived for war. The inspiring accounts of armaments turn out mere fairy tales. Count Von Moltke and his confidential staff have reported that the Italians are being demoralized by the disasters of the

Massowah campaign, and could easily be kept at bay on the French Alpine frontier by a single army corps.

Miss Grace M. Hanley, daughter of Col. P. T. Hanley, has entered the Convent of the Order of Jesus and Mary, at Quebec, as a nun. Miss Hanley is about eighteen years old, and was recently graduated from the school of the same convent with the highest honors, receiving the Lansdowne medal at the hands of the Governor-General of Canada. Miss Hanley is well known, from her remarkable cure at the Mission Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, in Roxbury. She had been for years a cripple, and was taken to the church in a carriage, but was able to walk home unassisted. Her cure attracted wide-spread attention. She is now leaving a home where she has been surrounded by every luxury, and will devote the rest of her life to the church.

For the Antipodes.

The cause of education in Ireland will be a loser, and the Antipodes will gain, by the departure of Father Reffe, of Blackrock College, for Ballarat. For a quarter of a century, almost since the foundation of the College, the genial, learned, and holy Alsatian priest has been engaged in the training of the Irish youth at Blackrock College. The repute of the institution, the laurels won in after life by its *eleves*, and the towering position of the College in the Intermediate and other examinations, are works in which Father Reffe had no small share. Yet amidst his engrossing tasks he sometimes found time to pen a brilliant paper for magazine or newspaper. His position in the educational world here was recognized in his appointment as secretary to the Catholic Association of Head Masters. He is now going to take up the presidency of a college established at Ballarat by the bishop of that place, and a testimonial is being presented to him by the present and past students of the college. We wish it every success. He has been extremely popular with all the students, and both Blackrock College and Catholic education in Ireland suffer a serious loss in his departure.

Dying Penniless.

The will of the Archbishop of Toronto has been probated. In it the deceased prelate says: "I came poor to the diocese and poor I am leaving it, not having appropriated anything of its revenues beyond my necessary expenses." The Catholic Weekly Review says: "Men who as ordinary laymen could make their four or five thousand a year, sacrifice themselves on the altar of duty,—live heroic lives and die *paupers*. Protestants do not want to believe this, and, as a consequence, they won't believe it. The fact remains, it is true nevertheless. There are priests to-day, all over the province of Ontario, all over the Catholic world for that matter, immolating themselves for duty's sake, who would be worth their tens of thousands, if they were worldly-minded, who will die as Archbishop Lynch died, paupers, with not enough to bury them."

The great Von Moltke, the commander-in-chief of the German army, said of our Sheridan: "Sheridan struck me as the type of a thoroughly American general, with all the wonderful energy and fertility of resources that characterize the nation, and probably no better cavalry commander has ever taken the field. He was a past master in using horses for all they are worth, and all the armies of Europe have adopted many of the lessons taught by him in the tactical use of cavalry."

Well-Deserved Compliment.

Mr. A. Shuman, the well-known and public-spirited head of the firm of A. Shuman & Co., Boston, arrived on Monday, Sept. 10, in Dublin, Ire., from which point he will visit, with Mr. Peter White, various mills and manufactories, in the interest of the Irish woollen trade. Mr. A. Shuman was the pioneer of that branch of trade in Boston, and merits well the success that has attended his business enterprise in this direction. Mr. Shuman will doubtless receive during his stay in Ireland such hospitality as the grateful Irish people delight to show to their friends from America.

Mr. S. J. McCormick, managing editor of the San Francisco Monitor, was pleasantly surprised recently by the staff and other employees of the paper, who presented him with an elegantly chased and costly gold-headed cane, mounted with California quartz. The cane bears the inscription: "S. J. McCormick, from the employees of the S. F. Monitor, St. Stephen's Day, 1888." Among those present on the enjoyable occasion were Messrs. F. L. McCormick, E. J. Kinsella, J. Trowell, P. Higgins, T. McCormick, C. Anthony Doyle, James F. Kearny, Will I. Harrold, and several young ladies of the printing department.

Count One for the Blue-Noses.

The Western Watchman remarks editorially, that Swinton's Outlines are in all the public schools of the Province of Nova Scotia; but, singular enough, that passage about Indulgences has been expunged. The Superintendent of the public schools of the province, although a preacher, of his own motion struck out the passage, and had a special edition printed for the use of the schools under his supervision. It seems there are some decent preachers, after all. Why all preachers and Protestant laymen should not be as decent, as this one mentioned by Father Phelan, is hard to comprehend. If the adherents of the *so-called Reformation*, earnestly believe their cause to be good, it can never be aided by misrepresenting those who oppose them. Tell the truth about the Catholic Church. She not only does not fear the truth, but courts it.

The Pope has sent four hundred pounds to the fund for the reconstruction of Seville Cathedral. The Countess of Paris has sent twelve hundred pounds, the Duke de Montpensier fifteen hundred pounds, and the local nobility twelve hundred pounds. The Empress Eugenie, Queens Christina and Isabelle, and many bankers and merchants, have also contributed handsome donations.

By mistake in our last number the late Father Bayle of Montreal was said to be the oldest priest in America. Father Bayle, at the time of his death, was nearly sixty-two years a priest, whilst Rev. Father Carroll, of Chicago, has passed his sixty-ninth year of usefulness in the vineyard of the Lord, and is probably the oldest priest in the world.

An Irish Ten Times Millionnaire.

John McCune, the largest single oil-producer in the world, whose estate is worth ten millions of dollars, is about forty-five years of age, of medium size, and dark complexion. His face is smooth-shaven, except that he wears a heavy black moustache. His history is a remarkable one. He was born in Ireland, and landed at Castle Garden less than twenty-five years ago, with scarcely a dollar in his pocket. He drifted into the oil country, and became an oil-well driller. By lucky accident, he obtained large interests in the Bingham lands at Bradford, when the field was in its infancy. He left Bradford worth some two millions of dollars. Since that time his operations as an oil-producer have been invariably successful, and his wealth, as stated above, is not less than ten millions of dollars. A large part of his fortune is invested in government bonds, and he also owns an immense cattle ranch in Colorado. He is one of the most modest and unassuming of men, of polished manners, and speaks like a native American. His home is at Washington, Penn. We find the above in the Republic. Donahoe's Magazine would like to see Mr. McCune invest some of his great wealth among the poor. Perhaps he does, but nothing is said about it.

Mr. Mahony, M. P., has presented Mrs. Gladstone with a Kerry cow from his fine herd at Kilmorna. Kerry cattle are small in size, and very hardy; and they are not only most prolific milkers, but they make first-rate beef.

In a letter Mr. Gladstone says: "Were the sentiments of the present generation of Irish Protestants unitedly such as those their fathers held a century ago, all opposition to Home Rule in England would melt away like morning vapor in the sun."

The Parnell Trial.

THE Scottish Leader says: "It is time that some deliverance should be made by those able to give opinions as to the extent of the jurisdiction of the Scotch courts in reference to Mr. Parnell's action. Some of the Tory journals, which are marked more by indiscretion than judgment, are unceasing in their assertion that the action will fail for want of jurisdiction, and on the particular ground that neither party is domiciled in Scotland. There was, however, decided many years ago, viz., in 1846, a case which is diametrically opposed to this view, and which shows that the court will entertain an action between aliens when, as in Mr. Parnell's case, arrestments have been made *fundandæ jurisdictionis causa*. The case referred to is Parkin *vs.* Royal Exchange Assurance Company, in which the facts were shortly these: Lord Elibank having died, there was money due from defenders on his policy: and as the insurance company had money deposited in a bank in Scotland, the pursuer commenced proceedings in the Scotch courts to recover the money due on the policy, and arrested the money in the bank for the purpose of founding jurisdiction. Neither party had a Scotch domicile, and it was held that the Court had jurisdiction. Lord Moncreiff, in the course of his judgment, said: 'I can have no doubt that this court has jurisdiction in virtue of the arrestment of the funds of the defenders in Scotland *ad fundandam jurisdictionem* to entertain and give judgment in the present action. That form of process has been long established in law, and is in daily practice.' This authority has been repeatedly followed, and has been adopted by the House of Lords, the ultimate Court of appeal."

THE Montreal True Witness says: "Is marriage a failure?" is a question now being discussed in English and American papers. We say, no! Marriage is not a failure; but some men and women, as husbands and wives, are failures. We need not go into particulars. Every one can settle the points for himself or herself. Is birth a failure? Is death a failure? Some births, some deaths, undoubtedly are failures, but those who break the law of God and nature have no right to blame the law, when its punishment inevitably follows their offence.

Decease of a Prominent Irishman.

THE feelings of attachment which Irishmen, no matter where their lot may be cast, hold for their country and religion, is well illustrated by the manner in which Mr. Patrick Martin, who recently died at Hobart, Tasmania, disposed of his money. Mr. Martin was connected with the government printing-office, Sydney, for over twenty years, and, by his thrift and good judgment, amassed an independence. He was unmarried, and he bequeathed his money for the foundation of "Catholic scholarships," which are to be controlled by the Bishop of Hobart, and to be awarded for the proficiency of the composition of essays on The History of the Catholic Church, or The History of Ireland. Mr. Martin was well known as an accomplished musician, and moved in the best society in Sydney, where he formerly resided.

From Two Standpoints.

To be a woman — direst woe,
The rights of men she ne'er can know.
She cannot cast the mighty vote,
Or sound the ringing campaign note.
Her key fits not the midnight latch,
'Tis tedious work to strike a match.
Baseball is a forbidden sport,
Her hair is long instead of short.

To be a woman — happy state,
To govern man, and guide his fate.
She takes the middle of the street,
And in the horse-car gets a seat.
She has her say — more than enough,
And has it, too, without rebuff.
Creation's king, a man, is seen
Most always vanquished by the queen.

Merchant Traveller.

The Empire Route to the East.

WE conclude this interesting article this month. It is written by Miss E. M. Clerke, a talented writer for the English magazines. At the present time, it is of great interest to Americans as well as Canadians.

WE do not believe there is one priest throughout the length and breadth of the United States, with the slightest missionary experience, who will not heartily endorse this pronouncement of Cardinal Manning:

"For thirty-five years I have been priest and bishop in London, and now I approach my eightieth year. I have learned some lessons, and the first thing is this: The chief bar to the working of the Holy Spirit of God in the souls of men and women is intoxicating drink. I know no antagonist to that good spirit more direct, more subtle, more stealthy, more ubiquitous, than intoxicating drink. Though I have known men and women destroyed for all manner of reasons, yet I know of no cause that effects man, woman, child and home with such universality and steady power as intoxicating drink."

These are not the words of a brainless crank or wild enthusiast. They are pregnant with warnful meaning. Alas! how many countless drunkards' graves would give them mournful confirmation.—Father Cronin in Buffalo Catholic Union and Times.

A. M. LELAND has opened rooms at 161 Tremont street, Boston, for the special sale of piano chairs of all kinds, piano stools, and ottoman stools. Also violins, mandolins, and strings for musical instruments. Mr. Leland is well and favorably known as being engaged in the piano and music business for the past thirty-five years, the last ten years with Oliver Ditson & Co.

IF the pastor requires his Catholic children to attend his school, he owes it to the children and their parents to make his school as good as the best. Hence let all drones and old fogies be swept aside. Such clogs to the wheels of our Catholic progress should not be tolerated in this the day of our educational battle, when we want life and activity.—Father Cronin in Buffalo Catholic Union.

The New York Freeman's Journal.

THIS paper has been sold to Messrs. Austin E. Ford and Robert E. Ford, by John A. McMaster, son of the late James A. McMaster. The new proprietors bid fair to make the Freeman a good Catholic newspaper. They certainly commence well. In their announcement the proprietors say:—"In entering upon our journalistic charge we put forward no beggar's appeal to help us along. We shall work hard and conscientiously to make a paper that will be worthy of support—a paper that will at least be readable and clean and honest and courteous. This is our determination. In the spirit of this resolution we ask for kindly consideration, not merely from friends who know us, but also from those who, not knowing us, imagine perhaps they ought to be foes." We need scarcely say that we wish the new men at the head of the old Freeman abundant success.

"I WOULD rather be William O'Brien in Tullamore Jail, a martyr to free speech, than the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in Dublin Castle."—Benjamin Harrison, *Republican Candidate* for *President* of the United States.

Good Feeling Manifested.

MR. C. E. DANIELS, superintendent of public schools in Malden, Mass., says that there are thirty-one hundred children of school age in Malden, not far from seven hundred of whom are children of Catholic parents. Of these about six hundred at present attend the parochial schools, so that there are very few Catholic children in the public schools. Three rooms in one of the public school buildings are let to the parochial schools, they paying rent therefor. The relations of the teachers of these schools and those of the public schools in the same building are entirely cordial, and there is no conflict whatever. In this connection it is interesting to add that Master Cronin, a last year's graduate of Father Flatley's schools, surpassed all the public school graduates, applying at the same time in the examination to which they were subjected preliminary to admittance to Boston College.

DR. J——, late of the "Granite City," was one of the most inveterate "beggars," for charitable purposes, that ever got up a subscription list. He called one morning on a wealthy merchant, whom he had successfully canvassed on more than one occasion, and, having recounted the misfortunes of a

widow, whose husband had been killed by a fall, asked for a check on her behalf. "Well, Doctor," answered the merchant, "I'll give you the sum you ask for, on one condition; namely, that you allow me to inscribe on your tombstone, 'And it came to pass that the beggar died.'"—"Willingly," said the Doctor, with a laugh; "but you must add the rest of the verse—'And was carried by angels into Abraham's bosom.'"

THE Misses Drexel, of Philadelphia, Penn., have contributed to the rebuilding of the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Manhattanville, N. Y., the sum of ten thousand dollars. They but lately gave fifty thousand dollars to the American Catholic University. They are founding an Industrial School in the Archdiocese of Philadelphia; they maintain an Indian school in the West; they are most generous contributors to the colored missions, and of their private benefactions there is no end.

TWO little boys were at the circus looking at the elephant. After the elder boy had given the animal several peanuts, the little fellow cried out: "Oh, Pa, can't I give his other tail some peanuts, too?"

THE REV. FATHER KELLY, of the Mission of the Holy Rosary, New-York City, is carrying on most faithfully the good work inaugurated by his predecessor, the late Rev. John J. Riordan, in the establishment of a temporary home for the care and protection of immigrant girls from Ireland. In the discharge of his duties, Father Kelly has realized that a great temptation confronted also the male portion of the immigrants as soon as they landed in this country, and he has found a means whereby they may be able to protect and assist themselves. Recognizing the fact that intemperance, with the alluring temptations held out to the new arrival to indulge his appetite therefor, was one of the greatest stumbling-blocks to success which he had to overcome, Father Kelly communicated with W. H. Downes, President of the Council of New York and New Jersey of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America. Together they formed a plan to persuade every intended emigrant, before sailing from the other side, to sign the pledge, and then furnish him with a card entitling him to membership in the Society in whatever city or town he might settle over here. Father Kelly is sanguine that this will prove a great benefit to thousands of men and boys, who come to the United States every year.

A New Life of Christ.

THE great event of next winter, in the religious world, says London Truth, will be the publication of Pere Didon's Life of Christ, on which he has been engaged for many years, and which has long been eagerly expected by those who believe that the renowned Dominican preacher will entirely refute M. Renan's work. Pere Didon has spared no pains to insure accuracy in his statements about localities, for he has paid two long visits to the Holy Land, and has most carefully inspected every spot identified with the events which occur in his narrative. Whatever may be the controversial merits of this book, it is sure to be interesting and eloquent, and will display the profound learning for which its author is famous.

MAY I have the pleasure of this waltz, Miss Clara?" he implored; "it is the last one, you know."—"Well, really, Mr. Featherly, Mr. Sampson is down on my card; but if you like you may hold my fan."

Catholic Reaction in Europe.

CATHOLICS will be cheered by the pleasing intelligence which comes from Europe that a great Catholic reaction is now sweeping over the Continent. Speaking of the desirable change in the political complexion of European affairs an English Catholic paper intimates that the movement which in France at a leap sent up the number of Catholic deputies from eighty to two hundred, and now threatens the very existence of the government that spent its strength in persecuting the church; which in Germany made the Centre so strong that the Kulturkampf is at an end; which in Italy has won so many

movements for the Pope; which in Spain and in Austria has checkmated all the efforts of the Revolutionary party; which in Belgium has changed the whole force of the national policy, has now been felt in Holland. The long ascendency of the Liberal party is broken at last, and the combined forces of the Catholics and the Conservatives give them a narrow, but a working, majority. The Ministry has already resigned, and the reluctant King will now be called upon to send for the leaders of the Catholic Opposition. The parties in the new Chamber will stand thus: Liberals, 45; Catholics, 26; Conservatives, 27. Seven other elections have still to be decided; but the results are not likely to affect the balance of power.

AN important fact which every one should know, that you can get the best shirt in Boston for the money, at Bacon's Great Shirt Depot and furnishing store, 50 Hanover street, Boston.

By Way of Rebuke.

THE Republic, by way of rebuke to those professional fanatics and British bigots who are so industriously laboring to stir up sectarian strife in this city, and so demigogically declaring that a Catholic cannot be a loyal American citizen, the Christian Register, whose condemnation of that meeting lately held in Faneuil Hall has already been quoted in these columns, had this to say in its last issue of the late lamented Gen. Sheridan:

"That an Irishman and a Catholic may be a good citizen, worthy of the love, honor, and reverence of his fellow-citizens, is shown in the great career of Philip H. Sheridan, and the universal respect of the nation manifested at his death and burial. Among all the notices of his career, we have seen not one hint of any prejudice against him because he was a member of the Catholic Church. His patriotism was so simple, so sincere, so enthusiastic, his services to the republic were so great and so brilliant, the the confidence in him shared by such leaders as Lincoln, Grant, and Sherman was so marked and explicit, that there was no room for adverse criticism. Philip Sheridan, Irishman and Catholic, is a typical American hero, and his example will lead many a young foreigner to emulate his record of patriotic service."

If all the editors of our esteemed local contemporaries were as manly and outspoken as Editor Barrows in their condemnation of the bigotry and ignorance which underlie the current attacks on the Catholic Church, Messrs. Miner, Moxom, Hamilton & Co., together with their British backers, would soon cease their bickering and railing at their Catholic fellow-citizens.

Preserving the Faith.

"CATHOLICISM," says the Indo-European Correspondence, "is a powerful preserver of races; thus we read in the reports of the Marist Missions that Wallis Island in Polynesia (Sandwich Islands) was the first to receive the Faith, and even a considerable number had joined the church, whilst the neighboring island (Futuna) still remained obdurate, until, in a moment of fanatic hatred of our holy religion, on April 28th, 1841, they tomahawked Father Chanel, with the expressed intention of putting an end to the new religion, which endangered the existence of their pagan superstitions. It is expected that during next July the beatification of Father Chanel, the first martyr of Oceanica, will take place. To-day both these islands are entirely converted to our holy religion. There is not one Protestant native in either, and, what is worthy of remark, they are the only islands where the native populations are constantly on the increase. For in every island in those seas the red race are dying out; but in Wallis and Futuna, the only islands that are entirely Catholic, the population has more than doubled."

The Schoolmistress Abroad in the Old Land.

YEARS ago, when our good Irish girls were sending money to Ireland, in nine cases out of ten, they would ask our clerks to direct their letters for them. Now the request is, "Please loan me a pen."

Here is a Chance!

$3 DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE and $3 a good Catholic paper for $3 a year. The California Catholic, giving all the news, and DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, will both be given for one year for $3. Address DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, Boston, Mass. The money ($3) must accompany the order.

A British Threat Answered.

THE New York Sun: The Standard (London Tory Paper) tries to scare us with the threat of despatching British iron-clads against our seaports, and taunts us with our so-called back-down in the Trent affair. . . . Should the English wantonly bombard and burn our commercial metropolis, as they burned Washington in the War of 1812, they would arouse in the whole American people a spirit and a capacity of revenge that would be satisfied with nothing short of the ruin of the British Empire.

But Lord Salisbury has all he can attend to at present in Ireland. He knows that the first collision with the United States would sound the death knell of British Government in Ireland. The American Revolution evoked Grattan's Parliament; but the next war with this country will involve the absolute independence of of the Emerald Isle. The single army corps which it was recently computed would represent the largest military force which Great Britian could dispose of for aggressive purposes, might be furnished with a plenty of employment near home, and might not get further than Queenstown on its way across the Atlantic.

Anything more ridiculous and asinine than the bluster of the Standard we have never read in a newspaper presumably alive to the serious responsibilities of the press.

The Catholic University.

THE work on the Divinity building of the Catholic University is well in hand. Bishop Keane, the rector of the university, announces that this building will be dedicated on Oct. 6, 1889. That will be the one hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the hierarchy, the consecration of Bishop Carroll, of Baltimore, who was the first bishop in this country. Bishop Keane will then assume charge of the university.

THE city of Boston is noted far and near, as a great musical city. It is as famed in Leipsic, as it is in London, and its pianos can be found in every big city, all over the world. We know of no place in Boston where you can buy a piano to better advantage than you can of Mr. E. B. Wood, who sells the G. U. Getchell Piano, at 150 Tremont street, this city. Mr. Wood has been in the manufacturing department of Messrs. Hallett & Davis, for twelve years, and his father forty years, so that parties in want of a fine instrument will be sure of obtaining one at 150 Tremont street, Boston, from Mr. E. B. Wood, who is in every way reliable.

Sharp Practice.

IN connection with the strike of plumbers at Toronto, Ont., a bit of sharp practice on the part of the men has astounded the masters, and will go a long way toward making them surrender. The masters had sent for a number of men from Edinburgh, Scot., but on arrival these men were met and welcomed by the strikers; they were then offered a free ticket of membership to the Plumbers' Union, which they accepted, and when the niggardly employers came to meet them, they actually found them assisting in doing picket duty for the plumbers.

WE are glad to notice the advent of a new enterprise on the part of our genial and much-respected friend from the Highlands, Roxbury, Thomas O'Flynn, Esq., who has just been appointed sole agent for the sale in the United States of America, for the products of the "City of the violated treaty." A better selection could not be made. Mr. O'Flynn is president of the Roxbury branch of the Irish National League; he is patriotic; his pen and his purse are ready at every call, and his sword, if needed, for the cause of Old Ireland; such men as he, are deserving of prominence.

CARDINAL MANNING is a frequent guest at luxuriant banquets; but in the midst of such feasts generally makes his dinner of a baked potato, a piece of beef, and a glass of water. The Cardinal rises at five in summer and winter. In speaking recently at the Crystal Palace, his Eminence said: "My only regret is, that I did not

sooner throw my energies into the work of temperance. I look upon all my time, before I did so, as lost." Speaking to the members of the League of the Cross, at Paisley, the Very Rev. Canon Chisholm said: "I only wish that thirty years ago I had taken up this work."

Cardinal Manning's

Article in the North American Review for October is one of the most masterly vindications of the Catholic Church that has appeared in the present century. The New York Times is candid enough to acknowledge, that, "admitting that the Roman Church is the legitimate and continuous successor of the Apostolic Church, Cardinal Manning's statement as a refutation of infidelity is so complete that Ingersoll has nothing to say."

This splendid vindication of the church will appear entire in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for December.

Hollis Street Theatre.

THE Hollis Street Theatre, under the management of Mr. Isaac B. Rich, is one of the best-conducted places of amusement in America. Nothing but high-class artists and plays are seen upon its boards. Among some of its attractions for the season of 1888–89 are Mary Anderson, whom all Catholics love for her womanly modesty, Augustin Daly and his company, the former so well known for his liberal benefactions to Catholic charities, Thomas Keene, Robson and Crane, Frederick Warde, C. Coquelin, and Jane Hading, E. H. Sothern in his new play, "Lord Chumley," and many other of the leading lights in the dramatic profession.

WE always take pride in the advancement of our countrymen everywhere, and in almost all kinds of business they succeed when they persevere, and lay their minds down to business, steadfastly and determinedly. Mr. Thomas Gaffney, who is in the furnace and stove business on Blackstone street, in this city, is one of those who is a leading man in his line. No man in his business can excel him. We take pride in calling the attention of our readers to his advertisement on another page.

Publishers Honored.

THE house of Benziger Brothers have just received a two-fold distinction on account of their rich as well as select exhibition at the "Vatican Exposition." For the first the jury has awarded them the "Diploma d'onore" (Diploma of Honor) for their exhibition of ecclesiastical art, consisting of church ornaments, books, pictures, etc. This is the highest distinction granted at the exhibition, and entitles the Benzigers to use the exhibition medal. Later on another and higher distinction followed from the Holy Father himself, a Diploma "given at the Apostolic Palace," and exquisitely executed in gold and colors. The latter bestows on the Benzigers the title of "Pontifical Institute of Christian Art," with the further privilege of carrying the Papal Coat of Arms.

What a Priest Says.

THE Rev. J. H. Cotter, of Aleski, Ohio, in sending us ten dollars for subscriptions to DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, says: "I will get you a number of subscribers here, as soon as I can give time to the pursuit. I want my people to have *books* with the literary tone and Catholic spirit that marks your periodical. I want them to have books; for books they keep, but papers they burn."

The Buffalo Outrage.

FIVE men, interested in the prize-fight between Hattie Leslie and Alice Leary, on Navy island, Sunday, Sept. 16, were tried in the Criminal Court at Buffalo. George La Blanche, the Marine, who was Hattie Leslie's second; Billy Baker, Alice Leary's second; John Leslie, Hattie's husband; John G. Floss, a theatrical manager, and Curley Hughes, a sport, were the men. Mrs. Leslie turned state's evidence, and told all about the brutal affair. She and the reporters identified the accused. The defence was that it was a "sham" prize-fight, for theatrical purposes. The jury rendered a verdict convicting all except Hughes. The penalty is one year in prison, or five hundred dollars' fine. Hattie's case has not been tried, and Alice has not been arrested.

Irish Cricketers Sail for Home.

THE steamer, *City of Rome*, which sailed from New York on the 3d of October had aboard the Irish cricket team. It is only six weeks since the Gentlemen of Ireland landed in Canada; but in that time they played thirteen matches, in which they were eleven times victors. Their two defeats were sustained at Philadelphia, the first by by seven runs, and the second by thirty-nine runs. In Canada, they defeated the Kingstons, Ottawas, and All Canada; and in th states they won at Boston, Pittsburgh, and New York. They expressed themselves well pleased with their trip, and disappointed that it could not be made longer.

THE SCHOOL COMMITTEE OF BOSTON has sustained the recent action of the Committee on High Schools in removing Swinton's Outlines of the World's History from the list of text-books used in the public schools. This action was the result of a request made by the members of the Evangelical Alliance that the decision of the sub-committee be revoked by the full board. The decision of the School Committee is an official rebuke to bigotry, and an emphatic repudiation of the Protestant misrepresentations which Catholic scholars in the public schools in various towns and cities are taught as if they were Gospel truths. Parents who desire their children to preserve the Faith should send them to the parochial schools.

Irish-American Literature.

THE Century Magazine, probably the best of the American illustrated Monthlies, will contain among other good things the coming year a series of illustrated papers on Ireland by Charles De Kay, for some time in preparation and already announced. They will deal with the ethnology, customs, literature, etc., of the country. A series of Irish-American stories, by George H. Jessop, will also appear during 1889. Each story will be complete in itself, but the series will have connected interest. E. W. Kemble will furnish the illustrations. Irishmen at home and abroad will be sure to be interested in the above, and the Century publishers may count on great additions to its already large subscription list.

Rev. Richard J. Barry in Boston.

ON Sunday, Sept. 23, the Rev. Richard J. Barry, for the past nine years in pastoral charge of the Church of the Precious Blood, Hyde Park, Mass., bade farewell to his congregation. Father Barry has been appointed rector of the new Church of St. Cecilia in the Back Bay District, and though the people to whom he has endeared himself by his years of faithful labor for the promotion of their best interests regret to lose him, yet they cannot but appreciate the tribute to his zeal and ability implied in his transfer to a wider field of labor. Father Barry found a heavy debt on the parish property of Hyde Park when he was put in charge of it. He has reduced that debt to a comparatively small figure, and has, moreover, enriched the parish with a beautiful church, schools, rectory, convent, and all that goes to the equipment of a perfect parish. His many friends in these parts, and wherever he is known, with him every blessing and success in his new work. Mechanic's Hall, Huntington avenue, has been hired for the new congregation of the Back Bay district, where services will be held until the new church is ready for occupancy.

Consumption Cured.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this MAGAZINE, W. A. Noyes, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Notes on Recent Publications.

"Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting, and profitable books."—*Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

BOOKS.

LITURGY FOR THE LAITY; OR, AN EXPLANATION OF THE SACRED OBJECTS CONNECTED WITH DIVINE WORSHIP. By Rev. James H. O'Donnell.

The author has given us a much-needed book for the laity explaining everything appertaining to the church service and all ceremonies attached to it. Everything is explained from the vestments to the churching of women. Published by P. O'Shea, New York, and sold for 50 cents a copy. No family should be without it.

Benziger Bros, N. Y., Cin., and Chi.

THE BLESSED ONES of 1888: Bl. Clement Maria Hofbauer, C. SS. R.; Bl. Louis-Marie Grignon de Montfort; Bl. Brother Egidius Mary of St. Joseph; Bl. Josephine Mary of St. Agnes. Translated from the German by Eliza A. Donnelly. 18mo, cloth, illustrated. Price, 50 cts.

The firm have issued the new Mass and Office of the Holy Rosary for the first Sunday of October. They have rendered a like service for the Feast of St. Victor III.

We have several Publications from Notre Dame, Indiana, as follows: Philip's Restitution, by Christian Reid. Printed from the Ave Maria. Price $1.50. The author is one of the best of our writers. An Instruction on the Christian Life, by Our Holy Father the Pope.—Sermon by the Most Rev. John Ireland, D. D., on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of the Very Rev. Edward Sorin, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross.—Forty-Fourth Annual Catalogue of the Officers, Faculty and Students of the University of Notre Dame, for the academic year 1887–88. It is illustrated with engravings of the various institutions attached to the old Notre Dame.

BRIAN, an Irish Tragedy, in five acts. By Paul MacSwiney. Price 50 cents.

Address Beith Luis Nion Press, 17 West 28th street, N. Y.

Plays, Sibyl, Telemachus, Æneas. By Chas. Gildehaus. For sale by De Wolfe, Fiske & Co., the Archway Book Store, 365 Washington street, Boston.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier, New York, are publishing a complete History of St. Monica. Translated from the French of M. l'Abbe Bougaud, by the Rev. Anthony Farley.

In a few weeks will be published a most important work, of four hundred pages, entitled Devotion to the Holy Ghost. It is written by the Very Rev. Dr. O. Zardetti, of Yankton, Dak., and has a preface written by Bishop Keane, Rector of the Catholic University.

MUSIC.

White, Smith, & Co., Boston.

Vocal: "Go When the Morning Stirreth," Male Quartette, J. J. Loud. "The Girls and the Boys," Comic Song, Felix McGlennon. "Dear Heart," words by G. Clifton Bingham, music by Tito Matter. "What We'd Like to Know," Topical Song, Harry Birch. "The Last Letter," words by J. L. Walsh, music by J. W. Turner. "Let the Red Bandanna Wave," Campaign Song, J. P. Skelly. "The Pilot's Wife," Song, Jas. H. Lee. "Ave Maria," by Johannes Braunschiedl. "In the Chimney Corner," words by F. E. Weatherby, music by Frederic H. Cowen. "Maude," Song and Chorus, Chas. H. Gabriel. "Memories of Boyhood," Song and Chorus, W. A. Springer. "Darling Mine," Ballad, J. J. Maguire,

Instrumental: "Heart's Delight Schottische," Paul Keller. "Down in Dixie Polka," C. A. White. "Sheridan's Funeral March," by Harry Birch. "Love's Dreamland Waltzes," by Otto Roeder. "Forest Flowers Waltzes," by Lawrence Neebe. "Dream Eyes Waltzes," by E. De Coen. "La Carneval de Venise," arranged for four hands, by C. Czerny. "Meditation in the Forest," Violin and Piano, by Morrison M. Alsbury. "Ocean Breeze Schottische," by Paul Keller. "Sparkling Sunbeam Mazurka," by same. "Return of the Heroes March," by same. "Lovely Flower Waltz," by same. "Echoes of the Lake Nocturne," by

J. J. Leyback. "Silent Wishes," by H. Lichner.

Cabinet or Parlor Organ Studies, compiled and edited by B. M. Davison.

THE Folio for September and October, two very interesting numbers of of this popular journal.

Montgomery Veterans.

A LARGELY attended meeting of the Montgomery Light Guard Veteran Association was held at its headquarters, Col. Thomas F. Doherty presiding, on on Jan. 9. The following officers were elected: Colonel, Thomas F. Doherty; lieutenant-colonel, Daniel G. Macnamara; major, Jeremiah G. Fennessey, captains, Paul Henry, John J. Boyle, John O'Connor, Daniel Cummings, and John B. Duffy; first-lieutenants, Richard Murphy, John H. Wallace, Humphry Sullivan, Thomas H. Murphy, Timothy J. O'Brien, clerk; adjutant, John J. Murphy; financial secretary, Capt. M. J. Dunne; treasurer, John T. Casey. The veterans celebrated their forty-third anniversary on the 4th of October by a parade, and banquet at the Waverly House in the evening. Col. Doherty presided. The invited guests present were Mayor O'Brien, Capt. Flanigan and Lieut. Lawlor, of the Hillyer Guards of Hartford, Conn., Col. P. T. Hanley, Patrick Donahoe, and a delegation from the Irish Athletic Club, headed by Morris Davin, its president. The evening was spent in speech, music, and song, and passed in grand style.

A GREAT BOOK.—Mr. P. A. O'Neill, better known as "the Deacon," is canvassing for The Story of a Great Nation, and for DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. The following, from the Lowell News, in which city the Deacon has been canvassing, gives a good idea of the scope of the work.

"Mr. Patrick O'Neill of Beverly, so prominent in the Beverly division, is in town canvassing in the interest of a valuable book entitled, The Story of a Great Nation, by the well-known writer, John Gilmary Shea, LL.D. The book is a concise illustrated history of the country from its start to the present time, and so well arranged as to be a valuable book of reference, neat in form. It contains over 350 portraits, and a fac-simile of the Declaration of Independence. The list of subscribers shows that our able men appreciate a good thing when they see it. Among them may be seen John G. Whittier, Lieutenant-Governor Brackett, Hon. A. W. Beard, Mayor Russell, ex-Mayor Breen, Monsignor Strain and Rev. Fr. Teeling. Mr. O'Neill called into the News office because we were on his side of the Beverly question, and, of course, a fellow feeling brought him in. He comes here well recommended, and the Lowell public may rest assured of good treatment." In addition to the prominent names given in the foregoing, the list of subscribers embraces the names of Hon. John I. Baker, A. N. Clark, Esq., Robert R. Endicott, Esq., Dr. Charles Haddock, Hon. Francis Norwood, and other prominent Beverly gentlemen. In fact, the entire list of subscribers is a collection of autographs of persons prominent in one way or another. Mr. O'Neill has been appointed agent for DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, in the various towns through which he may travel. We recommend him to our friends.

LOOK OUT FOR THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. IT WILL BE FULL OF GOOD THINGS.

THERE is no truth in the statement that the Duke of Norfolk is to marry Miss Virginia McTavish of Baltimore. Sorry for the Duke, who is an anti-Home-Ruler.

The Presidential Election — Nov. 6.

SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION Regular courses 15 hours a week. Special courses 3 and 5 hours on Saturday evenings and afternoons, for Teachers, Lawyers, College, and High School Students, etc. For Clergymen, Mondays. Extemporaneous Speaking, Wednesday evening. General culture classes in Logic, Rhetoric, Art, Poetry, Voice and Harmonic Training. Courses include BOTH INDIVIDUAL AND CLASS DRILL. Call 2 to 4.

S. S. CURRY, Ph.D., Freeman Place,
15 1-2 Beacon St., Boston.

DONAHOE'S

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"The future of the Irish people in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics."—RIGHT REV. DR. IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

Swedes and the "Pure Teachings of Luther."

ABOUT the middle of September there was a gathering of Swedes in Minneapolis, Minn., called together by some of the would-be leaders and politicians in that quarter for the purpose of celebrating the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the first landing of Swedes in this country. One would think from this, especially as the landing took place as early as 1638, that the Swedes were an important factor in the history of the United States. Of all the people that ever came to this country, they were the least important, fewest as a people, made themselves least felt, never amounted to anything beyond some small farming, and, probably, never will amount to anything. Nevertheless, they talk loudly, having learned the trick of sounding their own praises. If they did nothing but this, few would bother with them.

The "landing" consisted of a couple of boat-loads of people, and, so far as known, finished there. They settled somewhere on the banks of the Delaware, and, after some time, the Dutch came and gobbled them up or scattered them over the backwoods. They were heard of no more, for they are not a prolific race, for which many causes are assigned. The population of Sweden is about five millions, and has been running around that number since the beginning of the century.

In a decade of years, from 1820 till 1830, the whole tide of immigration from Sweden and Norway to this country, was under one hundred. Not a very big tide; but they did well to stay in their own country, and it were heartily to be desired that they had continued to stay there.

The real immigration of the Swedes to this country began during the war of the rebellion. They saw their chance then, and embraced it. From then till now their numbers have increased, but not to an ap-

preciable extent, as regards the progress or population of the country, save in some portions of the North-west. Their numbers are felt and known, however, in Utah, where they form the largest proportion of the Mormons.

It was a singular omission by "the orator of the day," WW. Thomas, jr., late United States Minister to Sweden, in his speech at Minneapolis on the 14th Sept., to overlook the fact that Sweden is the happy hunting-ground of the Mormon propagandists, as fully one-half of all the Swedes that reach this country, simply land here *en route* to Salt Lake City. Only a few days previous to the commemoration of the Swedish "landing," there was quite a large number of these people who made another "landing" at Castle Garden, New York City, all bound for the Mormon settlement, the place where the "twin curse" flourisheth. Among the immigrants was a young girl, not out of her teens, who, by the consent and advice of her father and mother, was about to join the Latter-Day Saints, but was prevented from entering the dark way of destruction, by a plucky sister, who had previously arrived in this country, and was settled in Brooklyn. This sister, who appears to have had more sense than her parents, had a tough, hard battle to fight with the Mormon elder in charge of the immigrants, and, strange to say, the battle was made more difficult by the waywardness of the girl sought to be saved. She would go with the Mormon elder in spite of everything, and, had not her sister been supported by some good citizens, the Mormon would have carried the girl away. He yielded his young Swedish prize reluctantly; but he knew the nature of the ground he stood upon, and preferred to lose the girl rather than encounter the rising rage of the people who surrounded him.

It was a pity that "the orator of the day" at Minneapolis, when giving us the statistics of Swedish immigration to this country, so conveniently forgot all about our Swedish Mormons. That was a point upon which he could have dilated largely. He did not forget, however, to tell us what he knew about Gustavus Adolphus and the Thirty Years' War, which he styled, "the gigantic contest between freedom in thought and religion, and Papal and imperial despotism; between the pure teachings of Luther and the Spanish inquisition."

"Aye; there's the rub,"—the pure teachings of Martin Luther, and papal and imperial despotism. There was probably never in the world an imperial despot like Gustavus Adolphus, the personification of the "pure teachings" of Luther.

Mr. WW. Thomas, jr., is only a very poor politician, and, consequently, unversed and unlearned in the topics he would talk about. A sling at the Pope, and the imperial despotism he would create in Europe but for the "pure teachings" of Luther, are among the old, exploded catches which men of the Thomas type indulge in at a gathering of ordinarily ignorant people. It sounds well, and has a taking look about it, for Protestants to dilate on the imperial power which the Popes are supposed to have founded, or tried to found, in

the different countries of Europe. The Popes for centuries flung themselves like barriers between the people and their imperial masters, always on the side of the people. Add to this that the greatest increase of imperial power in Europe began with the rise of Protestantism, that is, with the "pure teachings" of Luther.

In fact, Protestantism was more, much more of a political than a religious movement, and Luther advised the murder of the people who dared to rise against their imperial masters.

The reign of the Eighth Harry in England who had six or seven wives, some of whom he beheaded, was one of the cruelest despotisms of that despotic age. But, of course, the Pope must have made Harry a despot by refusing to grant him a divorce from his first wife, Katharine. The "pure teachings" of Luther did not prevent the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel from acting the part of the English Harry. Both these imperialists were polygamists according to the "pure teachings" of the arch apostate, who, in his commentary on Genesis said: "As to whether we are to have several wives the authority of the patriarchs leaves us entirely free. It is a thing neither prohibited nor permitted, and he" (Luther) "does not decide anything thereupon." Good Martin! the vow-breaker, who so dearly loved, as he said, everything connected with "wine, women, and song."

From the time that Gustavus ascended the throne in Sweden the imperial power began to exercise unlimited sway, so that the people were no better than slaves. In Denmark the kingly power became stronger than ever, while Prussia suffered under complete absolutism. The empire under Charles V., in Austria, arose in all its power, while even in Italy the small republics began to "hunger after princes." The King's Evil spread everywhere throughout Europe, contemporaneously with the rise of Protestantism and the "pure teachings" of Luther. Has Mr. Thomas an eye to see or a head to understand?

The advancement of the peoples of Europe under the Popes to popular government was arrested by the tyrants of Sweden and other upholders of the "pure teachings" of Luther. But for them Europe to-day would be composed of a number of republics, Christian republics in the fullest sense of the word, and now, just as Protestantism is losing ground, dying out, the people of Europe are coming back to occupy the political eminence they should have occupied three centuries and a half ago. Not but imperialism continues to live in Europe — it lives but does not flourish. Strange to say that Home Rule in Ireland may give it its death blow!

In pagan days some countries were easily converted to the Catholic faith, and some were converted with great difficulty. Those most easily converted became subsequently bulwarks of resistance against the encroachments of heresy; those most difficult to convert were first to yield to heretical pressure. The cause is pretty obvious. Christianity, that is, Catholic faith and practice, sets a barrier to the evil passions of men, and restrains them with a heavy hand from following in the ways of the flesh and the devil. Heresy, particularly

the Protestant form of it, has no power to restrain men's passions. Such power requires sacramental grace, and Protestantism is impoverished of all grace. It was begotten and born in lust by Luther; was nurtured and reared in lust until its disintegration, when it became simply a negation, without life, unity, form or energy, except such as the Thomases give it by drawing attention to their vaporings.

Sweden was not converted until about the middle of the ninth century. The southern, or Gothic part of the country, was more easily converted than the north. It was not until the beginning of the eleventh century that Sweden had a Christian king, so that Christianity advanced with very slow steps in that region. Protestantism was established by Gustavus Vasa in 1523. Gustavus Adolpus was the son of Charles IX., who succeeded Vasa, and from then till now Sweden has gone down to the very depths of the grossest sensualism and vice, the necessary outcome of her Lutheranism and the "pure teachings" of polygamy.

It is not so strange after all that the polygamous Mormons should find Sweden such an El Dorado for their propagandism.

Gustavus Vasa began his reign like all Protestant potentates by his attacks on the Catholic clergy. The people did not relish those acts of the "reforming" king, and broke out into open insurrection. Gustavus Vasa quelled the outbreak by murdering the people, a project that seldom fails of success, particularly, when the ruler has an obedient army at his back. Then came the exclusion of the Bishops from the senate, and their subjection to the civil power. This was but the introduction to something still more important. The property of the Church has always been a tempting bait to the eyes of "reformers," and Sweden was no better off than other countries in this respect. The Church lands were taken possession of by the king, and every other description of ecclesiastical property suffered in like manner at the hands of the royal and noble thieves. These things, murder and robbery by the wholesale, were necessary in order to establish in Sweden "freedom of thought," and the "pure teachings" of Luther as opposed to the Spanish inquisition, though how the latter, a political court of inquiry, could have had any connection with Sweden, it were hard to understand until "the orator of the day," at the Minneapolis gathering, made the discovery. It is to be feared that the said orator was not above dealing in a lot of very flimsy buncombe.

Protestantism has done for Sweden what it has done for all other countries where it predominated, — let loose a spirit of licentiousness that kept the population of the country at the lowest figure, and detroyed every sentiment of morality among the people. Like her Scottish sister in heresy, drunkenness and impurity have reduced the once sturdy nation of Sweden into a kingdom or quasi-republic of no consequence or repute in the world whatever. There were not two countries in the world so alike as Scotland and Sweden as regarded the social condition of their people after the introduction of heresy among them. Both became bitter, unrelenting persecutors of the Church, and the punish-

ment of both was alike. Laing's Tour in Sweden, in 1839, was about the first great *expose* of the demoralizing influences of the governing classes of that country, "who, within memory of the living generation," he says, "assassinated one king, betrayed another, sold for money their military trusts in Finland to the enemy, and sold the crown of their native race of sovereigns to a foreigner."

The Minneapolis orator was silent about these things, and as conveniently silent about the polygamous practices of his countrymen among the Mormons — practices that are taxing the power of the national government to extirpate. Swedish immigration, is, for the most part, useless to this country. Even in New York city, where a large proportion of all immigrants stay after landing, there are only three hundred voters among the Swedes in a cosmopolitan population of one million and a half. That tells the tale better than Mr. Thomas has told it. The few good, industrious Swedes among us, who have not joined the Mormons, should make an effort, like the Brooklyn girl, to do what in them lies, to prevent the spread of polygamy among their countrymen.

PETER MCCORRY.

Wages and Living Forty Years Ago.

THE Springfield Republican publishes a portion of the address of James Bartlett, an old citizen of Detroit, at the semi-centennial of Michigan. Mr. Bartlett is an intelligent working man, and no rhapsodist. He had long been a machinist in Massachusetts when young, and spoke of things within his own knowledge. His own recollection went back forty-five years, for he first began in 1842, in a machine-shop, employing about fifty men on cotton machinery for Lowell. He said:

"The wages of a machinist in this shop were $1 to $1.25 a day; one nabob of a pattern-maker received the sum of $1.50. They went to work at five o'clock in the morning, and worked until 7.30 at night, with an hour for breakfast and three-quarters for dinner. It was several years before we obtained eleven hours a day. It has now been ten hours a day for twenty-five years or more, and we grumble at that, though we get twice the wages we did forty years ago; and we are hoping to get the same or higher pay for working eight hours. I know the condition of the machinist is better than when I first joined the guild. He has better pay, better houses, better education, better living; and I hope he will keep on improving for the next fifty years. Large machine-shops were started before 1836. One in Lowell employed over a thousand men on cotton machinery. Now the country is dotted with them. For my part I don't want any more of the good old times. The present time is the best we have ever had, though I hope not the best we shall ever see. In fifty years we have reduced our hours of labor from fourteen to eight hours a day, our wages are doubled, and the necessaries of life are much cheaper (a barrel of

salt, which cost $3.50 years ago, has been sold in Michigan for seventy-five cents). The great curse of drunkenness is very much diminished. We live in better houses, better warmed and lighted, and we are better clothed; a high-school education is within reach of every child; books are free to all; the poorest laborer who meets with an accident in our streets, will receive surgical aid that no king could purchase fifty years ago. Our great railroads distribute the fruits of labor, so that famines are impossible. Beef, killed on the prairie, is sent all over the country, and supplies the markets of Europe. Fish, from the salt seas and from our great lakes, are eaten fresh all over the continent, and tropical fruits are peddled round all our streets."

Reunited.

Written after the Yellow Fever Epidemic of 1878.

PURER than thy own white snow,
Nobler than thy mountain's height;
Deeper than the ocean's flow,
Stronger than thy own proud might;
Oh, Northland, to thy sister land,
Was late thy mercy's generous deed and grand.

* * * * * * * *

"Thou givest back my sons again,"
The Southland to the Northland cries;
"For all my dead, on battle plain,
Thou biddest my dying now uprise;
I still my sobs, I cease my tears,
And thou hast recompensed my anguished years.

"Blessings on thine every wave,
Blessings on thine every shore,
Blessings that from sorrows save,
Blessings giving more and more,
For all thou gavest thy sister land,
Oh, Northland, in thy generous deed and grand."

Divorce Among the American People.

"WHEN one looks," Mr. Matthew Arnold has said (Essays in Criticism), "at the English Divorce Court, — an institution which, perhaps, has its practical conveniences, but which, in the ideal sphere, is so hideous; an institution which neither makes divorce impossible nor makes it decent; which allows a man to get rid of his wife, or a wife of her husband, but makes them drag one another first through a mire of unutterable infamy, — when one looks at this charming institution, I say, with its crowded benches, its newspaper reports, and its money compensations, — this institution, in which the gross British Philistine has stamped an image of himself, — one may be permitted to find the marriage theory of Catholicism refreshing and elevating." Divorce is a phenomenon which has accompanied Protestantism.

A Strange Dream.

As far back as the records of our history reach, the Irishman was a wanderer. The busy spirit of adventure, the divine zeal for God's glory and men's salvation, the desire of gain, the thirst for knowledge, the hunger of the heart for what this life neither at home nor abroad can bestow, — one or other, or all of these motives, operated on the sea-surrounded sons of Erin, to send them forth, generation after generation, from the days of "Lawery of the ships" until now. The same feelings, passions, and regrets seem to have always swayed the minds of these rovers. They quickly, very quickly, fell into the ways of foreign life. They learned strange speech, loved strange women, and became friends and brothers to strange men. Their learning, — for then Ireland was the school of Europe, — their bravery, and their beauty made them the friends and secret-keepers of kings, and the lovers of queens and ladies bright; for, alas! when removed from the purifying and preserving influences of home-life, then, as now, they became soiled with the vices of the peoples among whom they lived. Their ordinary, every-day lives were as the lives of other men; but they had a dream-life, these exiles of Erin, not shared by their neighbors, nor by the wives of their bosoms, nor the children of their loins.

The singing of a little bird in the branches over his head at eventide, brought the exile back in spirit to that morning land:

> "An áit úd 'nar b' aoibhinn binn-ghuth éan,
> Mar shámh-chruit chaoin, ag caoine Gaodhal."

That delicious place where sweet was the singing of the unnumbered birds as the delightful keening of the pleasant harps of the Gael.

However weighted down with the cares of life in a foreign land, however soiled with blood and sin, to them there came visions of a land of beauty, where the bright streams came down clear from the heathery mountains, and the green fields were full of flowers, and the stately woods were melodious with the sweet singers of the grove. There arose, too, among these fair works of nature, the more beloved image of the parental cot. The bright face of the young mother was remembered, as were the cradle-tunes she hummed, and the caresses she gave. Then to the lips of the wanderer rose spontaneous the sweet, wild soul-music of his native land; and he hummed or sung the songs of his country that stayed with him forever. At these times of vision of the past and renewal of youth the burden of exile became very heavy, and the sound of the foreign speech in the mouths of wife or children or comrades grew harsh and horrid. The heart became dead in the breast of the absent son of a beloved mother, and he welcomed sleep that gave his spirit wings to sweep the ocean stretches of time and space, till he could once more walk in the fields of his fathers, among the happy faces of the lost friends of his youth.

The traces of these day-dreams and visions of the night are spread all over the ancient romantic literature of the Gael. Even such dreams

have come to me — beautiful terrible ludicrous and all wonderful beyond the power of expression in human speech. I have had such dreams of Erin as would reconcile a man to sleep forever, if he could enjoy these pleasures. Sometimes it would be all a level harvest country, with the fields loaded with the richest crops, and the people cutting them down and storing them, to the sound of the sweetest music. Again it would be a series of the most magnificent panoramas of mountain scenery, with waterfalls a mile broad and three miles high. Islands would be constructed in the eddys of great rivers, and swept away again. At another time I would find myself in a vast cathedral on the crest of a high hill. The congregation numbering hundreds of thousands, were all in uniform and under arms; after the bishop had exhorted them, in a voice sweeter than music, to go forth and fight for the cause of Ireland, the cause of the cross and the altar, against the great red harlot England, the mother of heresies and murders, and the corrupter of the nations of the earth, they arose and went forth to battle. As a sample of the ridiculous, I once dreamed I saw a pompous foreign signore, of tremendous dignity, attending a land-league meeting. When the time came for "speakers to the front," he pulled out a long document, and began reading a rigmarole about the sins and manifold wickednesses of the Irish. A nimble and irreverent gossoon jumped up, and touched him with a bunch of four-leaved shamrocks, tied to the top of a hazel pole, when lo! in an instant he became a monkey, with a red jacket on him, and began to hop around looking for coppers. Some one reached him a flask of whiskey, which he gulped down at a pull; another threw him a bad penny; but this he singled out and flung back at the donor, at which such an Irish laugh arose that I awoke.

One dream I had that I never can think of without a shudder. No words would be able to convey the faintest image of the terrors it brought, or of the relief that waking gave. It was so treacherous, so terrible, that one of the fears of my sleep still is the dread of its repetition.

I was in Ireland once more, after weary years of exile and absence. Nor was it a mere foot on her sacred soil, with the sight of the old home, and the old-time faces of friends and kinsfolk denied. Too often before, as my foot touched the shore, the shock awoke me, as sudden joy kills a person. Nor was I condemned as at other times, to wander beyond the field of vision of the old house on the hill, with its orchards, green meadows, and flowering white thorn and fuschia hedges. The wicked fairy that presided over my past vision life, had this time given me in charge to a more kindly imp; for there, half a mile east stood the white gable rising above the blossomed apple-trees, with the larches shielding it from the cutting nor'wester, and the orchards gardens and rich green meadows forming an inland ocean of summer bloom around.

The season was latter May, for the green fields were almost white with daisies and shamrock blossoms. Each brake of briars was a flake of

blossoms and the birds as if intoxicated sung by the thousand; not the wretched chirrupers one hears in our American parks, but the full-voiced cuckoo blackbird and thrush with the robin linnet lark and other scores of singing species to fill up and perfect the harmony. And I then recalled these words out of an old book, "Ba bind ceol ina n-en-sin ic gabail tsalm ocus cantaci ic moludh in Choimdhib, ar ba henlaith muigi nime eat, ocus ni crina corp na duille an craind-sin." Sweet was the music of these birds a-singing psalms and canticles praising God. For they were the birds of the plain of heaven and neither body nor leaf of that tree decays. Odors were blown in my face by the gentle sea winds; and with the music in my ears, the velvety grass under my feet, the soft, rippling touch of the warm breezes playing "lachaigh," — as we used to say when children, — with my cheeks, I felt intoxicated, and so light that flying appeared as easy as walking. There was the little mill-stream prattling on never a bit the older, with its borders of water grass and bug-luis, and the wild-rose, or "maghcoire" bushes in the same old bunches, and the woodbine intertwining with the blackthorns, like as they were twenty golden years ago. On the right for miles the bogs were beautiful with the dark-green and purple heather. The ceanna-bhan with its cotton-like blossoms grew high, and proved that it was the lily of the muinin. The stunted raidog, or moor myrtle was not a bit taller, the bog bean looked as innocent and sweet, but at heart was as bitter as when we little gossoons were forced to drink it to kill the worms. It ought to be turf-saving time, but no one was to be seen in the bog, and who would care for people, seeing the good old kindly beautiful bog after so many years? Away north were the blue and purple summits of the S—— mountains, grand misty and mysterious as ever. O these grand, far-off mountains! how they have raised my thoughts and heart to God in the docile wondering time of childhood. Often I spent long evening hours looking at the pursuing armies of cloud-land chasing each other across the sky along-side these hills. Sometimes pursuer and pursued, lured by the beauty of earth in this enchanted place, would stand still in their flight, and come down in the shape of palpable mist and snow. And what a home for the fairies! Over there, on Benn Eachlan to the east armies are often seen fighting sham battles in autumn evenings before sunset; and down in Glean G—— they say there is a cave leading to a vast underground sea, over which in old times the souls of the pagans of Erin sailed to their place of post mortal rest. O these mountains! how I longed to explore their peaks and find out their secrets in the romantic days of youth. They were teachers and books to me, and were there nothing else to bring me back to my native land, I would go to salute these hills for the love I bear them.

It was all beautiful, my native land. It was glad that a loving child returned, and put on its best to greet him. As my friend, J. C., whom I shall never see alive in Erin again, used to say, "Sonny, this land loves you, it would not hurt or harm a hair of your head." So I then thought. My country loved and welcomed me, and I felt re-

paid for everything I ever tried or wished to do for her, the dear one. I lingered in the walk across the fields, drinking in through all my senses the beauties of the situation. I felt then more than ever that I loved my country best after God — loved her for her own matchless beauty, for her tenderness and goodness. I loved her for the kindly hearted children she made like herself, because she is such a land and such a mother. All the dear associations came that the sight of home brings to the long absent. The very fields looked a welcome to me, the fences were old acquaintances. The scenery was the same as ever with a difference; but the difference was most likely in myself: I could not see it as I did twenty years ago.

People get old in twenty years, and most of the poetry dies out of them. After twenty years some men lose home on earth forever. The home of childhood is lost and is succeeded by none other; but there are men who are at home in a desert or on the cityless waste of the sea. Men who are at home, wherever the long known familiar stars are seen, wherever grass is green under the feet, or the kindly faces of children are met. There are men who are at home only in libraries, others who are at home only in cities, others only in deserts. There are in truth many kinds of homes.

But I was at home as never before for years. There in the fields where childhood was familiar. It was one of those saddening spells of perfect happiness, that you know cannot last long, and that are so often followed by great misfortunes. But then misfortune might come. Such an experience was worth it. Did not a returning exile, who came home only to die, say, —

"Dá faicmís Beinn Eadair úainn,
Agus Dún Tuirednn bo thuaidh,
Mo chean eág o sin amach,
'Sa bheith 'na ēag imneadach?"

If we only saw Benn Eadar in the distance, and the tower of Tuireann there to northward, welcome would be death after that, even though it should be death most painful. And has the blood become so thin in Irishmen in these latter times, have Saxons and Italians so broken the manhood in them, that the sentiments of their gallant pagan fathers are a shame to their cowardly souls? Is that hideous imposture, that to be a good Christian one must be a bad Irishman, to last another generation? Shall that dry rot of continental Catholic cowardice that is killing the faith among the Latin races of Europe, be imported into Ireland like cholera from the Mediterranean ports? Well, if nothing else avail, the individual can hold on to the traditions of his fathers as long as his day lasts and then — the deluge.

Such conflicting feelings of love hatred regret and indignation soon blurred the mirror wherein happiness shone reflected, as always happens with earthly joys. And then came the sudden and unseasonable notion — if I am coming home only to die an awful death — if perhaps the day of final doom is at hand.

Thereupon as if caused by the thought, at the level of my head a few yards before me burst an electric bomb-shell. The noise was the most fearful ever heard by mortal ears; it split the blue dome of heaven above, as a large stone falling through a canopy of paper. But still more awful was the brightness. The hour was about four in the afternoon, and the sun was shining brighter than ever I saw before, yet the white diamond flaming brightness of this unnatural lightning made sunlight dark. The sun was darkened though visible, and through one of the rents made in the sky the moon appeared. Bright yellow she was for a moment, in her place about forty degrees above the horizon east-north-east to the left from where I stood. Bright only for a moment, then a horrible black smoke passed over her face, and she became as black as pitch and broke up into great pieces and flakes of black boiling asphalt that fell to earth and burned holes in it down to the centre.

These red-hot masses and fragments kept falling on every side, and set the earth on fire as if it were tinder. From the holes they made columns of thick white sulphury smoke arose, and in a short time the whole surface of the ground grew hot. The hills trembled like waves on the sea and began to sink, and the air above was filled with hot smoke and ashes which fell everywhere and set the crops and dwellings on fire.

Without being aware of any distance traversed, I found myself at home among the members of my father's household. But what a terrible meeting! We all felt our death was instant. We went outside for fresh air and stood under an iron-roofed shed for shelter. We feared to look in each other's faces, that were full of tears, yet there was joy that we met and it was a sad consolation that we would not be separated in death. All believed it was too late to pray for safety; but there were silent prayers for mercy, and spoken reflections on the poor greeting that was for the returned exile, so that the honors of old Irish hospitality were not forgotten even in such an extremity. Of this company of friends and brothers every one was more troubled for the other's fate than for his own. Every moment however the danger became more inevitable and the suspense more terrible, when I awoke, and rejoiced to find it but a dream.

Although I never had this awful dream-experience repeated, yet I feared it in my sleep, and wondered at it in my visions. One of these explanatory dreams is worth recording here. It may be the correct interpretation of the other, and it may at any rate be a sound advice and a profitable suggestion.

Some time after I thought I was a gossoon again, and back at school with my favorite teacher. Whenever a real jolly good time is to be enjoyed, I go for a day's schooling there; but must always assume the physical proportions of a lad of thirteen, the age at which I left it to study the classics. Although diminished in body my mental experiences and growth were undisturbed. When I commenced to relate, like Sinbad, what I had seen known and gone through in Great Britain the colonies and America my youthful listeners admired and

wondered, and I often wondered myself. To have seen and talked with real Frenchmen Germans Poles Italians Chinese Negroes and Indians; to be able to gabble in five or six languages, and read off the contents of an English school class-book in German French Gaelic or Italian; to be able to stick the parish priest in Latin, and floor the school inspector in Greek,— and then to know so much about men and women, good bad and indifferent no wonder it astonished the young natives. As well as I can remember the whole school took a day's vacation to listen to me whenever I called. When the weather was fine, and it was always fine sunshiny weather on these visits we sat outside under the shade of an ashen grove, and turned over the leaves of the book of man's life.

On one of these occasions, a venerable stranger came up, and stood still as if to address us. He was dressed in a long garb like a priest's cassock, but it was of different colors, and had a broad golden fringe and a great golden broach fastened it over his breast. He was tall beyond ordinary men, straight broad-shouldered and graceful with large gray eyes, and a face exceedingly fair. His hair was shaven on the front of his head, but hung down his back in long silken curls, and his beard was fair and curling. When he spoke his voice was like the sound of many soft flutes playing the same melody.

"Mellach lem bheith inn Ucht Ailluin
For bheinn cairrge."

These lines came from his lips like a strain of music from a great organ, to which I replied so quickly, that the correspondence of the verses was evident even to those who did not understand a word of the poem.

"Conaicinn ann ar meince
Feth na fairrge."

With this boyhood and boyhood's school companions fled like a shadow at sunset, and we two, Columbcille the soldier scholar and saint who loved the men of the Gael above the world's men, and my humble dream-self, were walking over the hills and valleys of our native land. We recited the poem in litany fashion to the end. There were many things I was fain to ask him; but my will was utterly powerless to essay anything without his permission. He said he came to tell me the meaning of the dream which Adamnan sent about the destruction of the world. For ages he began, the saints of Erin in heaven were praying God to save the old native land from the foreign heretics, — and it would have been often and long since delivered, but for the treachery of its own children. Then the saints prayed that the Lord would destroy the tares out of the wheat, but the ancient reason forbade, "lest the wheat also perish." The fire that fell from heaven would have consumed the island but for the dust of so many saints mingling with and consecrating its soil. But the smoke and ashes that arose from the pit fell on all the traitors to Ireland's cause, and infected them with a most horrible stench, — a veritable Italian symphony of

filthy odors. Then I looked down from the mountain-top where we stood, and saw these noisome wretches going about in waste places, for they were repelled by the untainted people. They were of all ranks, — the higher being very numerously represented. Some sought the holy wells to wash them clean, but that only augmented their malodorousness. Wondering how this was so, I looked through one of the holes in the earth, and saw farther down than the stars are above Judas Iscariot Lord Castlereigh and Judge Keogh pumping up endless torrents of nastiness, from the sewers of the Inferno, on these traitors before they could be made clean. At this I wondered much, and giving God thanks for His justice and goodness, awoke and found myself listening to the street-sprinklers pumping water into their carts, to lay the dust in the streets of an American city.

PATRICK MACGABHAN.

NOTE. — "Mellach lem bheith inn Ucht Aillúin
For bheinn cairrge,
Conaicinn ann ar meince
Feth na fairrage."

Pleasant to me (with me) to be on the hillock of Allen, on the peak of the rock, that I might there gaze frequently on the calmness of the sea.

This quatrain is the first stanza of a beautiful poem discovered some years ago in the Royal Library in Brussels. It is ascribed to Columbcille, and expresses admirably what must have been the sentiments of the illustrious exile. In the rhyming translation published in Macmillan's Magazine, *Feth* is wrongly rendered "face." It means, "calmness." P. MACG.

The Importance of Catholic Societies.

RT. REV. BISHOP CHATARD, diocese of Vincennes, Ia., in an article on Catholic Societies in the April number of the American Catholic Quarterly Review, says: "Our Catholics should band together, come to each other's assistance, and give that mutual aid and comfort, and even business help, denied them by the other social combinations of the day; for it is an undeniable fact, that, unless a man belong to some secret trades-union, he will be hardly able to find employment. We are the last person to wish to array our fellow-Catholics against our non-Catholic fellow-countrymen, to whom we acknowledge ourselves sincerely attached. But when we behold them acting as they do, and treating worthy men and faithful citizens with disregard and neglect and ostracism, because they are conscientious, then we say the time has come not to array ourselves in a hostile manner against our countrymen, but to band ourselves together in self-defence; then we say the time has come for us to stretch our hands to each other, to employ each other, to favor each other, to form societies for mutual aid, and for mutual benefit in sickness and distress, and to further each other's business relations, to secure insurance of property or life; in a word, to form a counterpart of the associations from which the laws of the church exclude us, but without their objectionable features, and in a spirit of charity which will contrast to advantage with the spirit that animates them, and, therefore, not to the exclusion from employment of non-Catholics, who, of course, are not members of our societies."

The School Question: Protestant Views and Comments.

It seems impossible for the nineteenth century, freedom, civilization, "culture," any and all of them, to drive out the Puritan spirit from New England. As Baptists, of course, we never have been able to get up an admiration for the Puritans who used to whip Quakers, burn poor old women who were not able to work any longer, and cut off the ears of Baptists. Their fundamental principle was the determination to control other people's consciences rather than simply to worship God according to their own.

Their descendants have declared, and we have been glad to believe them, that they disapproved the deeds of their forefathers, only pleading in extenuation, the lack of the light of the nineteenth century in those dark days. But the Boston Evangelical Alliance, now in the closing years of this grand, cultured, freedom-loving century, has proved itself not one whit in advance of its much-apologized-for fathers.

The Catholics of New England, anxious to have their children trained in what they believe God's truth, have established schools for their own children, just as the Baptists have done in hundreds of places. They have not tried to get other children to attend; they have not asked that their school taxes be remitted, because they were paying their children's tuition; nor have they insisted on having a part of the public money given to their schools. They have simply used their inalienable right to send their children to schools of their own faith and order.

For our part we honor the Catholics for this action, and we wish every Baptist parent from Maine to Texas would follow their example and send his children to Baptist schools. In these money-loving days, it is a grand and inspiring sight to see poor men, as many Catholics in the large cities are, preferring to pay out tuition rather than to send to schools free of tuition, in which the children will not be taught what their parents believe the true principles of religion.

Instead of being glad that the Catholics show such devotion to principle, instead of saying nothing, though it was no more their concern where a Catholic father sent his children than it was of the Catholics where Baptists send theirs, the "Evangelical Alliance," of Boston, have been very angry, and have denounced the parochial schools. If the boot was on the other foot, they would see instantly the outrageousness of their conduct. Suppose every Baptist father in Massachusetts should send his son to Brown University, and the Catholic priests should hold a mass meeting, denouncing the Baptists

for sending their sons to Brown, and declaring such conduct an attack upon the public-school system?

There was a great "excitement," we are told, in Waltham, because there were one third less scholars this year than last, which will, of course, reduce the necessary taxes and give the teachers better opportunity to instruct the remaining scholars. As is well known, the teachers cannot advance the scholars as rapidly as they might were it not for the too great number of scholars given to each teacher. But, instead of rejoicing, the people were angry, and anxious the state should, in some way, "interfere."

The Evangelical Alliance in Boston announced the startling axiom that children belong, first of all, to the "state." It is the general idea that children belong first to God, and next to their parents, to whom God has given the responsibility for them. They then resolved that the "state" should at once resume the entire control of education, and make the attendance of children upon the public schools compulsory, except upon those children who attend private schools which are under the control and supervision of the state!

Now school boards are political bodies, elected by universal suffrage. No doubt they are very admirable bodies; but we are ready to put Georgetown College under the control and supervision of any school board ever yet elected in Kentucky. The school board in one large northern city declined to introduce a certain highly recommended text-book on Political Economy, written by a distinguished man, upon the express ground that the book opened with the statement that all things were given us from God, and they did not propose to have the books introduced which recognized the existence of a God.

And those who called on the "state" thus to turn the education of all children over to political boards were not the politicians of Boston, but the Evangelical Alliance of preachers! They complained that unless these school boards of infallibles control the private schools, text-books used in them will "suppress" important information, and teach thus "garbled" accounts. It is impossible to "garble" the multiplication table, or to "suppress" part of the alphabet in teaching the three great "R's" of common-school education. As to mutilated text-books in teaching other things, if school boards of the stripe of the elected aldermen of Chicago must "approve" our Baptist schools, they would insist that books which did not teach Darwinism were "mutilated," and those which recognized a personal God were "garbled."

Now, we detest the errors of the Catholics as thoroughly as any man "who has no has no more sense that we have." Did we rule this world, it is probable Catholic parents would never have any children at all. But so long as God sees best to give them children, it is the right and the duty of Catholics, as of Baptists, to have those children trained in what their parents believe the truth of God. And to object to their doing so, or try by law to prevent their doing so, is a strange exhibition of the Puritanic idea of controlling other people's con-

sciences. Of course, all efforts to have their parochial schools supported by the taxes should be resisted at all hazards and to the last extremity; but, so far, they seem to have made no such demand in Massachusetts.

The Baptist Western Recorder.

What a Philadelphia Protestant Minister Says.

A sensation will doubtless be caused throughout the country by the views expressed in a lecture on "The Church and Secular Institutions, or the Problem of Education," by one of the most distinguished clergymen in Philadelphia, the Rev. George Dana Boardman, D. D., pastor of the First Baptist Church. He had a large audience of ministers and representative citizens, for his reputation as a lecturer is more than local. After enlarging on the point, "Christ the Centre of Gravity," from which he deduced two courses of thought and true method of study and the true end of study, Dr. Boardman proceeded in advocacy of each religious denomination providing day-schools of its own. He then continued:

"Sorry as I am to say it, candor compels me to admit — of course I speak for myself alone — that in this matter, the anti-Bible party have the argument. The Constitution of the United States guarantees absolute freedom of conscience; accordingly to force the Bible upon the non-Christian, or the Protestant version upon the Catholic, or the New Testament on the Jew, is an invasion both of the Constitution and also of rights of conscience. Suppose the Roman Catholics should become the majority in this country, they would need only to follow our own Protestant example and precedent to be justified in requiring that their Breviary should be used in our schools. Right of conscience is not a question of majority or physical force, so long as the church abandons to the state the work of educating the nation. The expulsion of the Bible from our schools is only a question of time. According to the report of the Commissioners of Education for the year 1877, the number of pupils enrolled for that year in the Public Schools of America was nearly nine millions, and this mighty hosts of youths, although trained in those branches of knowledge, which affect them as citizens of this world, are, according to our theory of state education, supposed not to hear from Monday to Saturday, one solitary word about God, or church, or salvation, or immortality. Is it a wonder that the next generation promises to be a generation of skeptics?"

The lecturer then dwelt on the gravity of the problem of education; declared that the only sphere of its solution is the church. He advocated the establishment everywhere of a system of parochial lay schools. Dr. Boardman was listened to with deep interest.

The above (observes the Catholic Columbian) is the practical and common-sense view of education that the Catholic Church, as the guardian and depository of faith, has always advocated. The fact that our non-Catholic fellow-citizens do not advocate Christian education, is not a proof that they do not acknowledge its necessity; but it is rather a spirit of pride and of real *protestation* against the "Church of Rome." It will not be many years before the cause of Christian education as set forth by the Catholic Church, will be advocated by all sects making pretensions to be Christian.

The Church Its Own Witness.

THE Vatican Council, in its Decree on Faith, has these words: "The church itself, by its marvellous propagation, its eminent sanctity, its inexhaustible fruitfulness in all good things, its catholic unity and invincible stability, is a vast and perpetual motive of credibility, and an irrefragable witness of its own divine legation."* Its Divine Founder said: "I am the Light of the world;" and, to His Apostles, He said also, "Ye are the light of the world," and of His Church He added, "A city seated on a hill cannot be hid." The Vatican Council says: "The church is its own witness." My purpose is to draw out this assertion more fully.

These words affirm that the church is self-evident, as light is to the eye, and through sense, to the intellect. Next to the sun at noonday, there is nothing in the world more manifest than the one visible Universal Church. Both the faith and the infidelity of the world bear witness to it. It is loved and hated, trusted and feared, served and assaulted, honored and blasphemed: it is Christ or antichrist, the Kingdom of God or the imposture of Satan. It pervades the civilized world. No man and no nation can ignore it, none can be indifferent to it. Why is all this? How is its existence to be accounted for?

Let me suppose that I am an unbeliever in Christianity, and that some *friend* should make me promise to examine the evidence to show that Christianity is a divine revelation; I should then sift and test the evidence as strictly as if it were in a court of law, and in a cause of life and death; my will would be in suspense: it would in no way control the process of my intellect. If it had any inclination from the equilibrium, it would be towards mercy and hope; but this would not add a feather's weight to the evidence, nor sway the intellect a hair's breadth.

After the examination has been completed, and my intellect convinced, the evidence being sufficient to prove that Christianity is a divine revelation, nevertheless I am not yet a Christian. All this sifting brings me to the conclusion of a chain of reasoning; but I am not yet a believer. The last act of reason has brought me to the brink of the first act of faith. They are generically distinct and separable. The acts of reason are intellectual, and jealous of the interference of the will. The act of faith is an imperative act of the will, founded on, and justified by, the process and conviction of the intellect. Hitherto I have been a critic: henceforward, if I will, I become a disciple.

It may here be objected that no man can so far suspend the inclination of the will when the question is, has God indeed spoken to man or no? is the revealed law of purity, generosity, perfection, divine, or only the poetry of imagination? Can a man be indifferent between two such sides of the problem? Will he not desire the higher and better side to be true? and if he desire, will he not incline to the side

* Const. Dogm. de Fide Catholica, c. iii.

that he desires to find true? Can a moral being be absolutely indifferent between two such issues? and can two such issues be equally attractive to a moral agent? Can it be indifferent and all the same to us whether God has made Himself and His will known to us or not? Is there no attraction in light, no repulsion in darkness? Does not the intrinsic and eternal distinction of good and evil make itself felt in spite of the will? Are we not responsible to "receive the truth in the love of it?" Nevertheless, evidence has its own limits and quantities, and cannot be made more or less by any act of the will. And yet, what is good or bad, high or mean, lovely or hateful, ennobling or degrading, must attract or repel men as they are better or worse in their moral sense; for an equilibrium between good and evil, to God or to man, is impossible.

The last act of my reason, then, is distinct from my first act of faith precisely in this: so long as I was uncertain I suspended the inclination of my will, as an act of fidelity to conscience and of loyalty to truth; but the process once complete, and the conviction once attained, my will imperatively constrains me to believe, and I become a disciple of a divine revelation.

My friend next tells me that there are Christian Scriptures, and I go through precisely the same process of critical examination and final conviction, the last act of reasoning preceding, as before, the first act of faith.

He then tells me that there is a church claiming to be divinely founded, divinely guarded, and divinely guided in its custody of Christianity and of the Christian Scriptures.

Once more I have the same twofold process of reasoning and of believing to go through.

There is, however, this difference in the subject-matter: Christianity is an order of supernatural truth appealing intellectually to my reason; the Christian Scriptures are voiceless, and need a witness. They cannot prove their own mission, much less their own authenticity or inspiration. But the church is visible to the eye, audible to the ear, self-manifesting and self-asserting: I cannot escape from it. If I go to the east, it is there; if I go to the west it is there also. If I stay at home, it is before me, seated on the hill; if I turn away from it, I am surrounded by its light. It pursues me and calls to me. I cannot deny its existence; I cannot be indifferent to it; I must either listen to it, or wilfully stop my ears; I must heed it or defy it, love it or hate it. But my first attitude towards it is to try it with forensic strictness, neither pronouncing it to be Christ nor antichrist till I have tested its origin, claim, and character. Let us take down the case in short-hand.

1. It says that it interpenetrates all the nations of the civilized world. In some it holds the whole nation in its unity, in others it holds fewer; but in all it is present, visible, audible, naturalized, and known as the one Catholic Church, a name that none can appropriate. Though often claimed and controversially assumed, none can retain it; it falls off. The world knows only one Catholic Church, and always restores the name to the right owner.

2. It is not a national body, but extra-national, accused of its foreign relations and foreign dependence. It is international, and independent in a supernational unity.

3. In faith, divine worship, sacred ceremonial, discipline, government, from the highest to the lowest, it is the same in every place.

4. It speaks all languages in the civilized world.

5. It is obedient to one Head, outside of all nations, except one only; and in that nation, his headship is not national but world-wide.

6. The world-wide sympathy of the church in all lands with its Head has been manifested in our days, and before our eyes, by a series of public assemblages in Rome, of which nothing like or second to it can be found. In 1854, 350 Bishops of all nations surrounded their Head when he defined the Immaculate Conception. In 1862, 400 Bishops assembled at the canonization of the Martyrs of Japan. In 1867, 500 Bishops came to keep the eighteenth centenary of St. Peter's martyrdom. In 1870, 700 Bishops assembled in the Vatican Council. On the feast of the Epiphany, 1870, the Bishops of thirty nations during two whole hours made profession of faith in their own languages, kneeling before their Head. Add to this, that in 1869, in the sacerdotal jubilee of Pius IX., Rome was filled for months by pilgrims from all lands in Europe and beyond the sea, from the Old World and from the New, bearing all manner of gifts and oblations to the head of the Universal Church. To this, again, must be added the world-wide outcry and protest of all the Catholic unity against the seizure and sacrilege of September, 1870, when Rome was taken by the Italian Revolution.

7. All this came to pass not only by reason of the great love of the Catholic world for Pius IX., but because they revered him as the successor of St. Peter and the Vicar of Jesus Christ. For that undying reason the same events have been reproduced in the time of Leo XIII. In the early months of this year Rome was once more filled with pilgrims of all nations, coming in thousands as representatives of millions in all nations, to celebrate the sacerdotal jubilee of the Sovereign Pontiff. The courts of the Vatican could not find room for the multitude of gifts and offerings of every kind which were sent from all quarters of the world.

8. These things are here said, not because of any other importance, but because they set forth, in the most visible and self-evident way, the living unity and the luminous universality of the one Catholic and Roman church.

9. What has thus far been said is before our eyes at this hour. It is no appeal to history, but to a visible and palpable fact. Men may explain it as they will; deny it, they cannot. They see the Head of the church year by year speaking to the nations of the world; treating with empires, republics, and governments. There is no other man on earth that can so bear himself. Neither from Canterbury nor from Constantinople can such a voice go forth to which rulers and people listen.

This is the century of revolutions. Rome has, in our time, been besieged three times; three Popes have been driven out of it, two have been shut up in the Vatican. The city is now full of the revolution. The whole church has been tormented by Falck laws, Mancini laws, and Crispi laws. An unbeliever in Germany said some years ago, "The net is now drawn so tight about the church, that if it escapes this time I will believe in it." Whether he believes, or is even alive now to believe, I cannot say.

Nothing thus far has been said as proof. The visible, palpable facts, which are at this moment before the eyes of all men, speak for themselves. There is one, and only one, world-wide unity of which these

things can be said. It is a fact and a phenomenon for which an intelligible account must be rendered. If it be only a human system built up by the intellect, will, and energy of men, let the adversaries prove it. The burden is upon them; and they will have more to do as we go on.

Thus far we have rested upon the evidence of sense and fact. We must now go on to history and reason.

Every religion and every religious body known to history has varied from itself and broken up. Brahminism has given birth to Buddhism; Mahometanism is parted into the Arabian and European Khalifates; the Greek schism into the Russian, Constantinopolitan, and Bulgarian autocephalous fragment; Protestantism into its multitudinous diversities. All have departed from their original type, and all are continually developing new and irreconcilable, intellectual and ritualistic, diversities and repulsions. How is it that, with all diversities of language, civilization, race, interest, and conditions, social and political, including persecution and warfare, the Catholic nations are, at this day, even when in warfare, in unchanged unity of faith, communion, worship, and spiritual sympathy with each other and with their Head? This needs a rational explanation.

It may be said in answer, endless divisions have come out of the church, from Arius to Photius, and from Photius to Luther. Yes, but they all came out. There is the difference. They did not remain in the church, corrupting the faith. They came out, and ceased to belong to the Catholic unity, as a branch broken from a tree ceases to belong to the tree. But the identity of the tree remains the same. A branch is not a tree, nor a tree a branch. A tree may lose branches, but it rests upon its root, and renews its loss. Not so the religions, so to call them, that have broken away from unity. Not one has retained its members or its doctrines. Once separated from the sustaining unity of the church, all separations lose their spiritual cohesion, and then their intellectual identity. *Ramus præcisus arescit.*

For the present it is enough to say that no human legislation, authority, or constraint can ever create internal unity of intellect and will; and that the diversities and contradictions generated by all human systems prove the absence of divine authority. Variations or contradictions are proof of the absence of a divine mission to mankind. All natural causes run to disintegration. Therefore, they can render no account of the world-wide unity of the One Universal Church.

Such, then, are the facts before our eyes at this day. We will seek out the origin of the body or system called the Catholic Church, and pass at once to its outset eighteen hundred years ago.

I affirm, then, three things: (1) First, that no adequate account can be given of this undeniable fact from natural causes; (2) that the history of the Catholic Church demands causes above nature; and (3) that it has always claimed for itself a divine origin and divine authority.

I. And, first, before we examine what it was and what it has done, we will recall to mind what was the world in the midst of which it arose.

The most comprehensive and complete description of the Old World, before Christianity came in upon it, is given in the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. Mankind had once the knowledge of God: that knowledge was obscured by the passions of sense; in the darkness of the human intellect, with the light of nature still before them, the nations worshipped the creature, — that is, by pantheism, polytheism, idolatry; and, having lost the knowledge of God and of His perfections, they lost the knowledge of their own nature and of its laws, even of the natural and rational laws, which thenceforward ceased to guide, restrain, or govern them. They became perverted and inverted with every possible abuse, defeating the end and destroying the powers of creation. The lights of nature were put out, and the world rushed headlong into confusions, of which the beasts that perish were innocent. This is analytically the history of all nations but one. A line of light still shone from Adam to Enoch, from Enoch to Abraham, to whom the command was given, "Walk before Me and be perfect." And it ran on from Abraham to Caiaphas, who crucified the founder of Christianity. Through all anthropomorphism of thought and language this line of light still passed inviolate and inviolable. But in the world, on either side of that radiant stream, the whole earth was dark. The intellectual and moral state of the Greek world may be measured in its highest excellence in Athens; and of the Roman world in Rome. The state of Athens — its private, domestic, and public morality — may be seen in Aristophanes.

The state of Rome is visible in Juvenal, and in the fourth book of St. Augustine's City of God. There was only one evil wanting. The world was not atheist. Its polytheism was the example and the warrant of all forms of moral abominations. *Imitari quod colis* plunged the nations in crime. Their theology was their degradation; their text-book of an elaborate corruption of intellect and will.

Christianity came in "the fulness of time." What that fulness may mean, is one of the mysteries of times and seasons which it is not for us to know. But one motive for the long delay of four thousand years is not far to seek. It gave time, full and ample, for the utmost development and consolidation of all the falsehood and evil of which the intellect and will of man are capable. The four great empires were each of them the concentration of a supreme effort of human power. The second inherited from the first, the third from both, the fourth from all three. It was, as it was foretold or described, as a beast "exceeding terrible; his teeth and claws were of iron; he devoured and broke in pieces; and the rest he stamped upon with his feet."* The empire of man over man was never so widespread, so absolute, so hardened into one organized mass, as in Imperial Rome. The world had never seen a military power so disciplined, irresistible,

* Daniel, vii. 19.

invincible; a legislation so just, so equitable, so strong in its execution; a government so universal, so local, so minute. It seemed to be imperishable. Rome was called the eternal. The religions of all nations were enshrined in Dea Roma; adopted, practised openly, and taught. They were all *religiones licitæ*, known to the law; not tolerated only, but recognized. The theologies of Egypt, Greece, and of the Latin world, met in an empyreum, consecrated and guarded by the Imperial law, and administered by the Pontifex Maximus. No fanaticism ever surpassed the religious cruelties of Rome. Add to all this the *colluvies* of false philosophies of every land, and of every date. They both blinded and hardened the intellect of public opinion and of private men against the invasion of anything except contempt, and hatred of both the philosophy of sophists and of the religion of the people. Add to all this the sensuality of the most refined and of the grossest luxury the world had ever seen, and a moral confusion and corruption which violated every law of nature.

The god of this world had built his city. From foundation to parapet everything that the skill and power of man could do had been done without stint of means or limit of will. The divine hand was stayed, or rather, as St. Augustine says, an unsurpassed natural greatness was the reward of certain natural virtues, degraded as they were in unnatural abominations. Rome was the climax of the power of man without God, the apotheosis of the human will, the direct and supreme antagonist of God in His own world. In this the fulness of time was come. Man built all this for himself. Certainly, man could not also build the City of God. They are not the work of one and the same architect, who capriciously chose to build first the city of confusion, suspending for a time his skill and power to build some day the City of God. Such a hypothesis is folly. Of two things, one. Disputers must choose one or the other. Both cannot be asserted, and the assertion needs no answer — it refutes itself. So much for the first point.

II. In the reign of Augustus, and in a remote and powerless Oriental race, a Child was born in a stable of a poor Mother. For thirty years He lived a hidden life; for three years He preached the Kingdom of God, and gave laws hitherto unknown to men. He died in ignominy upon the Cross; on the third day He rose again; and after forty days He was seen no more. This unknown Man created the world-wide unity of intellect and will which is visible to the eye, and audible, in all languages, to the ear. It is in harmony with the reason and moral nature of all nations, in all ages, to this day. What proportion is there between the cause and the effect? What power was there in this isolated Man? What unseen virtues went out of Him to change the world? For change the world He did; and that not in the line or on the level of nature as men had corrupted it, but in direct contradiction to all that was then supreme in the world. He taught the dependence of the intellect against its self-trust, the submission of the will against its license, the subjugation of the passions by tem-

perate control or by absolute subjection against their wilful indulgence. This was to reverse what men believed to be the laws of nature: to make water climb upward and fire to point downward. He taught mortification of the lusts of the flesh, contempt of the lusts of the eyes, and hatred of the pride of life. What hope was there that such a teacher should convert Imperial Rome? that such a doctrine should exorcise the fulness of human pride and lust? Yet so it has come to pass; and how? Twelve men more obscure than Himself, absolutely without authority or influence of this world, preached throughout the empire and beyond it. They asserted two facts: the one, that God had been made man; the other, that He died and rose again. What could be more incredible? To the Jews the unity and spirituality of God were axioms of reason and faith; to the Gentiles, however cultured, the resurrection of the flesh was impossible. The Divine Person, Who had died and risen, could not be called in evidence as the chief witness. He could not be produced in court. Could anything be more suspicious if credible, or less credible even if He were there to say so? All that they could do was to say, "We knew Him for three years, both before His death and after He rose from the dead. If you will believe us, you will believe what we say. If you will not believe us, we can say no more. He is not here, but in heaven. We cannot call Him down." It is true, as we read, that Peter cured a lame man at the gate of the Temple. The Pharisees could not deny it, but they would not believe what Peter said; they only told him to hold his tongue. And yet thousands in one day in Jerusalem believed in the Incarnation and the Resurrection; and when the Apostles were scattered by persecution, wherever they went men believed their word. The most intense persecution was from the Jews, the people of faith and of Divine traditions. In the name of God and of religion they stoned Stephen, and sent Saul to persecute at Damascus. More than this, they stirred up the Romans in every place. As they had forced Pilate to crucify Jesus of Nazareth, so they swore to slay Paul. And yet, in spite of all, the faith spread.

It is true, indeed, that the Empire of Alexander, the spread of the Hellenistic Greek, the prevalence of Greek in Rome itself, the Roman roads which made the Empire traversable, the Roman peace which sheltered the preachers of the faith in the outset of their work, gave them facilities to travel and to be understood. But these were only external facilities, which in no way rendered more credible or more acceptable the voice of penance and mortification, or the mysteries of the faith, which was immutably "to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness." It was in changeless opposition to nature as man had marred it; but it was in absolute harmony with nature as God had made it to His own likeness. Its power was its persuasiveness; and its persuasiveness was in its conformity to the highest and noblest aspirations and aims of the soul in man. The master-key so long lost was found at last; and its conformity to the wards of the lock was its irrefragable witness to its own mission and message.

But if it is beyond belief that Christianity in its outset made good its foothold by merely human causes and powers, how much more does this become incredible in every age as we come down from the first century to the nineteenth, and from the Apostolic mission to the world-wide Church, Catholic and Roman, at this day.

Not only did the world, in the fulness of its power, give to the Christian faith no help to root or to spread itself, but it wreaked all the fulness of its power upon it to uproot and destroy it. Of the first thirty Pontiffs in Rome, twenty-nine were martyred. Ten successive persecutions, or, rather, one universal and continuous persecution of two hundred years, with ten more bitter excesses of enmity in every province of the Empire, did all that man could do to extinguish the Christian name. The Christian name may be blotted out here and there in blood, but the Christian faith can nowhere be slain. It is inscrutable, and beyond the reach of man. In nothing is the blood of the martyrs more surely the seed of the faith. Every martyrdom was a witness to the faith, and the ten persecutions were the sealing of the work of the twelve Apostles. The destroyer defeated himself. Christ crucified was visibly set forth before all the nations, the world was a Calvary, and the blood of the martyrs preached in every tongue the Passion of Jesus Christ. The world did its worst, and ceased only for weariness and conscious defeat.

Then came the peace, and with peace the peril of the church. The world outside had failed; the world inside began to work. It no longer destroyed life; it perverted the intellect, and, through intellectual perversion, assailed the faith at its centre. The Angel of light preached heresy. The Baptismal Creed was assailed all along the line; Gnosticism assailed the Father and Creator of all things; Arianism, the God-head of the Son; Nestorianism, the unity of His person; Monophysites, the two natures; Monothelites, the divine and human wills; Macedonians, the person of the Holy Ghost. So, throughout the centuries, from Nicæa to the Vatican, every article has been in succession perverted by heresy and defined by the church. But of this we shall speak hereafter. If the human intellect could fasten its perversions on the Christian faith, it would have done so long ago; and if the Christian faith had been guarded by no more than human intellect, it would long ago have been disintegrated, as we see in every religion outside the unity of the one Catholic Church. There is no example in which fragmentary Christianities have not departed from their original type. No human system is immutable; nothing human is changeless. The human intellect, therefore, can give no sufficient account of the identity of the Catholic faith in all places and in all ages by any of its own natural processes or powers. The force of this argument is immensely increased when we trace the tradition of the faith through the nineteen Œcumenical Councils, which, with one continuous intelligence, have guarded and unfolded the deposit of faith, defining every truth as it has been successively assailed, in absolute harmony and unity of progression.

What the senate is to your great republic, or the parliament to our English monarchy, such are the nineteen councils of the church, with this only difference: the secular Legislatures must meet year by year with short recesses; councils have met on the average once in a century. The reason of this is that the mutabilities of national life, which are as the water-floods, need constant remedies; the stability of the church seldom needs new legislation. The faith needs no definition except in rare intervals of periodical intellectual disorder. The discipline of the church reigns by a universal common law which seldom needs a change, and by local laws which are provided on the spot. Nevertheless, the legislation of the Church, the *Corpus Juris, or Canon Law*, is a creation of wisdom and justice, to which no statutes at large or Imperial pandects can bear comparison. Human intellect has reached its climax in jurisprudence; but the world-wide and secular legislation of the church has a higher character. How the Christian law corrected, elevated, and completed the Imperial law, may be seen in a learned and able work by an American author, far from the Catholic faith, but in the main just and accurate in his facts and arguments — the *Gesta Christi* of Charles Loring Brace. Water cannot rise above its source, and if the church by mere human wisdom corrected and perfected the Imperial law, its source must be higher than the sources of the world. This makes a heavy demand on our credulity.

Starting from St. Peter to Leo XIII., there have been some 258 Pontiffs claiming to be, and recognized by the whole Catholic unity as, successors of St. Peter and Vicars of Jesus Christ. To them has been rendered in every age not only the external obedience of outward submission, but the internal obedience of faith. They have borne the onset of the nations who destroyed Imperial Rome, and the tyranny of heretical Emperors of Byzantium; and, worse than this, the alternate despotism and patronage of Emperors of the West, and the subtraction of obedience in the great Western schisms, when the unity of the church and the authority of its Head were, as men thought, gone forever. It was the last assault — the forlorn hope of the gates of hell. Every art of destruction had been tried: martyrdom, heresy, secularity, schism; at last, two, and three, and four claimants, or, as the world says, rival Popes, were set up, that men might believe that St. Peter had no longer a successor, and our Lord no Vicar, upon earth; for, though all might be illegitimate, only one could be the lawful and true Head of the church. Was it only by the human power of man that the unity, external and internal, which for fourteen hundred years had been supreme, was once more restored in the Council of Constance, never to be broken again? The succession of the English monarchy has been, indeed, often broken, and always restored in these thousand years. But here is a monarchy of eighteen hundred years, powerless in worldly force or support, claiming and receiving not only outward allegiance, but inward unity of intellect and will. If any man tell us that these two phenomena are on the same level of merely human

causes, it is too severe a tax upon our natural reason to believe it. But the inadequacy of human causes to account for the universality, unity, and immutability of the Catholic Church, will stand out more visibly if we look at the intellectual and moral revolution which Christianity has wrought in the world and upon mankind.

The first effect of Christianity was to fill the world with the true knowledge of the One True God, and to destroy utterly all idols, not by fire but by light. Before the Light of the world no false god and no polytheism could stand. The unity and spirituality of God swept away all theogonies and theologies of the first four thousand years. The stream of light which descended from the beginning, expanded into a radiance, and the radiance into a flood, which illuminated all nations, as it had been foretold, "The earth is filled with the knowledge of the Lord, as the covering waters of the sea;" "And idols shall be utterly destroyed."* In this true knowledge of the divine Nature was revealed to men their own relation to a Creator as of sons to a father. The Greeks called the chief of the gods *Zeus Pater*, and the Latins, *Jupiter;* but neither realized the dependence and love of sonship as revealed by the Founder of Christianity.

The monotheism of the world comes down from a primeval and divine source. Polytheism is the corruption of men and of nations. Yet in the multiplicity of all polytheisms, one supreme Deity was always recognized. The divine unity was imperishable. Polytheism is of human imagination; it is of men's manufacture. The deification of nature and passions and heroes had filled the world with an elaborate and tenacious superstition, surrounded by reverence, fear, religion, and awe. Every perversion of what is good in man surrounded it with authority; everything that is evil in man guarded it with jealous care. Against this world-wide and imperious demonology the science of one God, all holy and supreme, advanced with resistless force. Beelzebub is not divided against himself; and if polytheism is not divine, monotheism must be. The overthrow of idolatry and demonology was the mastery of forces that are above nature. This conclusion is enough for our present purpose.

A second visible effect of Christianity, of which nature cannot offer any adequate cause, is to be found in the domestic life of the Christian world. In some nations the existence of marriage was not so much as recognized. In others, if recognized, it was dishonored by profuse concubinage. Even in Israel, the most advanced nation, the law of divorce was permitted for the hardness of their hearts. Christianity republished the primitive law by which marriage unites only one man and one woman indissolubly in a perpetual contract. It raised their mutual and perpetual contract to a sacrament. This, at one blow, condemned all other relations between man and woman, all the legal gradations of the Imperial law, and all forms and pleas of divorce. Beyond this the spiritual legislation of the church framed most elaborate tables of consanguinity and affinity, prohibiting all marriages

* Isaias xi. 9-11, 18.

between persons in certain degrees of kinship or relation. This law has created the purity and peace of domestic life. Neither the Greek nor the Roman world had any true conception of a home. The Ἑστία or Vesta, was a sacred tradition guarded by vestals like a temple worship. It was not a law and a power in the homes of the people. Christianity, by enlarging the circles of prohibition within which men and women were as brothers and sisters, has created the home with all its purities and safeguards.

Such a law of unity and indissolubility, encompassed by a multitude of prohibitions, no mere human legislation could impose on the passions and will of mankind. And yet the Imperial laws gradually yielded to its resistless pressure, and incorporated it in its world-wide legislation. The passions and practices of four thousand years were against the change; yet it was accomplished, and it reigns inviolate to this day, though the relaxations of schism in the East and the laxities of the West have revived the abuse of divorces, and have partially abolished the wise and salutary prohibitions which guard the homes of the faithful. These relaxations prove that all natural forces have been, and are, hostile to the indissoluble law of Christian marriage. Certainly, then, it was not by natural forces that the Sacrament of Matrimony and the legislation springing from it were enacted. If these are restraints of human liberty and license, either they do not spring from nature, or they have had a supernatural cause whereby they exist. It was this that redeemed woman from the traditional degradation in which the world had held her. The condition of women in Athens and in Rome,— which may be taken as the highest points of civilization,— is too well known to need recital. Women had no rights, no property, no independence. Plato looked upon them as state property; Aristotle as chattels; the Greeks wrote of them as κύνες, γυναῖκες, καὶ τὰ ἀλλὰ κτήματα. They were the prey, the sport, the slaves of man. Even in Israel, though they were raised incomparably higher than in the Gentile world, they were far below the dignity and authority of Christian women. Libanius, the friend of Julian, the Apostate, said, "O ye gods of Greece, how great are the women of the Christians!" Whence came the elevation of womanhood? Not from the ancient civilization, for it degraded them; not from Israel, for among the Jews the highest state of womanhood was the marriage state. The daughter of Jepthe went into the mountains to mourn not her death but her virginity. The marriage state in the Christian world, though holy and good, is not the highest state. The state of virginity unto death is the highest condition of man and woman. But this is above the law of nature. It belongs to a higher order. And this life of virginity, in repression of natural passion and lawful instinct, is both above and against the tendencies of human nature. It begins in a mortification, and ends in a mastery, over the movements and ordinary laws of human nature. Who will ascribe this to natural causes? and, if so, why did it not appear in the first four thousand years? And when has it ever appeared except in a handful of vestal

virgins, or in Oriental recluses, with what reality history shows? An exception proves a rule. No one will imagine that a life of chastity is impossible to nature; but the restriction is a repression of nature, which individuals may acquire, but the multitude have never attained. A religion which imposes chastity on the unmarried, and upon its priesthood, and upon the multitudes of women in every age who devote themselves to the service of One whom they have never seen, is a mortification of nature in so high a degree as to stand out as a fact and a phenomenon, of which mere natural causes afford no adequate solution. Its existence, not in a handful out of the millions of the world, but its prevalence and continuity in multitudes scattered throughout the Christian world, proves the presence of a cause higher than the laws of nature. So true is this, that jurists teach that the three vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience are contrary to "the policy of the law," that is, to the interests of the commonwealth, which desires the multiplication, enrichment, and liberty of its members.

To what has been said may be added the change wrought by Christianity upon the social, political, and international relations of the world. The root of this ethical change, private and public, is the Christian home. The authority of parents, the obedience of children, the love of brotherhood, are the three active powers which have raised the society of man above the level of the Old World. Israel was head and shoulders above the world around it; but Christendom is high above Israel. The new commandment of brotherly love, and the Sermon on the Mount, have wrought a revolution, both in private and public life. From this, come the laws of justice and sympathy, which bind together the nations of the Christian world. In the Old World, even the most refined races, worshipped by our modern philosophers, held and taught that man could hold property in man. In its chief cities there were more slaves than free men. Who has taught the equality of men before the law, and extinguished the impious thought that man can hold property in man? It was no philosopher: even Aristotle taught that a slave was ὄργανον ζῶον. It was no law-giver, for all taught the lawfulness of slavery till Christianity denied it. The Christian law has taught that man can lawfully sell his labor, but that he cannot lawfully be sold, or sell himself.

The necessity of being brief, the impossibility of drawing out the picture of the Old World, its profound immoralities, its unimaginable cruelties, compels me to argue with my right hand tied behind me. I can do no more than point again to Mr. Brace's Gesta Christi, or to Dr. Dollinger's Gentile and Jew, as witnesses to the facts which I have stated or implied. No one who has not read such books, or mastered their contents by original study, can judge of the force of the assertion that Christianity has reformed the world by direct antagonism to the human will, and by a searching and firm repression of human passion. It has ascended the stream of human license, *contra*

ictum fluminis, by a power mightier than nature, and by laws of a higher order than the relaxations of this world.

Before Christianity came on earth, the civilization of man by merely natural force had culminated. It could not rise above its source; all that it could do was done; and the civilization in every race and empire had ended in decline and corruption. The old civilization was not regenerated. It passed away to give place to a new. But the new had a higher source, nobler laws, and supernatural powers. The highest excellence of men and of nations is the civilization of Christianity. The human race has ascended into what we call Christendom, that is, into the new creation of charity and justice among men. Christendom was created by the world-wide church as we see it before our eyes at this day. Philosophers and statesmen believe it to be the work of their own hands: they did not make it; but they have for three hundred years been unmaking it by reformations and revolutions. These are destructive forces. They build up nothing. It has been well said by Donoso Cortez that "the history of civilization is the history of Christianity, the history of Christianity is the history of the church, the history of the church is the history of the pontiffs, the greatest statesmen and rulers that the world has ever seen."

Some years ago, a Professor of great literary reputation in England, who was supposed even then to be, as his subsequent writings have proved, a skeptic or non-Christian, published a well-known and very candid book, under the title of Ecce Homo. The writer placed himself, as it were, outside of Christianity. He took, not the church in the world, as in this article, but the Christian Scriptures as a historical record, to be judged with forensic severity and absolute impartiality of mind. To the credit of the author, he fulfilled this pledge; and his conclusion shall here be given. After an examination of the life and character of the Author of Christianity, he proceeded to estimate His teaching and its effects under the following heads. 1. The Christian Legislation. 2. The Christian Republic. 3. Its Universality. 4. The Enthusiasm of Humanity. 5. The Lord's Supper. 6. Positive Morality. 7. Philanthropy. 8. Edification. 9. Mercy. 10. Resentment. 11. Forgiveness. He then draws his conclusion as follows:

"The achievement of Christ, in founding by his single will and power a structure so durable and so universal, is like no other achievement which history records. The master-pieces of the men of action are coarse and commonplace in comparison with it, and the master-pieces of speculation flimsy and unsubstantial. When we speak of it the commonplaces of admiration fail us altogether. Shall we speak of the originality of the design, of the skill displayed in the execution? All such terms are inadequate. Originality and contriving skill operate indeed, but, as it were, implicitly. The creative effort which produced that against which it is said the gates of hell shall not prevail cannot be analyzed. No architect's designs were furnished for the New Jerusalem; no committee drew up rules for the universal commonwealth. If, in the works of nature, we can trace the indications of calculation, of a struggle with difficulties, of precaution, of ingenuity, then in Christ's work it may be that the same indications

occur. But these inferior and secondary powers were not consciously exercised; they were implicitly present in the manifold yet single creative act. The inconceivable work was done in calmness; before the eyes of men it was noiselessly accomplished, attracting little attention. Who can describe that which unites men? Who has entered into the formation of speech, which is the symbol of their union? Who can describe exhaustively the origin of civil society? He who can do these things can explain the origin of the Christian Church. For others it must be enough to say, 'The Holy Ghost fell on those that believed.' No man saw the building of the New Jerusalem, the workmen crowded together, the unfinished walls and unpaved streets; no man heard the clink of trowel and pickaxe: 'It descended out of heaven from God.'"*

And yet the writer is, as he was then, still outside of Christianity.

III. We come now to our third point, that Christianity has always claimed a divine origin and a divine presence as the source of its authority and powers.

To prove this by texts from the New Testament would be to transcribe the volume; and if the evidence of the whole New Testament were put in, not only might some men deny its weight as evidence, but we should place our whole argument upon a false foundation. Christianity was anterior to the New Testament, and is independent of it. The Christian Scriptures presuppose both the faith and the church as already existing, known, and believed. *Prior liber quam stylus:* as Tertullian argued. The gospel was preached before it was written. The four books were written to those who already believed, to confirm their faith. They were written at intervals: St. Matthew in Hebrew in the year 39, in Greek, 45. St. Mark in 43, St. Luke in 57, St. John about 90, in different places and for different motives. Four Gospels did not exist for sixty years, or two generations of men. St. Peter and St. Paul knew of only three of our four. In those sixty years the faith had spread from east to west. Saints and martyrs had gone up to their crown who never saw a sacred book. The Apostolic Epistles prove the antecedent existence of the churches to which they were addressed. Rome and Corinth, and Galatia and Ephesus, Philippi and Colossæ, were churches with pastors and people before St. Paul wrote to them. The church had already attested and executed its divine legation before the New Testament existed; and when all its books were written they were not as yet collected into a volume. The earliest collection was about the beginning of the second century, and in the custody of the church in Rome. We must, therefore, seek to know what was, and is, Christianity before and outside of the written books; and we have the same evidence for the oral tradition of the faith as we have for the New Testament itself. Both alike were in the custody of the church; both are delivered to us by the same witness and on the same evidence. To reject either, is logically to reject both. Happily men are not saved by logic, but by faith. The millions of men in all ages have believed by inheritance of truth divinely guarded and delivered to them. They have no need of logical analysis. They have believed from their childhood. Neither children

*Ecce Homo, Conclusion, p. 329, Fifth Edition. Macmillan. 1886.

nor those who *infantibus æquiparantur* are logicians. It is the penance of the doubter and the unbeliever to regain by toil his lost inheritance. It is a hard penance, like the suffering of those who eternally debate on "predestination, free-will, fate."

Between the death of St. John and the mature lifetime of St. Irenæus fifty years elapsed. St. Polycarp was disciple of St. John, St. Irenæus was disciple of St. Polycarp. The mind of St. John and the mind of St. Irenæus had only one intermediate intelligence, in contact with each. It would be an affectation of minute criticism to treat the doctrine of St. Irenæus as a departure from the doctrine of St. Polycarp, or the doctrine of St. Polycarp as a departure from the doctrine of St. John. Moreover, St. John ruled the church at Ephesus, and St. Irenæus was born in Asia Minor about the year A .D. 120 — that is, twenty years after St. John's death, when the church in Asia Minor was still full of the light of his teaching and of the accents of his voice. Let us see how St. Irenæus describes the faith and the church. In his work against Heresies, in Book iii. chap i., he says: "We have known the way of our salvation by those through whom the Gospel came to us; which, indeed, they then preached, but afterwards, by the will of God, delivered to us in Scriptures, the future foundation and pillar of our faith. It is not lawful to say that they preached before they had perfect knowledge, as some dare to affirm, boasting themselves to be correctors of the Apostles. For after our Lord rose from the dead, and when they had been clothed with the power of the Holy Ghost, Who came upon them from on high, they were filled with all truths, and had knowledge which was perfect." In chap. ii. he adds that, "When they are refuted out of Scripture, they turn and accuse the Scriptures as erroneous, unauthoritative, and of various readings, so that the truth cannot be found by those who do not know tradition"— that is, their own. "But when we challenge them to come to the tradition of the Apostles, which is in custody of the succession of Presbyters in the church, they turn against tradition, saying that they are not only wiser than the Presbyters, but even the Apostles, and have found the truth." "It therefore comes to pass that they will not agree either with the Scriptures or with tradition." (Ibid. c. iii.) "Therefore, all who desire to know the truth ought to look to the tradition of the Apostles, which is manifest in all the world and in all the church. We are able to count up the bishops who were instituted in the church by the Apostles, and their successors to our day. They never taught nor knew such things as these men madly assert." "But as it would be too long in such a book as this to enumerate the successions of all the churches, we point to the tradition of the greatest, most ancient church, known to all, founded and constituted in Rome by the two glorious Apostles Peter and Paul, and to the faith announced to all men, coming down to us by the succession of bishops, thereby confounding all those who, in any way, by self-pleasing, or vainglory, or blindness, or an evil mind, teach as they ought not. For with this church, by reason of its greater principality, it is necessary

that all churches should agree; that is, the faithful, wheresoever they be, for in that church the tradition of the Apostles has been preserved." No comment need be made on the words the "greater principality," which have been perverted by every anti-Catholic writer from the time they were written to this day. But if any one will compare them with the words of St. Paul to the Colossians (chap. i. 18), describing the primacy of the Head of the church in heaven, it will appear almost certain that the original Greek of St. Irenæus, which is unfortunately lost, contained either τὰ κρωνεῖα, or some inflection of κρωτεύω which signifies primacy. However this may be, St. Irenæus goes on: "The blessed Apostles, having founded and instructed the church, gave in charge the Episcopate, for the administration of the same, to Linus. Of this Linus, Paul, in his Epistle to Timothy, makes mention. To him succeeded Anacletus, and after him, in the third place from the Apostles, Clement received the Episcopate, he who saw the Apostles themselves and conferred with them, while as yet he had the preaching of the Apostles in his ears and the tradition before his eyes: and not he only, but many who had been taught by the Apostles still survived. In the time of this Clement, when no little dissension had arisen among the brethren in Corinth, the church in Rome wrote very powerful letters *potentissimas litteras* to the Corinthians, recalling them to peace, restoring their faith, and declaring the tradition which it had so short a time ago received from the Apostles." These letters of St. Clement are well known, but have lately become more valuable and complete by the discovery of fragments published in a new edition by Lightfoot. In these fragments there is a tone of authority fully explaining the words of St. Irenæus. He then traces the succession of the bishops of Rome to his own day, and adds: "This demonstration is complete to show that it is one and the same life-giving faith which has been preserved in the church from the Apostles until now, and is handed on in truth." "Polycarp was not only taught by the Apostles, and conversed with many of those who had seen our Lord, but he also was constituted by the Apostles in Asia to be bishop in the church of Smyrna. We also saw him in our early youth, for he lived long, and when very old departed from this life most gloriously and nobly by martyrdom. He ever taught that what he had learned from the Apostles, and what the church had delivered, those things only are true." In the fourth chapter, St. Irenæus goes on to say: "Since, then, there are such proofs (of the faith), the truth is no longer to be sought for among others, which it is easy to receive from the church, forasmuch as the Apostles laid up all truth in fulness in a rich depository, that all who will may receive from it the water of life." "But what if the Apostles had not left us the Scriptures: ought we not to follow the order of tradition, which they gave in charge to them to whom they intrusted the churches? To which order (of tradition) many barbarous nations yield assent, who believe in Christ without paper and ink, having salvation written by the Spirit in their hearts, and diligently holding the ancient tradition." In the twenty-sixth chapter of the same book he says:

"Therefore, it is our duty to obey the Presbyters who are in the church, who have succession from the Apostles, as we have already shown; who also with the succession of the Episcopate have the *charisma veritatis certum*," the spiritual and certain gift of truth.

I have quoted these passages at length, not so much as proofs of the Catholic Faith as to show the identity of the church at its outset with the church before our eyes at this hour, proving that the acorn has grown up into its oak, or, if you will, the identity of the church at this hour with the church of the Apostolic mission. These passages show the Episcopate, its central principality, its succession, its custody of the faith, its subsequent reception and guardianship of the Scriptures, its Divine tradition, and the *charisma* or Divine assistance by which its perpetuity is secured in the succession of the Apostles. This is almost verbally, after eighteen hundred years, the decree of the Vatican Council: *Veritatis et fidei nunquam deficientis charisma.**

But St. Irenæus draws out in full the church of this day. He shows the parallel of the first creation and of the second; of the first Adam and the Second; and of the analogy between the Incarnation or natural body, and the church or mystical body of Christ. He says: Our faith we received from the church, and guard . . . as an excellent gift in a noble vessel, always full of youth, and making useful the vessel itself in which it is. For this gift of God is intrusted to the church, as the breath of life (*was imparted*) to the first man, so this end, that all the members partaking of it might be quickened with life. And thus the communication of Christ is imparted; that is, the Holy Ghost, the earnest of incorruption, the confirmation of the faith, the way of ascent to God. For in the church (St. Paul says) God placed apostles, prophets, doctors, and all other operations of the Spirit, of which none are partakers who do not come to the church, thereby depriving themselves of life by a perverse mind and worse deeds. For where the church is, there is also the Spirit of God; and where the Spirit of God is, there is the church, and all grace. But the Spirit is truth. Wherefore, they who do not partake of Him (*the Spirit*), and are not nurtured unto life at the breast of the mother (*the church*), do not receive of that most pure fountain which proceeds from the Body of Christ, but dig out for themselves broken pools from the trenches of the earth, and drink water soiled with mire because they turn aside from the faith of the church lest they should be convicted, and reject the Spirit lest they should be taught."†

Again he says: "The church, scattered throughout all the world even unto the ends of the earth, received from the Apostles and their disciples the faith in one God the Father Almighty, that made the heaven and the earth, and the seas, and all things that are in them," etc.‡

He then recites the doctrines of the Holy Trinity, the Incarnation, the Passion, Resurrection and Ascension of our Lord Jesus Christ, and His coming again to raise all men, to judge men and angels, and to

* Const. Dogmatica Prima de Ecclesia Christi, chap. iv.
† St. Irenæus, *Cont. Hæret.* lib. iii. chap. xxiv. ‡ Lib. i. chap. x.

give sentence of condemnation or of life everlasting. How much soever the language may vary from other forms, such is the substance of the Baptismal creed. He then adds: "The church having received this preaching and this faith, as we have said before, although it be scattered abroad through the whole world, carefully preserves it, dwelling as in one habitation, and believes alike in these (doctrines) as though she had one soul and the same heart: and in strict accord, as though she had one mouth, proclaims, teaches, and delivers onward these things. And although there be many diverse languages in the world, yet the power of the tradition is one and the same. And neither do the churches planted in Germany believe otherwise, or otherwise deliver (the faith), nor those in Iberia, nor among the Celtæ, nor in the east, nor in Egypt, nor in Libya, nor they that are planted in the mainland. But as the sun, which is God's creature, in all the world is one and the same, so also the preaching of the truth shineth everywhere, and lighteneth all men that are willing to come to a knowledge of the truth. And neither will any ruler of the church, though he be mighty in the utterance of truth, teach otherwise than thus (for no man is above the master), nor will he that is weak in the same diminish from the tradition; for the faith being one and the same, he that is able to say most of it hath nothing over, and he that is able to say least hath no lack."*

To St. Irenæus, then, the church was "the irrefragable witness of its own legation." When did it cease so to be? It would be easy to multiply quotations from Tertullian in A. D. 200, from St. Cyprian A. D. 250, from St. Augustine and St. Optatus in A. D. 350, from St. Leo in A. D. 450, all of which are on the same traditional lines of faith in a divine mission to the world and of a divine assistance in its discharge. But I refrain from doing so, because I should have to write not an article but a folio. Any Catholic theology will give the passages which are now before me; or one such book as the *Loci Theologici* of Melchior Canus will suffice to show the continuity and identity of the tradition of St. Irenæus and the tradition of the Vatican Council, in which the universal church last declared the immutable faith and its own legation to mankind.

The world-wide testimony of the Catholic Church is a sufficient witness to prove the coming of the Incarnate Son to redeem mankind, and to return to His Father; it is also sufficient to prove the advent of the Holy Ghost to abide with us forever. The work of the Son in this world was accomplished by the divine acts and facts of His three-and-thirty years of life, death, Resurrection, and Ascension. The office of the Holy Ghost is perpetual, not only as the Illuminator and Sanctifier of all who believe, but also as the Life and Guide of the church. I may quote now the words of the Founder of the church: "It is expedient to you that I go: for if I go not, the Paraclete will not come to you; but if I go, I will send Him to you."† "I will ask the Father, and He shall give you another Paraclete, that He may

* St. Irenæus, lib i. c. x. † St. John. xvi.7.

abide with you forever."* "The Spirit of Truth, Whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not nor knoweth Him; but you shall know Him, because He shall abide with you and shall be in you."† St. Paul in the Epistle to the Ephesians describes the church as a body of which the Head is in heaven, and the Author of its indefectible life abiding in it as His temple. Therefore the words, "He that heareth you heareth Me." This could not be if the witness of the Apostles had been only human. A divine guidance was attached to the office they bore. They were, therefore, also judges of right and wrong and teachers by divine guidance of the truth. But the presence and guidance of the Spirit of Truth is as full at this day as when St. Irenæus wrote. As the churches then were witnesses, judges, and teachers, so is the church at this hour a world-wide witness, an unerring judge and teacher, divinely guided and guarded in the truth. It is, therefore, not only a human and historical, but a divine witness. This is the chief divine truth which the last three hundred years have obscured. Modern Christianity believes in the one advent of the Redeemer, but rejects the full and personal advent of the Holy Ghost. And yet the same evidence proves both. The Christianity of reformers always returns to Judaism, because they reject the full, or do not believe the personal, advent of the Holy Ghost. They deny that there is any infallible teacher among men; and therefore they return to the types and shadows of the Law before the Incarnation, when the Head was not yet incarnate, and the Body of Christ did not as yet exist.

But, perhaps, some one will say, "I admit your description of the church as it is now, and as it was in the days of St. Irenæus; but the eighteen hundred years of which you have said nothing were ages of declension, disorder, superstition, demoralization." I will answer by a question: was not this foretold? Was not the church to be a field of wheat and tares growing together till the harvest at the end of the world? There were Cathari of old, and Puritans since, impatient at the patience of God in bearing with the perversities and corruptions of the human intellect and will. The church, like its Head in heaven, is both human and divine. "He was crucified in weakness," but no power of man could wound His divine nature. So with the church, which is His Body. Its human element may corrupt and die; its divine life, sanctity, authority, and structure cannot die: nor can the errors of human intellect fasten upon its faith, nor the immoralities of the human will fasten upon its sanctity. Its organization of Head and Body is of divine creation, divinely guarded by the Holy Ghost, who quickens it by His indwelling, and guides it by His light. It is in itself incorrupt and incorruptible in the midst of corruption, as the light of heaven falls upon all the decay and corruption in the world, unsullied, and unalterably pure. We are never concerned to deny or to cloak the sins of Christians or of Catholics. They may destroy themselves, but they cannot infect the church from which they fall. The fall of Lucifer left no stain behind him.

* Ibid, xiv. 16. † St. John xiv. 16, 17.

When men accuse the church of corruption, they reveal the fact that to them the church is a human institution, of voluntary aggregation, or of legislative enactment. They reveal the fact that to them the church is not an object of divine faith, as the Real Presence in the Sacrament of the Altar. They do not perceive, or will not believe, that the articles of the Baptismal Creed are objects of faith, divinely revealed or divinely created. "I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins," are all objects of faith in a divine order. They are present in human history; but the human element which envelops them has no power to infect or to fasten upon them. Until this is perceived, there can be no true or full belief in the advent and office of the Holy Ghost, or in the nature and sacramental action of the church. It is the visible means and pledge of light and of sanctification to all who do not bar their intellect and their will against its inward and spiritual grace. The church is not on probation. It is the instrument of probation to the world. As the light of the world, it is as changeless as the firmament. As the source of sanctification, it is inexhaustible as the River of Life. The human and external history of men calling themselves Christian and Catholic has been at times as degrading and abominable as any adversary is pleased to say. But the sanctity of the church is no more affected by human sins than was baptism by the hypocrisy of Simon Magus. The divine foundation and office and mission of the church is a part of Christianity. They who deny it deny an article of faith; they who believe it imperfectly are the followers of a fragmentary Christianity of modern date. Who can be a disciple of Jesus Christ who does not believe the words: "On this rock I will build My church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it;" "As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you;" * "I dispose to you, as My Father hath disposed to Me, a kingdom;" † "All power in heaven and earth is given unto Me. Go, therefore, and teach all nations;" ‡ "He that heareth you heareth Me;" § "I will be with you always, even unto the end of the world;" ‖ "When the days of Pentecost were accomplished, they were all together in one place: and suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a mighty wind coming, and there appeared to them parted tongues, as it were, of fire;" "And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost;" ** "It seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us to lay upon you no other burdens." †† But who denies that the Apostles claimed a divine mission? and who can deny that the Catholic and Roman Church, from St. Irenæus to Leo XIII., has ever and openly claimed the same, invoking in all its supreme acts, as witness, teacher, and legislator, the presence, light, and guidance, of the Holy Ghost? As the preservation of all created things is by the same creative power produced in perpetual and universal action, so the indefectibility of the church and of the faith is by the perpetuity of the presence and office of the Third Person of the Holy Trinity.

* St. John xx. 21, † St. Luke xxii. 29. ‡ St. Matthew xxviii. 18, 19. § St. Luke x. 10.
‖ St. Matthew xxviii. 20. ** Acts ii. 1–5. †† Acts xv. 28.

Therefore, St. Augustine calls the day of Pentecost, *Natalis Spiritus Sancti.*

It is more than time that I should make an end; and, to do so, it will be well to sum up the heads of our argument. The Vatican Council declares that the world-wide church is the irrefragable witness of its own legation or mission to mankind.

In proof of this, I have affirmed:

1. That the imperishable existence of Christianity, and the vast and undeniable revolution that it has wrought in men and in nations, in the moral elevation of manhood and of womanhood, and in the domestic, social, and political life of the Christian world, cannot be accounted for by any natural causes, or by any forces that are, as philosophers say, *intra possibilitatem naturæ*, within the limits of what is possible to man.

2. That this world-wide and permanent elevation of the Christian world, in comparison with both the old world and the modern world outside of Christianity, demands a cause higher than the possibility of nature.

3. That the church has always claimed a divine origin and a divine office and authority in virtue of a perpetual divine assistance. To this even the Christian world, in all its fragments external to the Catholic unity, bears witness. It is turned to our reproach. They rebuke us for holding the teaching of the church to be infallible. We take the rebuke as a testimony of our changeless faith. It is not enough for men to say that they refuse to believe this account of the visible and palpable fact of the imperishable Christianity of the Catholic and Roman Church. They must find a more reasonable, credible, and adequate account for it. This no man has yet done. The denials are many, and the solutions are many; but they do not agree together. Their multiplicity is proof of their human origin. The claim of the Catholic Church to a divine authority and to a divine assistance, is one and the same in every age, and is identical in every place. Error is not the principle of unity, nor truth of variations.

The church has guarded the doctrine of the Apostles, by divine assistance, with unerring fidelity. The articles of the faith are to-day the same in number as in the beginning. The explicit definition of their implicit meaning has expanded from age to age, as the ever-changing denials and perversions of the world have demanded new definitions of the ancient truth. The world is against all dogma, because it is impatient of definiteness and certainty in faith. It loves open questions and the liberty of error. The church is dogmatic for fear of error. Every truth defined adds to its treasure. It narrows the field of error, and enlarges the inheritance of truth. The world and the church are ever moving in opposite directions. As the world becomes more vague and uncertain, the church becomes more definite. It moves against wind and tide, against the stress and storm of the world. There was never a more luminous evidence of this supernatural fact than in the Vatican Council. For eight months all that the

world could say and do, like the four winds of heaven, was directed upon it. Governments, statesmen, diplomatists, philosophers, intriguers, mockers, and traitors did their utmost and their worst against it. They were in dread lest the church should declare that by divine assistance its Head in faith and morals cannot err; for if this be true, man did not found it, man cannot reform it, man cannot teach it to interpret its history or its acts. It knows its own history, and is the supreme witness of its own legation.

I am well aware that I have been writing truisms, and repeating trite and trivial arguments. They are trite, because the feet of the faithful, for nearly nineteen hundred years, have worn them in their daily life; they are trivial, because they point to the one path in which the wayfarer, though a fool, shall not err.

HENRY EDWARD, Card. Bishop of Westminster, in North American Review.

The Queen and the Kings.

I.

TINKLING bells and camels brave,
  Spices, gold, and precious stones,
Glittering train of dusky slaves,
  Silken-clad, with jewel'd zones;

From Arabia Felix rare
  (Honey-breath'd and bright of sun),
Comes the Queen of Saba fair
  To the ancient Solomon.

II.

Camels brave and tinkling bells,
  Myrrh, and frankincense and gold;
Lo! the sparkling cortege swells
  With the dark-skinn'd slaves of old!

Epha, Madian, Saba sweet,
  Send their Kings. O Queen, long gone!
Greet they at the CHRIST-CHILD'S feet,
  Greater King than Solomon!

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

IN the midst of so much calumny, which is constantly hurled against the Catholic Church, it is refreshing to hear a dignitary of the Anglican Church speak as did Dean Lake, of Durham, who recently said, through the columns of the London Times: "It has come to pass that the Church of Rome, and, I believe, the Church of Rome alone, is essentially the church of the poor."

Own Your Homes.

EVERY man, says the Building News, whether he is a working man in the common acceptation of the word or not, feels a deep interest in the management of the affairs of the city, county, and state in which he lives wherever he owns a home. He is more patriotic, and, in many ways, is a better citizen, than the man who simply rents, and who has but little, if any, assurance of how long it will be before he can be ordered to move, to which may be added, in many cases, the saving of more money.

Of course, it requires some economy to lay up a sufficient amount of money to purchase and pay for a home; but this very fact, if properly carried out after the home is acquired, may be the instrument of furnishing the means to commence and prosecute a business upon one's own responsibility. True, in some cases, it will require more economy, perhaps, than is now practised. But the question with every man, and especially if he is the head of a family, is, can he afford it? That is, can he afford to live up to his wages as fast as he earns them, without laying up anything for the future.

If he is the head of a family, he is obliged to pay rent, and it does not require very many years of rent paying to make up an amount sufficient to purchase and pay for a comfortable home. You have to pay rent. This, you say, you cannot avoid and be honest. Well, you cannot be honest with your family unless you make a reasonable attempt to provide them a home of their own in case anything should happen to you.

And the obligation to do this should be as strong as the one to pay rent or provide the other necessaries for the comfort of your family. When you own a home, you will feel a direct interest in public affairs that otherwise you might consider were of little interest.

The Haste to be Rich.

ONE of the curses of this age is the feverish anxiety for sudden or speedy wealth. A score or more years ago, men were content to reach riches by the safe and beaten road of perseverance, industry, and economy; but in these days of successful speculations, of new and manifold commercial opportunities, of widening activities and limitless possibilities, the good, old-fashioned methods of acquiring fortunes are now obsolete.

In their stead we have entered upon the age of absconding bank presidents and cashiers, of missing confidential clerks, of absent trustees, of young Napoleons of finance, of ruined speculators, of loose business morality, and all their train of attendant evils. Owing to this craze, young men are not content to start with even far better advantages than their fathers did, but they must have resources far beyond their parents' present success. The result is that they enter "the street," or the "bucket shop," or the "stock exchange," and, before

they know just how it all happened, they have lost, misused entrusted funds, are in the clutches of the law, and can think it over at their leisure, in Canada, or in state's prison.

But it is not merely the criminals themselves who suffer by these lax notions of business probity. The ones most to be commiserated are the poor people, all whose little earnings are swept away in one fell swoop by a single "financial move" of these defaulting scoundrels. It is the almost invariable rule that such "financiers" hardly ever "deal" with their own money. It is always with that of confiding trustees or simple-minded people who give them their confidence.

Young man, the way to get rich and win what alone makes riches a pleasure, the respect of your fellow men, is, first of all, to earn more than you spend or conversely spend less than you earn, be frugal and continuous in whatever calling you enter upon. Avoid display, and attend to business. Such a course cannot fail to bring you success.

The Catholic Union and Times, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Rosary.

THE war that irreligion is waging against the church at the present time, induced the Holy Father to seek a remedy for the evil in the Holy Rosary. What it did at the time of the Albigensian heresy there is no reason to suppose it is less effective to accomplish to-day. With this view he wrote the Encyclical of September, 1883. In another Encyclical of August, 1884, he expressed his gratitude to the faithful for the fervent way in which they corresponded with his wishes. In August, 1885, August, 1886, and September, 1887, the Congregation of Rites published Decrees granting Indulgences attached by the Holy Father to the recital of the Rosary. And within the last few days another decree has been issued through the Sacred Congregation of Rites by which a proper Mass and Office are assigned for the Feast of the Holy Rosary. The decree refers to the Encyclical of 1883, where it put before the faithful the necessity of prayer in general and the efficacy of the Rosary in particular. It next quotes from the Encyclical of 1884 the words of gratitude expressed by the Holy Father for the fervent response of the piety of the faithful to his words. The Encyclical proceeds to say that to such piety we may attribute the extraordinary exhibition of veneration and love shown him by all the world in this his Jubilee year. And it concludes, "Wherefore to give thanks for benefits received, and to pray fervently for other benefits that are necessary, the Holy Father commands and strongly exhorts the faithful this year to all that he directed in his Encyclical and through the decrees of the Congregation of Rites already named. He has already ordered many things as to the greater liturgical honor to be paid to the Blessed Virgin of the Rosary, and wishing to increase it still more, he has ordered a Proper Office and Mass for the Feast of the Holy Rosary, and has enjoined it on all clergy, secular and regular, as an obligation in future."

Narrow Escape from being Buried Alive.

Miss Emma Traxel, a young lady who narrowly escaped being buried alive at New Philadelphia, O., has recovered sufficiently from the shock to converse on the subject, and thus relates her feelings: She was perfectly conscious from the moment of her supposed death, and knew every move that was made in the room, and heard every word that was spoken. She heard the family make arrangements for the funeral, and knew the hour. She heard the family gather about her when the supposed last breath had been taken, and felt the burning tears drop on her face and the loving imprint of the kiss on her lids, but was unable to make the least sign indicating life. She has a twin sister who was especially affectionate, and this sister was loath to leave her, and when she was prepared for burial made frequent visits to the side of Emma, and kissed her over and over again. During Saturday night, when the watchers would visit her every half hour to dampen the cloth on her face, her feelings were horrible in the extreme. Toward morning she seemed to become more reconciled to her horrible state, and realized the fact that she was to be buried alive. All day Sunday streams of visitors and sympathizing friends crowded the house, and she recognized every voice, and the many kisses from her old schoolmates. When the coffin arrived and four of the neighbors raised her tenderly, and placed her in it, she thought she would certainly break the awful spell, but could not. She heard distinctly the work of the undertaker in screwing down the lid of the coffin, and the minutes seemed to her like years. She distinctly heard the clock, and knew the hours as they passed by. An awful moment was when a member of the family raised her head to clip a lock of hair to keep as a lasting remembrance of poor Emma. On Sunday evening at four o'clock, as if by supernatural strength, she suddenly rose in her coffin and spoke. To say that the attendants and friends were frightened, would be putting it very mild. Some rushed from the house, and others screamed with fright, and refused for a long time to believe that Emma had really returned to life. The feelings of the poor girl can only be imagined. The thirty-six hours she lay in a trance seemed to her more than a lifetime. There is every indication that she will yet survive the shock and live to a good old age.

"Give My Friend an Oyster Stew!"

"The account in a recent Sunday's Philadelphia Press of the exploits of prize-fighters as knights errant," said a well-known clergyman, who didn't want his name mentioned less he might be suspected of too great familiarity with such subjects, "reminded me of a story which Capt. Ben Fairchild, of the New York city police force, used to vouch for twenty five-years ago. A friend of the Captain — a very proper sort of person, whom we will call Mr. Good — had conceived an intense horror of prize-fighters in general, and of John Morrissey in par-

ticular. Mr. Good, one day while travelling up the Erie road, dropped into a conversation with a gentlemanly stranger of herculean frame who occupied the next seat to him. When the train arrived at Turner's the depot was seen to be in the complete possession of a mob of roughs and stalwart lumber men, who had taken possession of the lunch room and terrorized everybody in the place. Mr. Good was hungry, and he and his unknown companion left the train to get something to eat. Mr. Good pushed his way through the crowd, and ordered an oyster stew from the waiter. The proprietor demurred on the ground that the roughs would not allow any one else to be served but their own party.

"'Oh, give my friend an oyster stew,' spoke up the unknown Hercules, 'I guess there'll be no trouble.'

"The stew was no sooner served than a horny hand reached over Mr. Good's shoulder and tipped his stew upon the floor."

"'Suppose you give me an oyster stew," said the Hercules quietly, with a defiant glance at the burly six-footer who had spoiled Mr. Good's lunch. Another stew was served, and it was as promptly tipped over by the same hand, while the mob of roughs laughed uproariously. But the Hercules, like an avenging thunderbolt, had leaped from his stool, and the laugh died away as he went right through that crowd, striking out right and left until he had cut a broad swath clear to the doorway. When the cyclone was over five roughs had to be picked up out of the remains of those milk stews on the floor, and all the rest had escaped. Then the Hercules smoothed down his cuffs, resumed his stool, and remarked as quietly as ever, 'just let me have another stew, please, and a fresh one for my friend.'

"Mr. Good looked at his companion in awe as he ejaculated: 'Excuse me, sir, but who are you, anyhow!' The Hercules reached into his vest pocket and produced a card bearing the name 'John Morrissey, New York.' The stews were eaten in peace, and Mr. Good afterwards said to Capt. Fairchild, as he described the encounter: 'Well, they say a good many hard things about John Morrissey; but he's a mighty good man to travel with.'"

What a Methodist Minister Says.

SOMETIMES Catholic parents become very liberal in their regard for Protestant ministers. Such, no doubt, grow tired of their pastor's repeated warning against the dangers of public schools. For such we quote the following from Dr. Vancleve, a Methodist Minister: "The mythology of heathen nations of former ages and every modern religious monstrosity are taught in our schools as high classics or necessary culture. Science is there filtered into the minds of our youth through the pages of materialistic specialties, and all attempts to change the text-books or neutralize their poison only provokes resentment and sneering accusations of ignorance and bigotry." Some nominal Catholics would think this very harsh and doubtful language if used by a priest.

Shakespeare on Purgatory.

In his interesting and charmingly written book, Jewels of the Mass, the indefatigable Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has this passage:

> Our own great poet who has touched all things, and the Catholic mysteries above all, with an unerring knowledge that is almost inspired, has left the best and most pitepus image of the poor purgatorial soul and its sufferings (p. 62).

And then he gives an extract from the speech of the Ghost in Hamlet. Frequently have I heard this passage adduced as a proof that Shakespeare held the Catholic doctrine of Purgatory, and that he meant to exhibit the "poor Ghost" as coming from thence for awhile, and, at cock-crow, returning thither. What with the upheaval of the Reformation, and the revival of the ancient learning of Greece and Rome, there was in Elizabeth's time a muddle of Christian tradition and pagan legend sufficient to provide Shakespeare with the material for creating the Ghost of Hamlet's father. The Ghost makes use of the ancient Catholic words "unhousel'd," "unanealed," and describes his murder to Hamlet thus:

> "No reckoning made, but sent to my account
> With all my imperfections on my head."

Also he informs his son how he is bound

> "To fast in fires
> Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
> Are burnt and purged away."

But though this is consistent with a part of the true doctrine of Purgatorial suffering, yet the Ghost himself is rather a "goblin damned" than a "spirit of health," for the souls in Purgatory are joyfully suffering as being sure of heaven at the end; and most certainly no soul in Purgatory, even if permitted to revisit "the glimpses of the moon"—and some souls (as I remember reading in a Saint's life, though I cannot just now give chapter and verse for my authority) suffer a portion of their Purgatory after death in a particular spot on earth—no soul in Purgatory could possibly cherish a thought of revenge, nor be permitted to return to earth in order to incite any one to commit murder. And this, be it remembered, is the sole object of the Ghost appearing to Hamlet. He says:

> "Avenge my foul and most unnatural murder."

And he goes on, perfectly alive to the heinousness of murder in the abstract:

> "Murder most foul, as in the best it is,
> But this most foul, strange, and unnatural."

Yet it is for the express purpose of urging his son to commit what, in circumstances the most "extenuating," is a crime "most foul," that this Ghost—a most unprincipled ghost—has come from Purgatory! No, his Ghost came from the poet's brain; and he is nothing like so

beneficent a ghost as is the melancholy shade of Cæsar, who, emerging from the same fertile head-quarters, announces himself to Brutus as "his evil spirit," and solemnly warns his assassin that their next meeting will be at Philippi, when Brutus will come to him, not he to Brutus. And, by the way, this brief but awful apparition is a far grander conception than the communicative, loquacious, and remorselessly unforgiving ghost of Hamlet's father. Hamlet's father is "fasting in fires," like Dante's brother-in-law, Forese Donati, who, suffering among the gluttonous, utters no word of vengeance against the cooks who had assisted him to the grave of the *gourmand*. The Ghost of Hamlet's father is a malevolent spirit; he suited Shakespeare's purpose, and pleased a contemporary English audience, which wasn't quite clear as to what it believed on any subject, let alone the state of a soul immediately after death, neither bad enough for hell nor good enough for heaven.

That Shakespeare touched up his Ghost with what he had heard of "purgatorial fires" is as evident as that the Ghost's sentiments would be more in keeping with those of a pagan spectre in a Greek tragedy, than with those of a soul from Purgatory in a play where the *dramatis personæ*, as we see from the maimed rites at Ophelia's grave, are professedly Christian. The souls in Purgatory are "in a state of grace," as St. Catherine of Genoa writes, "knowing the truth, and knowing therefore how grievous is any obstacle which hinders their approach to God." Therefore it is that the souls in Purgatory "long," as Mr. Fitzgerald feelingly puts it, "for that drop of cold water to their tongues" which every Mass brings to them. "There is," says Mr. Fitzgerald, "something touchingly expressive in the form of this prayer which asks for the dead 'a place of refreshment, light, and peace,' and it has been pointed out that refreshment, or *refrigerium*, is a relief of a cooling kind suggested by the burning pains of their situation." The Ghost of Hamlet's father tells us of his awful sufferings without any alleviation, except during the few moments allowed for conversation with his son, which he very naturally protracts as much as possible; and yet there is one most important thing omitted by this Ghost, something that would have at once dispelled any doubts as to his orthodoxy, and that is, he forgets to ask Hamlet to have Masses said for the repose of his soul. Of course, I am aware that he could not, consistently, have asked for a Mass and a murder in the same breath. He does not, indeed, bid Hamlet "remember" him; but the meaning of this is as clear as that of the now familiar injunction to "remember Mitchelstown." The Ghost simply means "Remember my murder and avenge it as quickly as possible, as I shan't be perfectly happy until you have stained yourself with crime and despatched your uncle to —— well, to another place!" But had he been from Purgatory, a hopefully expiating, sorrowfully loving, Catholic ghost, he would have said, "Pray for me, my son; remember me before the altar; have Masses said for the repose of my soul. Let me taste the consolation of 'a place of refreshment, light, and peace.'

Warn your mother and uncle of the awful peril they stand in. Implore her, and him through her, to repent before it is too late." Had Shakespeare clearly comprehended the true doctrine of Purgatory he could not have given us the ghost of a Catholic coming back to earth on a devilish errand.

F. C. BURNAND, of the London Punch, in the Month.

Is Marriage a Failure Among Protestants?

THE London Tablet: The extraordinary correspondence, which, upon the question, "Is marriage a failure?" has raged now for seven weeks in the congenial columns of the Daily Telegraph, is shut up at last. We are assured that the editor received no less than twenty-seven thousand letters upon the subject, letters which let forth a stream of "pent-up hopes and fears, wishes and regrets, ideals and realizations, views, aspirations, comments and theories, marvellous in their range and richness of personal knowledge, but of so mighty a bulk, etc." It is comforting to be told that, after all this, "the grand old institution," matrimony, is still popular, and presumably safe. In summing up the controversy, the Telegraph, with inimitable modesty, observes that it has no "revelation of a new or widely illuminating nature" to announce. On the contrary, the conclusion arrived at is that "happiness in wedlock depends very much upon the individual." The writer seems dimly to feel that this is but a meagre result to get from twenty-seven thousand letters, "marvellous in their range and richness of personal knowledge," and so insists that, though it is a truism, yet it is one which undoubtedly possesses "immense philosophical and biological significance." However, all's well that ends well, and we are too content to know that the controversy is ended to care much about anything else.

The reasons given by correspondents to account for the misery of their marriages, are only one degree less comic than the reasons given by the happy people to explain how they manage it. The following brief summary has been compiled, and may prove useful. Reasons for failure: Husbands' clubs, ill-temper, a pretty wife, living beyond your income, want of due submission on part of wife, nagging, not being "happy faced," not having a smile of welcome always ready to receive husband on his return (this reminds one of the famous burglar disarmed by a smile), marrying the first comer for want of social opportunity, marrying girls who are young ladies, marrying girls who are not young ladies, being selfish, being poor, having headaches, not keeping accounts, feeling tired, saying you think the home you came from preferable to the one you came to, making your husband's friends miserable, drinking, incipient softening of the brain, a tendency to homicidal mania, and so on, in endless variety. Among the causes of success are to be noted a taste for preparing dainty dishes for your husband, not telling him of his faults, reforming him very gradually, having a charmingly-decorated table in a cheerfully-arranged room, being dainty in appearance, kissing your husband with rapid certainty whenever he shows the slightest tendency to be unpleasant. The exasperation which such conduct would cause in some people ought to be taken into careful consideration, lest tragedies ensue from following this advice.

A Bostonian in New York.

XI.

THE man of leisure in New York often gets it into his noddle that he would like to take a trip around the unsavory part of the city, and see all the notoriously low places. A party of gentlemen is gotten up for the tour of inspection, and under the lead of a guide, generally a detective who knows all the rotten holes, conducts his party on an all-night trip in the slumdom of the city. He receives for this generally $25, and sometimes more. It takes a thief to catch a thief, so it is said, and whether these guides are thieves or not I do not know. Most likely they are not; but they are known to many of the low characters they meet on a slumming tour, and, therefore, the sight-seekers are not likely to be harmed. They visit all the dens of iniquity, and feel slighted, and greatly put out, if the guide slips up in bringing any extremely venomous place to their notice. It does no harm at times to see these places. The great trouble is that most people when travelling only see the real nice things, and then say they have seen the places. It is not necessary to go into these dens, however, and not always safe either, neither is it necessary to lay out any money for a guide. Keep your eyes open, and you will see enough good and bad things. If people didn't travel with one eye closed, there would be less truth in the old saying that "One half the world does not know what the other half is doing."

New York, like Boston and Chicago, has had its large fires where property and life has been sacrificed by the unmerciful flames. Within the last few months they have had several large fires in the busiest part of the city. A large and handsome brown-stone building, six stories in height, is known as the head-quarters of the New York Fire Department. The ground floor, cellar, and second floor, is devoted to the use of the three Fire Commissioners,— who are appointed for a term of six years,— Chief Shay and his assistants. The rooms are luxurious in their appointments, and profusely ornamented. They also contain many models of fire apparatus. On the fourth floor is what is known as the Building Bureau of the department, where all the plans of buildings must pass. On the floor above is the school-room where the new firemen are instructed how to play the hose, climb ladders, and stave in windows. Rooms in this building and whole floors are use for various other purposes relating to the department. Here it is where the signal is received, and from where the fire alarm is despatched to all the firemen. The greatest alarm — three sixes — calls out all the fire apparatus in the city.

A young man wishing to become a fireman must be armed with good testimonials as to character. The surgeon of the department has a private interview with him, and unless in perfect health he will not have a chance to distinguish himself as other brave fire laddies have done. His size is also an important consideration. He must be five feet seven

inches in height, thirty-three inches around the chest, and weigh one hundred and forty-five pounds, with an increase of five pounds for every additional inch to his stature. A civil service examination comes next. If he passes through all these dangers successfully, he is admitted as a probationer, and for a month is a pupil, in the school referred to above. After close instruction in the arts practised by firemen at fires, he becomes a third-grade fireman at a salary of $1,000 annually. He is promoted year by year, if his conduct is good, until at the beginning of his third year his salary is raised to $1,200. He spends twenty-one hours out of the twenty-four, in the department house he has been assigned to, the other three hours being given him for his breakfast, dinner, and supper. He is allowed three days' leave in each month. The firemen take care of the house, and sleep up stairs like the firemen do in Boston. There are about 950 uniformed men in the department. The Commissioners and Chief receive $5,000 a year each. The total force consists of about fifty-five engine companies, eighteen trucks, two water towers, and two fire boats. There is said to be an average of seven fires a day in the city, and about four serious ones in a week. The insurance patrol consists of four companies, two of which have a double set of trucks and a complement of forty men, ten regulars, and thirty auxiliaries, the latter going to the house "on call" at 7.30 in the evening, and being relieved at 5.30 the next morning. They receive for this $1.35 per day. Many of them have other business; but they are always subject to call during the day, receiving twenty cents per hour for this work. There are many other men employed under the department, and the cost of maintaining such a mighty regiment and institution must be in the neighborhood of nearly three million dollars annually. As the city grows, this absolutely essential department grows too, and so do the expenses.

The old firemen of the city, who volunteered their services in the days of hand engines, and encountered dangers alarming, and performed feats of heroic daring, are organized to-day. It was my good fortune, while in New York, to see these "fire laddies" on parade. They were going to have an excursion of some kind which I believe is an annual affair with these veterans. They were old and decrepit, some of them, while others marched as straight as a school-boy. The pretty little engines and carts that did them service in "the days that tried men's souls" were brought out. As they marched gallantly along in their red shirts and big fire caps, with bugles under their arms, they evoked warm applause. These men might truly be said to be the saviors of the present rich and enormous city. It is with feelings of pride that the little boy follows before and after them while on parade. Their organization is a jolly one, and although modest as most brave men are, they can get nearly anything they require. Requests from them are not set aside, they are attended to. The people and the city take a just pride in them, and why shouldn't they? "For what he was, and what he dared, remember him to-day."

To become a policeman, the candidate is subjected to a close scrutiny as to character, afterward health, and then examination and practice. A few facts concerning appointments and salaries might be important. An applicant for the police force must be between twenty-one and thirty years of age, must undergo severe physical tests, and pass a civil service examination. If his conduct and efficiency be good he is regularly appointed on a salary at the rate of $1,000 the first year, $1,100 the second year, and thereafter $1,200 per year. The present force numbers 3,286, including all grades.

The hours of duty are divided into day and night tours. The day tours are from 6 to 8 A. M., 8 A. M. to 1 P. M., and 1 P. M. to 6 P. M. The night tours are from 6 P. M., to 12 midnight, and from 12 to 6 A. M. It is only in the upper part of the city, where the population is not so dense, that the patrol wagons are used. The higher grades in the force are Superintendent, at a salary of $6,000 per year; Chief Inspector, at a salary of $5,000 per year; three Inspectors, at a salary of $3,500 each; eighteen Surgeons, at $2,250 each; thirty-six Captains, at $2,750 each; one hundred and fifty-seven Sergeants, at $1,600 each. There is a rank below that of patrolman called doorman. They number seventy-eight, with pay of $1,000 per year each. It is unnecessary to go through the details closely, and I will, therefore, give a few facts concerning the police force, as a stranger might regard it, casually. To begin with, the detective force, in New York, stands pre-eminent in this country. I can but agree with the story written in the Paris Figaro, on the police department of New York city, when it says:

"Mr. Byrnes has under his orders the most perfect body of detectives in the world. The exploits of his men are absolutely marvellous — nay, one might almost say miraculous. Somewhat rough, perhaps, on public holidays, but intrepid in the face of danger; not particularly amiable towards strangers, but of the most remarkable vigilance; somewhat infatuated with its own importance, but of irreproachable integrity, the police force of the great American metropolis may well be looked upon with envy, and feelings of their own inferiority by the capitals of the Old World."

This statement, coming from a country which has produced a Vidocq and Lecocq is, indeed, saying a great deal, yet only telling the truth. The police force is often abused at home, yet, for all that, it is the admiration not only of France, but of the world beyond the seas. Of course, every city in this country thinks its own is the best. Policemen cannot smoke while on duty, go to sleep, and club people, and many other things they are forbidden to do; but they often do it just the same, not only here but everywhere. Speaking of policemen sleeping, when supposed to be on duty, was once brought up in a station house in Boston, and a policeman replied, in a very cool manner, "Oh, they wouldn't be policemen if they didn't do that," and I think he hit the nail on the head. On Sunday and other holidays the policemen of Boston wear white gloves; in New York they wear them every day. The name by which they are commonly alluded to is "the finest;"

and if their physical and personal appearances are to be taken for anything, they justly merit this title. The present force, as I have stated, is 3,285. What a great force that is, appointed to guard and protect the citizens and city itself! When you approach one of the "finest" for information, he eyes you very closely at first, and then gives you the information in a manner entirely devoid of any polish. They meet with so many rough characters, that when they see a stranger they look him over pretty closely, and when a person asks them where a certain place is, they know the inquirer is a stranger, yet they are the only safe ones to ask. On account of so much alleged political corruption among the city fathers, the policemen are looked upon by many of the citizens as being all the more the guardians of the city.

Walking leisurely through the wide and busy throughfares, we find that here and there are large squares and avenues, and they are appropriated in the centre with pretty little parks, like jewels in the works of a watch. The parks at the Battery and City Hall square have been referred to before. In the first, we find immigrants, taking their first look at things, and in the latter, ward politicans waiting for their leaders to get them employment. A statue, too, is often seen near the parks, such as Franklin, Lafayette, Washington, and others. One of these parks has a world-wide reputation, while another has within a few years stepped into prominence. I mean Central and Riverside Parks respectively.

Every New Yorker has seen Central Park, and probably no visitor to the city ever left there without perambulating through this great breathing place. After leaving the turmoil and push of the city, and reaching this pleasure garden, the freshness of the air, and the moisture of the atmosphere, are refreshing and inviting. It would take several pages to fairly describe Central Park, and I must, therefore, content myself with mentioning it as briefly as possible. Pretty walks and carriage drives are laid out, and on a pleasant day the place is visited by large numbers. Here newly married couples come; nurses air babies and children, and the boys and girls of the city find much to give them enjoyment. Baby carriages are let at so much an hour, and open carriages and coaches can be hired for a drive over the beautiful grounds. It is impossible to see it all by walking, if even by riding. The scenes in some places are wild and rugged, as nature has blessed it, and as it has ever remained, while the ingenuity of man, in the erection of arbors and monuments, has added much to its charms. There are such statues here as Beethoven, Bolivar, Burns, Columbus, Halleck, Humboldt, Prof. Morse, Schiller, Scott, Shakespeare, Webster, and many others. Bethesda Fountain is one of the splendid ornaments of the park. It is the figure of an angel standing in the attitude of blessing the waters. She bears in her left hand a bunch of lilies, emblem of purity, and wears across her breast the crossed bands of the messenger angel. The figure seems to hover over, as if alighting on a moss rock, from which the water gushes in a natural manner, falling over the edge of the upper basin, slightly veil-

ing, but not concealing, four marble figures, emblematic of the blessings of Temperance, Purity, Health, and Peace. There are other figures, in other monuments, liberally spread around the park, forming quite a study in themselves. The Obelisk is one of the interesting objects to be seen. This immense pile was brought from Alexandria, Egypt, and placed here, the entire expense attending the removal, transporting, and erection in Central Park, being paid by the late Mr. William H. Vanderbilt. The Belvedere is a large stone tower, from which a splendid view of the surrounding country is had. There is probably no part of the Park prettier than the Ramble. Here one may ramble for hours through shady parks, mossy dells, over rustic bridges, along winding lanes, and through woods and scattered grasses. Arbors and seats are placed everywhere, and pretty views come as surprises, each more beautiful than the other. Menageries are in the park, with all kinds of animals, such as are seen at a circus, only more of them. It was in a cage here that the famous chimpanzee, "Mr. Crowley," was incarcerated, and delighted so many little ones by his queer pranks and grimaces. The people take a great pride in this enormous garden, and it bids fair with the steady improvements to be, in the near future, not only the largest, but the most beautiful park in the world. If a person visits New York and sees nothing but this park, he gets a good return for the money invested, and he should never be guilty of visiting New York without spending a good deal of time in its monster garden. So that the stranger may get some idea of the size of Central Park I will give a few figures. There are fifteen miles of carriage roads, eight miles of bridle-paths for riders, and over twenty-five miles of walks, and a few hundred policemen who look out for flower thieves and would-be suicides.

Riverside Park, lying along the shore of the Hudson river, has suddenly become a much-visited part of the city. The name is pretty, and the surrounding scenery is beautiful. This is all I can say for it, as the park itself is anything but pretty; indeed, it is nothing but a long stretch of land, with carriage roads laid out. The park, however, bids fair to become a pretty place, and the persons engaged in this undertaking started, a few years ago, to add something that would make it attractive, and, in this they succeeded admirably. What is this attraction? Gen. Grant's tomb is here! What ever possessed the Grant family to select such a place for the body of the great soldier, is a mystery with no little suspicion attached to it. Some writers have made bold enough to say, that the family of the soldier-president received money for doing this; but this would be hard to prove. It is only a supposition at the best; but I venture to say, that any visitor to Riverside will be inclined to give such a theory some credence. A modest brick tomb, with a great iron-rail door, is erected. Looking through the bars, a tremendous iron box is seen resting on a bier, inscribed with the immortal name — U. S. Grant. Flowers and wreaths, in a state of artificial preservation, are strewn around, while police

officers are stationed on the outside watching for ghouls I suppose. It would have been far more appropriate to have buried Grant among the soldiers at Arlington, or at his home in Galena, as a living monument to the boys and young men of that town of how one of the boys of the place became famous, and a lesson of the possibilities of American citizenship. This is the only attraction at Riverside Park. Take the body of Grant away and inter it in an appropriate spot, and no park is left. Here it is in a big, open field, an advertising scheme to make the hotels and other neighboring business places do a thriving business. The day I was there, a crowd of little boys and girls were running round, and I should judge, by their attire, that some society was running a picnic. Everybody visiting the city wants to see Grant's tomb, and, to do this, they must visit the picnic cemetery, — hence hangs a tale.

While in the vicinity of Riverside Park, it would be well for the visitor to continue his journey to what is called High Bridge. It is 1,460 feet long, and is supported by thirteen arches, resting on solid granite piers, the crown of the highest arch being 116 feet above the river surface. The water is carried over the bridge in large iron pipes, and is something quite novel. It will be seen by the above figures, that the name given the bridge is not a misnomer, but, on the contrary, a very appropriate appellation. On Sundays, large crowds make excursions to the bridge, and there are plenty of hotels in the vicinity. Next to Brooklyn Bridge, which I have mentioned at some length, High Bridge comes next among the great river-spanning structures of New York. Not far from this bridge is a strip of water, which has been made familiar by its name, — Spuyten Duyvil Creek. According to Washington Irving, it received its name from the fact that Antony Van Corlear, one dark and stormy night, swore that he would swim across the water in spite of the devil (Spyt den Duyvil), and was drowned in the attempt. This is the only thing interesting about it, except that a fearful accident occurred there some years ago, in which many lives were lost.

We will return from these scenes to the city proper, and, as evening approaches, we may wish to go to some of the theatres. It is needless to go into any description of these houses; but what would be interesting to relate concerning them, is the actions of the audience, and the manœuvres carried on by speculators at the entrance. As we go in by the entrance, we will begin there.

Standing on the sidewalk, in front of many of the theatres, are seen several men, well dressed, and of good appearance, with bills and tickets in their hands crying out "best seats in the house," as the patrons of the theatre enter. This is only done in Boston when some big show is in town. We do not like it even then, but how much worse it is in New York where they have it all the time! Some theatres have large signs prominently displayed warning people not to buy tickets from speculators. I went to several of the theatres while in the city, and on every occasion there was a "full house." When the curtain drops

after each act, you would think the entire audience were going out, that is, all the men. Ladies were left alone, fanning themselves, while their husbands or escorts were munching at a neighboring bar. The waits between the acts are very long, so long that you might be inclined to think the liquor dealers stood in pretty well with the theatre managers, so long is the strayed audience given to drink before the gong is sounded that brings them to their seats. This custom of going out during the several intermissions is apparently quite the thing to theatregoers here, and a liquor dealer or wine merchant who is fortunate enough to have a place near one of the big theatres will become in time a little Crœsus.

I wish to mention one theatre in particular as it is different from all the others. This is the Casino. This theatre, or opera house, is one of the best patronized in the city. The exterior and interior are very beautiful in design, every nook and corner being a piece of artistic grandeur in itself. On the top of the building is what is called a roof garden. This is reached by elevators and stair-cases, and before the performance begins, and, especially, when it is over, the greater part of the audience spend an hour or so on the roof which, I believe, is open until midnight. It is a garden in every respect. Flowers of all kinds and trees and bushes are in full bloom, while lights surround the scene and a brass band plays. Liquors of all kinds are served here, and the ladies have no hesitation at sitting at a table with their husbands and escorts cracking bottles of wine. It is very pleasant here on a summer's evening, and the idea is so novel that it affords great surprise to the visitor for the first time. It reminded me of a first-class hotel built in a garden, and all around merry and gay. A liquor saloon near this theatre is not so likely to do the business that those do in the vicinity of other theatres where the roof garden has not as yet been introduced.

WILLIAM F. DONOVAN.

The Slave Trade.

ENGLISH papers are devoting considerable attention to this eminent apostle of the new crusade against African slavery. His Eminence is Archbishop of Algiers, and has, for some time, been prominently identified with the movement which has now called him to England. When a missionary bishop, he travelled through dark continents and over unexplored regions, always exerting himself to the utmost in trying to prevent the wholesale annihilation of the poor children of Africa by Arab slave traders. Since then the "white man" has ceased to be personally interested in this immoral trade, while philanthropy on the subject has notably diminished, and anti-slavery societies exist but in name. Consequently, it was a well-advised idea, a blessed thought on the part of his Holiness, to enlist the services of so experienced and sympathetic a crusader as Cardinal Lavigerie in preaching a holy war throughout Christendom against a waste of life which, in Dr. Living-

stone's time, was computed at five hundred thousand a year, and which has kept steadily increasing since then. His Eminence, in the first place hopes to organize pressure to be brought to bear upon the Moslem states, so that slavery may be extirpated there. In the second, he holds that the Sultan of Zanzibar should be held responsible by those whose rule he acknowledges for the brutal misdeeds of the slave traders. In the third place, his Eminence would have all God-fearing countries foster and encourage legitimate commerce with Africa in every way; and, in the fourth place, he maintains that the slave trade, being the essence of all villanies and crimes, should excite against it the public opinion of mankind, and that all creeds should unite to destroy it forever.

Eleanor Ambrose: "The Dangerous Papist."

Of exquisite face and form; of delicacy of feeling, and of captivating address, Eleanor Ambrose, "the dangerous Papist," occupied the throne of beauty at the brief and brilliant court of Lord Chesterfield, the then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. The daughter and co-heiress of a Catholic gentleman of good family, she inherited a considerable fortune, and was connected with the leading Catholic aristocracy.

At that time, when the door to professional advancement was closed against the members of the old faith, the cadets of the chief Catholic houses had to fight the battle of life as best they could. Michael Ambrose, Miss Ambrose's father, a younger son of the old stock of Ambrose, of Ambrose Hall, took to commercial pursuits and gained wealth as a brewer in Dublin, while his elder brother continued to reside at the family seat. Mr. Michael Ambrose died comparatively young, and his two daughters were left to the care of their mother, originally a Miss Archibald, a Catholic lady of high connection.

Miss Eleanor Ambrose, at the time Lord Chesterfield came to Ireland, was about five or six-and-twenty, in the full bloom of youth and the height of fashion. The courtier-earl was instantly charmed as much by her appearance as by the fascination of her manners.

Before he accepted the vice-royalty he had been warned of the perils he was to encounter from the disturbed state of the country and the machinations of the Catholic party. But shortly after his arrival he wrote home that Miss Ambrose was "the only dangerous Papist" he had met with. Thence originated the soubriquet that has ever since been identified with the lady. Many were the graceful speeches of Chesterfield to this matchless beauty of his court.

There was a custom among the court ladies on the 1st of July to wear, in commemoration of the Battle of the Boyne, *orange lilies* at the Castle (i.e., Dublin Castle). At one of the anniversaries Lord Chesterfield observing that Miss Ambrose wore a like favor, addressed her in these *extempore* lines:

"Say, lovely traitress, where's the jest
Of wearing orange on thy breast,
When that same breast uncovere'd shows
The whiteness of the rebel rose?"

Mr. J. C. O'Callaghan, in his History of the Irish Brigades, gives another slightly different version of this impromptu.

Another of Chesterfield's compliments has been handed down. A delegation from Drogheda came to the Castle to present to the Lord-Lieutenant the freedom of their corporation in a gold casket. Miss Ambrose, happening to be present, and admiring the exquisite workmanship of the offering, laughingly asked his excellency to give it to her. "Madam," replied Chesterfield, "you have too much of my freedom already."

Numerous were the suitors to Miss Ambrose, noble as well as gentle; coronets were within her reach, and riches at her feet. But from a train of lovers, she at last selected a county Mayo gentleman of large fortune.

The marriage took place in 1752, and was thus announced in one of the Dublin papers: "The celebrated Miss Ambrose, of this kingdom, has, to the much-envied happiness of *one* and the grief of *thousands*, abdicated her maidenly empire of beauty, and retreated to the temple of Hymen. Her husband is Roger Palmer, Esq., of Castle Lacken, county Mayo, M. P."

The remaining portion of the life of "the dangerous Papist" has no general interest. She adorned the circle in which she moved; was always admired for the graces of her person and mind; became Lady Palmer on her husband's elevation to the baronetcy in 1777, and died, universally esteemed, on the 10th of February, 1818, at the advanced age of ninety-eight. Her long, very long life, embraced the most eventful period of the world's history.

In her extreme old age Sheil, the famous Irish orator, and associate of O'Connell, paid her a visit, of which he has left a sparkling description.

"She was," he says, "a most vehement Catholic, and just the sort of person that Sir Harcourt Lees would have ducked for a rebel and a witch. Lord Chesterfield and the Catholic question were the only subjects in which she seemed to take any interest. Upon the wrongs done to her country she spoke not only with energy, but with eloquence; and with every pinch of snuff poured out a sentence of sedition.

Being then in the last year of her life, she could no longer, however, be considered "a very dangerous Papist."

Sir B. Burke's Reminiscences.

The Grand Old Man.

THE Irish Catholic, of Dublin, edited by Mr. W. F. Dennehy, expresses the sentiments of the Irish people, at home and abroad, in the following article:

"Whether we regard the sentences in which Mr. Gladstone gracefully touched upon the olden traditions, the ancient glories and prowess, as well as on the more modern aspirations and hopes of the Cymric people, or those in which he demolished the puny arguments of his political opponents, and defended himself against the spiteful assaults of the Times and a host of other scribblers and talkers, who gain a

momentary notoriety by attacking a man of such eminent individuality, we are equally impressed by the immense versatility, the wealth of pure eloquence, the profound thought and deep labor which the old chief brings to every subject with which he deals. Mr. Gladstone's labors in the cause of Ireland are to her a source of indebtedness, which, in the day of her freedom, she will not fail to recognize; but it seems to us that no greater service has ever been rendered by him to our people, than the inculcation of the lesson which the mere spectacle of his marvellous exertions teaches. If Mr. Gladstone is eager to do so much in the service of Ireland, is ready to undertake work so serious and so heavy, is willing to risk the thousand risks which at his age are the absolutely certain concomitants of prolonged exertion, and all this that he may aid in securing the restitution of our plundered national rights, is there any toil or peril, however great or serious, from which Irishmen themselves should shrink in the same sacred cause?"

How Not to Live on a Thousand Dollars a Year.

His salary was a thousand dollars a year, and he had just proposed to Miss Clara Lighthead and been accepted. And they were both exquisitely happy until she said:

"And you don't know how lovely our home will be, George. It shall be a home, indeed, for you a place of rest and joy and comfort! I'll call the housekeeper up every morning, and —"

"The housekeeper?"

"Yes, yes, dear. Now, don't interrupt, you naughty boy. I'll tell the housekeeper to tell the cook to —"

"The cook?"

"Of course; and I do hope we can get a French cook. I love French cooking. And I'd like the dining-room girl to—"

"The dining-room girl?"

"Yes, yes. I'd like a brisk, tidy, rosy-cheeked English dining-room girl. I don't care so much about the chambermaid."

"Why, my darling, I'm afraid—"

"Now, now, you bad old boy; you must let your little girl have her own way when it comes to the house servants. You can engage the butler, if you like, and, of course. you'll get the coachman; but when it comes to the laundress and seamstress and —why, George, what a dreadfully long face you have! I don't like it!"

It looked longer as he sat in his ten-by-twelve room an hour later, trying to "figure out" how the wages of the cook and housekeeper and butler, and all the rest of them, were to be paid on $19.23 1–2 per week. He hasn't figured it out.

If a man excuses himself, God accuses him; if man accuses himself, God excuses him.— *St. Francis.*

Pope's Day in New England and Other Places.

THE present Pope has recently had a day — a day of jubilee, commemorated in all parts of the world. The faithful testified their joy at the celebration of his sacerdotal jubilee, and renewed the protestation of their heartfelt allegiance to the see of unity, to the one whom Christ has set to govern His kingdom. Princes and rulers of all lands, Mahomedan and heathen, as well as Christian, sent their courteous offerings and congratulations to His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII.

The Pope has just had a day, and a glorious day. But is this my topic? No, I am going back into the past.

There was a time when, in New England and other colonies, the Pope had his day, which was very enthusiastically celebrated. This, as a matter of history, will, doubtless, be new to most of my readers, for it is not brought into prominence in the current histories of the country, and few would trace the only remnant left of the old-time celebration,— the Fourth of July fire-cracker,— to its real origin.

The celebration of Pope-Day arose in a curious way. After the overthrow of the English commonwealth, and the restoration of Charles II., New England was in a dilemma.

The English crown was asserting its rights over New England, and state holidays had to be observed. But how were the Puritans to keep Guy Fawkes' Day, the 5th of November? A few misguided Catholics, driven to desperation by the penal laws, had plotted to blow up King James I. and his Parliament, led on by government detectives in all probability. But how could the Puritans who, as a body, drove the son of James from the throne, and sent his head rolling from the executioner's block — how could they hold up Guy Fawkes to public execration for an unaccomplished crime, when their own hands were reeking with royal blood?

The case was, indeed, a puzzling one. But New England shrewdness saw a way out of the difficulty. A clergyman of the Established Church in England, when he found his flock growing listless and indifferent, or, what was worse, inclined to criticise him, used to give them what he called "Cheshire Cheese;" he began a series of phillipics against the Pope. This always roused them to zeal and friendly feeling.

New England, in the same way, resorted to "Cheshire Cheese," and, by a happy device, pleased court and people. They would celebrate the 5th of November with all due noise and honor; but they had the Pope carried around in effigy, instead of Guy Fawkes, amid the noise of fire-crackers, and, finally, committed it to the flames amid loud huzzas.

Thus, they sang:

"Let's always remember
The 5th of November."

The day became, on this side of the Atlantic, not Gunpowder Treason, but Pope-Day. The contrast between that annual insult of the last century, and the recent ovation of all loyal hearts, the tributes paid by the rulers of English-speaking lands, is striking enough. "Viva il Papa-re!"

Boston, being a city of great cultivation and refinement, took the lead in celebrating Pope-Day. An effigy of the Pope was made, and generally one of the devil; these were placed on a platform, and carried by the crowd, who kept firing crackers, home-made at first, but when New-England enterprise opened intercourse with China the Chinese fire-crackers were imported for use on Pope-Day.

On the front of the stage was a huge transparency, with inscriptions suited to the temper of the times. Boys below the platform worked strings, causing the figures to face towards the houses and make gestures.

At the head of the procession went a man ringing a bell, and bawling a song, which ended:

"Don't you hear my little bell
Go chink, chink, chink?
Please give me a little money
To buy my Pope some drink."

Every house on the route of the procession was required to contribute to the expense of the show, under penalty of having the windows broken or being otherwise damaged.

The procession passed through the Common, passed the State House, and often ended on Copp's Hill, where the effigies were consumed in a bonfire.

Such was Pope-Day in Boston, which never dreamed in that day of the Old South Church existing to see Boston ruled by a Catholic mayor, the see of a Catholic archbishop, or its celebrating, with loud acclaim, an anniversary of a Pope.

The newspapers of the day sometimes described these processions on Pope-Day as being carried on "with great decency and decorum!" But it was not always so. In the course of time one quarter of Boston thought itself badly treated in the arrangements for the procession. Then North End and South End each had a Pope, and the processions generally met on Union street, where a fight took place for the possession of all the figures, the North Enders burning them on Copp's Hill, if they won the day, while their antagonists, when successful, burned the Pope on the Common.

In 1745 the celebration of Pope-Day was especially disgraceful. A paper of the time says:

"Tuesday last being the Anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot, two Popes were made and carried thro' the Streets in the evening, one from the North and the other from the South End of the Town attended by a vast number of negroes and white servants, armed with clubs, staves and cutlasses, insulting the Persons and breaking the windows, etc., of such as did not give them money enough to their satisfaction, and even many of those who had given them liber-

ally ; and the two Popes meeting in Cornhill, their followers were so infatuated as to fall on each other with the utmost Rage and Fury. Several were sorely wounded and bruised, some left for dead, and rendered incapable of any business for a long time to the great Loss and damage to their respective Masters."

And he prints a letter from a subscriber, condemning the supineness of the authorities. This letter was as follows:

"I hope you will not suffer the grand fray, not to say bloody, that happen'd before your Door last Tuesday evening to pass off without a public rebuke; and such an one as becomes a person zealous as well for the Peace and Good Order of the State as the Church. What a scandal and Infamy to a Protestant Mob, be it of the rudest and lowest Sailors out of Boston, or even the very negroes of the Town, to fall upon one another with Clubs and Cutlashes in a Rage and Fury which only Hell could inspire or the Devil broke loose from chains there could represent! Is this a meet or sufferable show of Protestant zeal against Popery? Is this to honor the Protestant religion to the few French prisoners of war that are left among us? Or can our children or servants be safe in the streets at such a time if such Rioters be permitted? Or, in a word, what madness must seize the two mobs, united Brethren, as they would appear against Popery, to fall against each other, break one another's Bones, or dash one another's Brains out? Why this enormity above all others should be winked at, and the Inhabitants of the Town with their Dwellings left to the mercy of a rude and intoxicated Rabble, the very Dregs of the People, black and white, and why no more has been done, to prevent or suppress such Riotous proceedings, which have long been growing upon us, and as long bewailed by all sober Persons, must be humbly left to our betters to say." (Weekly Post-Boy, November 18, 1745).

But the voice of "decency and decorum" could not stop the celebration of Pope-Day. As politics grew fierce, first the Pretender, then obnoxious English statesmen, were burned in effigy with the Pope.

In 1775, "the Devil, the Pope, and the Pretender, at night were carried about the city on a bier, their three effigies hideously formed, and as humorously contrived, the Devil standing close behind the Pope, seemingly paying his compliments to him, with a three-pronged pitchfork in one hand, with which at times he was made to thrust his Holiness on the back, and a lanthorn in the other, the young Pretender standing before the Pope waiting his commands."

The newspaper which gives these details adds:

"In their route through the Streets they stop't at the French General's Lodgings" [this was General Dieskau, then lying wounded, and a prisoner in Boston] "where a guard was ordered to prevent mischief by the Mob. The General sent down some silver by the carriers, with which, after giving three huzzas, they marched off to a proper place, and set fire to the Devil's tail, burning the three to cinders." (Annapolis Gazette, December, 1755.)

The passage of the Quebec act, by which Catholics in Canada, and the country north-west of the Ohio were maintained in the exercise of their religion, as it was under French rule, excited bitter feeling in the thirteen colonies. This revived the Pope-Day celebration, and gave it new zest.

We have accounts of the observance of the day in several places in the year 1774:

"The last public celebration of 'Pope-Day,' so-called, in Newbury and Newburyport (Mass.), occurred this year. To prevent any tumult or disorder taking place during the evening or night, the town of Newburyport voted, Oct. 24, 1774, 'that no effigies be carried about or exhibited on the 5th of November, only in the day-time.' Motives of policy afterwards induced the discontinuance of this custom, which has now become obsolete. This year (1774), the celebration went off with a great flourish. In the day-time companies of little boys might be seen in various parts of the town, with their little Popes dressed up in the most grotesque and fantastic manner, which they carried about, some on boards and some on little carriages, for their own and others' amusement. But the great exhibition was reserved for the night, in which young men as well as boys participated. They first constructed a huge vehicle, varying at times from twenty to forty feet long, eight or ten wide, and five or six high, from the lower to the upper platform, on the front of which they erected a paper lantern, capacious enough to hold, in addition to the lights, five or six persons. Behind that, as large as life, sat the mimic Pope and several other personages, monks, friars, and so forth. Last, but not least, stood an image of what was designed to be a representation of old Nick himself, furnished with a pair of huge horns, holding in his hands a pitchfork and otherwise accoutred, with all the frightful ugliness that their ingenuity could devise. Their next step, after they had mounted their ponderous vehicle on four wheels, chosen their officers, captain, first and second lieutenant, purser, etc., placed a boy under the platform, to elevate and move around at proper intervals, the movable head of the Pope." (History of Newburyport, p. 249.)

This same year, the two rival factions in Boston united in one celebration of what they called a Union Pope.

Even down in the Carolinas the day was observed, feeling being very strong there, as we may see by the fact that South Carolina alone, of all the states, made Protestantism the established religion in her first Constitution.

A letter from Charleston, in November, 1774, says:

"We had great diversion the 5th inst. in seeing the effigies of Lord North, Gov. Hutchinson, the Pope, and the Devil, which were erected on a moving machine, and after having been paraded about the town all day, they were in the evening burnt on the common with a large bonfire, attended by a numerous crowd of people." (New York Journal, Dec. 15, 1774.)

General and enthusiastic as was the celebration of Pope-Day in 1774, it was the last occasion of that crafty means to excite the ignorant and brutal to hatred and violence against Catholics, though it needs no philosopher to see in Pope-Day the Genesis of some events in our own time.

Pope-Day ended with 1774.

The next year the din of arms sounded through the land. Protestant and Catholic alike shouldered their muskets, and marched side by side in the cause of America. Yet in every camp of Washington, in the army where Catholic soldiers from Maryland and Pennsylvania were gallantly facing the foe, it was proposed to celebrate Pope-Day. But from the head-quarters of the army of freedom came the words of George Washington, already strong in the attachment of his fellow-citizens:

"November 3.— As the commander-in-chief has been apprised of the design for observance of that ridiculous and childish custom of burning the effigy of the Pope, he cannot help expressing his surprise that there should be officers and

soldiers in this army so void of common-sense as not to see the impropriety of such a step at this juncture: at a time when we are soliciting, and have really obtained, the friendship and alliance of the people of Canada, whom we ought to consider as brethren embarked in the same cause — the defence of the liberty of America. At this juncture and under such circumstances, to be insulting their religion is so monstrous as not to be suffered or excused; indeed, instead of offering the most remote insult, it is our duty to address public thanks to these our brethren, as to them we are indebted for every late happy success over the common enemy in Canada." (Washington's Works, iii., p. 144.)

This was the funeral oration on the celebration of Pope-Day. It was heard of no more.

It would be presumption in me to continue after George Washington has spoken.

But I will merely add that the fire-crackers of Pope-Day have been transferred to the Fourth of July.

JOHN GILMARY SHEA, in the U. S. Historical Magazine.

The Spectre Monk of Messina.

IN the year 1784 there was a terrible earthquake at Messina. Houses were thrown down, many lives were lost, the very graves were opened. The only thing which escaped was the Cathedral, and the people attributed its safety to a miracle. A few years after this event, the Chevalier ——, a man of a noble French family, one of whose brothers was a distinguished general officer, and the other a minister at Berlin, visited Messina for the purpose of seeing the scene of devastation, and of making researches among the monuments and ruins. He was of the Order of the Knights of Malta, and a priest; a man of high character, of cultivated intellect, and of great physical courage.

He arrived at Messina on a summer day, and getting the key of the Cathedral from the *custode*,— for it was after vespers,— began copying the inscriptions and examining the building. His researches occupied him so long that he did not see that the day was waning; and when he turned round to go out by the door through which he had come in, he found it locked. He tried the other doors, but all were equally closed. The *custode*, having let him in some hours before, and concluding he had long since gone away, had locked up the building and gone home. The Chevalier shouted in vain; the earthquake had destroyed all the houses in the neighborhood, and there was no one to hear his cries. He had, therefore, no alternative but to submit to his fate, and to make up his mind to spend the night in the Cathedral. He looked round for some place to establish himself. Everything was of marble except the confessionals, and in one of these he ensconced himself in a tolerably comfortable chair, and tried to go to sleep.

Sleep, however, was not so easy. The strangeness of the situation, the increasing darkness, and the superstition which the strongest mind might be supposed to feel under the circumstances, effectually banished any feeling of drowsiness. There was a large clock in the tower of the Cathedral, of which the tones sounded more nearly and solemnly within the building than without. The Chevalier, with the intensity of hearing which sleeplessness gives, listened to every stroke of the clock. First, ten; then the quarters; then eleven; then the

quarters again; then twelve o'clock. As the last stroke of midnight died away he perceived suddenly a light appearing at the high altar. The altar-candles seemed suddenly to be lighted, and a figure in a monk's dress and cowl walked out from a niche at the back of the altar. Turning when he reached the front of the altar, the figure exclaimed, in a deep and solemn voice: "Is there any priest here who will say a Mass for the repose of my soul?" No answer followed: and the monk slowly walked down the church, passing by the confessional, where the Chevalier saw that the face under the cowl was that of a dead man. Entire darkness followed; but when the clock struck the half hour the same events occurred; the same light appeared, and the same figure; the same question was asked, and no answer returned; and the same monk, illuminated by the same unearthly light walked softly down the church.

Now the Chevalier was a bold man; and he resolved, if the same thing occurred again, that he would answer the question and say the Mass. As the clock struck one, the altar was again lighted, the monk again appeared, and, once more, exclaimed, "Is there any Christian priest here who would say a Mass for the repose of my soul?"

The Chevalier boldly stepped out of the confessional and replied, in a firm voice: "I will!" He then walked up the altar, where he found everything prepared for the celebration, and, summoning all his courage, celebrated the sacred rite.

At its conclusion the monk spoke as follows: For one hundred and forty years every night I have asked this question, and, until to-night, in vain. You have conferred upon me an inestimable benefit. There is nothing I would not do for you in return, if I could; but there is only one thing in my power, and that is, to give you notice when the hour of your own death approaches."

The Chevalier heard no more. He fell down in a swoon, and was found the next morning, by the *custode*, very early at the foot of the altar. After a time he recovered and went away. He returned to Venice, where he was then living, and wrote down the circumstances above related, which he also told to several of his intimate friends. He steadily asserted and maintained that he was never wider awake or more completely in possession of his reasoning faculties, than he was that night, until the moment when the monk had done speaking.

Three years afterwards he called his friends together and took leave of them. They asked him if he was going on a journey. He said, "Yes; and one from which there is no return." He then told them that the monk of Messina had, the night before, appeared to him, and told him that he was to die in three days. His friends laughed at him, and told him — which was true — that he seemed perfectly well. But he persisted in his statements, made every preparation, and the third day was found dead in his bed. This story was well known to all his friends and contemporaries. Curiously enough, on the Cathedral of Messina being restored, a few years after, the skeleton of a monk was found, walled up, in his monk's dress and cowl, and in the very place which the Chevalier had always described as the one from which the spectre had emerged.

LADY HERBERT, in Ave Maria.

From the German.

The Kings of the East.

Sixth Part: The Shepherds.

I.

How softly green the stream-fed meadows,
Thro' which the path to Bethlehem goes!
Full-foliaged hills fling cooling shadows
O'er vales, unchilled by wintry snows,
Unsmitten by the hurtling showers
Of hail, unscorched by summer's heat;
In season of cold rains, the bowers
Sprinkled with spring dews mild and sweet.

II.

Their wintry way the Kings are wending,
Glad spring the while their hearts within;
The sun, in emerald light descending,
Smiles o'er the fields of living green;
The hills bask in the gold of even,
The silvered brooklets shine afar,
Long since the sun hath sunk from heaven,
But overhead still guides the star.

III.

It swerves not from the course assigned it,
Before their steps so swift it flies,
A trail of glory streams behind it,
And flames far down the eastern skies.
Like as the radiant bow of promise
Furrows with gold the sea and shore,
And glides like some bright phantom from us,
Luring us onward evermore.

IV.

The shepherd bands were watches keeping
Upon a gently sloping lawn,
The star looks down upon them sleeping,
Dislimns their dreams as it were dawn:
It clothes with radiance, mild and tender,
The huddled flocks that dot the ground,

And with an aureole of splendor
The foreheads of the shepherds crowned.

V.

The royal cavalcades now halted
The shepherds' humble tents before.
Down from his steed one straightway vaulted,
And spake — 'twas Tharsa's prince, the Moor:
"I pray you, friends, fear not nor wonder;
No hostile purpose brings us here;
We are not come your flocks to plunder,
Nor 'gainst you lift the threatening spear."

VI.

Then spake a shepherd lowly bending:
"O mighty lords, what marvels are
Above, beneath us, never-ending,
Here such a throng, and there — the Star!
Still stand we in your presence, fearless,
Undazzled by this starry sheen;
For know, O Kings, that we the peerless
Angels before God's throne have seen!

VII.

"Fast by our flocks had slumber bound us, —
The thirteenth from this present night, —
When lo! a brightness shone around us,
And smote us with its radiant might:
A youth, in light clad as a vesture,
Descended on us from the sky, —
The shepherd, he, who leads to pasture
The gold-fleeced flocks of heaven on high.

VIII.

"'I bring glad tidings of salvation
Henceforth to all the climes of earth,
Born is the Saviour of His nation,
In Bethlehem, His place of birth;
In David's city you'll behold Him,
Within a lowly manger laid,
An infant's swaddling-clothes enfold him,
So hasten forth,' the Angel said.

IX.

"He ceased, and angel choirs unnumbered
Sang hymns of praise thro' all the night,
And on the hill-tops where we slumbered
Was one unclouded blaze of light.
But we went forth as his behest was,
Due homage to our King to pay.
Since then no evil can molest us,
Our hearts no earthly passions sway."

X.

In friendly converse now communing,
Shepherds and Kings met on that slope,
Their flocks commingled roam in union,
Within their hearts one faith, one hope;
Both believers now in one evangel,
One nation of the Lord both are,
The shepherds, summoned by the angel,
The Kings, enlightened by the Star.

REV. JOHN COSTELLO.

Round Dances.

CATHOLIC parents know, most certainly, that they are responsible to Almighty God for cultivating in their own children a love for any amusements dangerous to their immortal souls. Those recreations most dangerous are the round dance, sensuous music, and public spectacles of a sensual character. Of all these, I do not hesitate to declare the round dance the most dangerous of all. Ask any man of the world, any *roue*, any sensualist, and he will tell you his principal means of success in destroying virtue is the round dance. Ask any woman of fashion, and, at the same time, attractive in person or manner, how she has succeeded in making conquests in order to gratify her vanity, she will tell you — by the round dance. Ask the beautiful woman, even of doubtful reputation, how she manages to attract so many admirers, notwithstanding the shadow upon her earlier life, she will also reply — by the round dance. Ask the young of both sexes when they began to neglect their devout practices of weekly and monthly communion, their daily prayer, as well as their habit of hearing Mass daily, and they will tell you — when I first entered into the exciting and sensual pleasure of the round dance. Ask them when did prayer and pious feelings feel for the first time insipid, disagreeable, and seem to have lost their sweetness, they will answer — the first morning after being present at some party or ball, during which they joined in the round dance.

Under whose instruction and urgent counsel did they learn to love this dangerous habit? Let those fathers and mothers, who have feared the opinions of the worldly-minded, rather than the just judgment of Almighty God, answer this with a holy shame of a contrite heart. They have no excuse. The church, her confessors, and spiritual guides, have expressed to them in many ways the mind of God upon this subject. They have been reminded again and again of the solemn vows of their baptism and marriage rites, when they renounced the world, the flesh, and the devil, and with the sacred body of our Lord received on their marriage-day, took upon themselves the holy obligation to educate their children according to the spirit of those vows.

If it be a liberty even to hold the hand of a lady too long, and a great insult to touch her person, in any manner, without a reason evidently necessary, how is it that a parent can possibly be reconciled to the sight of her daughter in the arms of a man, or of her son holding to his breast one who has no right to be there? Even Protestants of high standing, or of proper home training, do not permit this, as a rule. Where they do look upon it with bare toleration in their fashionable life, they take care to warn their daughters not to follow the example set by the leaders of fashion. When these and worldly men can speak, and do speak with sentiments akin to horror against round dancing, how can Catholic parents find it possible to express any other opinion, or to send their children to the dancing school? Of this Catholics may be sure: 1. That to educate their children in the dancing school is not in harmony with the spirit of God nor of His church. 2. That to develop in them a love for the dance, is to cultivate in their hearts an affection for one of the principal means to secure their eternal destruction. 3. That dancing between the sexes is an excessive carnal pleasure, and all are bound to avoid excess in any sensuous pleasure.

To Mary Immaculate.*

Mirror of God's perfection! when He laid
Mankind beneath a curse for Adam's fall,
His love exempted thee, O blessed maid!
And kept thee stainless far removed from all
The lightest breath of evil: for his Heart
Could brook no shadow on his Mother's fame,
Or suffer for one instant, that, apart
From his dear grace, thy soul were clad in shame.

Through the long ages, He beheld thy soul
A trophy of omnipotence divine,
Where, blended into one stupendous whole,
All other creatures' varied gifts would shine,
And looking on, He loved thee, with a love
Of predilection, and eternal choice,

* Feast of the Immaculate Conception, Dec. 8.

And in his mind thou wert with Him above,
Ere thou wert called from nothing by his voice.

A bitter chalice he had willed to drink —
Humiliations, poverty, and pain —
But his dread sanctity could not but shrink
From the least contact with sin's loathsome stain,
And so He ransomed thee before thy loss,
The one unsullied daughter of the earth,
And the most precious triumph of his cross
Was thy immaculate and spotless birth.

Faultless and perfect! even in God's sight,
Thy radiant purity untarnished gleams;
And we, poor mortals, dazzled by thy light,
Can only picture thee in tender dreams
Which fail to gauge one half thy dignity —
A miracle of loveliness and grace,
Enthroned on such a height of sanctity,
That God alone can take a higher place.

And yet, sweet Mother, spotless as thou art,
We sinners claim thee for our refuge still,
For thy immaculate and gentle heart
Throbs with a love no guilt of ours can chill.
Thy mercy forces thee to stoop to all
Thy Son as children to thy keeping gave;
Oh! teach us on thy clemency to call,
And let thy sinless hands protect and save.

SISTER MARY AGNES, in Irish Monthly.

Legend of St. Francis and the Wolf.

THERE was great fear in Gobbio. The men were afraid and troubled, and mothers clasped their little ones to their breasts in dismay, because of the terrible wolf that lurked in the forests on the hillside, which no hunter had been able to destroy. Many an unguarded flock of sheep had been attacked; many a little cradle had been left empty and blood-stained; and, at length, the townsmen met together in the market-place to consult how they could capture the creature who was robbing them thus.

As they stood conversing, with heavy hearts and anxious faces, the holy Francis joined them in his habit of brown, and they told him their grief.

"My children," he answered, "our Lord will send relief. He never refuses the petitions which are made to him. Come with me to yonder mountain."

It was a long procession; the old, bowed down with infirmity, young men and maidens from the vineyards, little children, laughing,

from their play, followed him; and so they reached the mountains, where St. Francis stood still and called the wolf to appear.

Ah! why is it the savage beast came down the mountain so peacefully on towards St. Francis, and then gazing at him, stood still? Children shrank back with timid cries; women shuddered and turned pale; but all gazed upon the saint in wonder.

"My brother Wolf," said he, in a low and gentle voice, "thou little knowest the havoc thou hast made here. Thou hast devoured the young children and filled the mother's heart with pain; thou hast brought loss and desolation into many a home; and yet, in all this I cannot blame thee, for thou hast followed the nature given thee by God; but now I must bid thee do the people of Gobbio no further harm. Thou must leave them to dwell in peace; while, on their part, they promise to give thee food."

Then St. Francis turned to one of the crowd, and bade him to bring some corn and brown bread, and as the wolf ate it from the saint's hand a murmur of thanksgiving was heard from every one.

"Good brother Wolf, we will now part," said holy Francis. "As long as the men of Gobbio are faithful to their promise, thou, too, must hold to thine. Therefore, in token of this agreement, I bid thee place thy paw in my hand."

Wonderful power given by God to the pure in heart—a power to overcome even the savage nature of the animal. Slowly and gently it raised its paw and laid it in the hand of the saint.

From that day, regularly at noon, the wolf came to that spot for his food; and when at last it was left untouched, and they knew that the creature had gone from the forest, the people mourned after it, as if they had lost a friend.

To this day mothers tell their children this wondrous story of the wolf upon the hillside; people of Gobbio pray that the blessed saint who helped them in their distress will now and always keep misfortune from their town.

The German Emperor's Visit to Rome.

THE Emperor and suite arrived in Rome on the 19th of October. In the secret antechamber was the secret Camerieri, who informed the Pope of the Emperor's arrival. His Holiness emerged from his cabinet, and met his Majesty in the middle of the antechamber. They then withdrew together to the cabinet and took seats, each in an elaborate arm-chair. The subjects of the conversation, are, of course, not known with any degree of certainty, though it is thought that the Pope could hardly have refrained from pointing out the necessity of friendly relations between church and state, and urging the importance of the state utilizing the social and moral strength of the Papacy against anarchy. At the conclusion of the private interview the

members of the suite were admitted and presented to his Holiness. The Imperial party departed at half past three o'clock, being ushered out by a similar ceremony to that exercised on their entrance. It has been usual for the Pope to receive Catholic sovereigns in the Hall of the Throne, and for the latter to kneel in homage; but such an act could not be asked of a Protestant monarch, and it was deemed advisable to impart a more private character to the meeting.

The Dublin Freeman's Journal remarks on the visit of the Emperor: The Emperor William of Germany visited the Pope at the Vatican, Oct. 19, and was received by his Holiness with marked proofs of regard. The spiritual ruler of the Catholic world and the Protestant monarch who presides over the affairs of the most powerful state in Europe — a state which numbers millions of Catholics amongst its subjects, and which was consolidated by the blood of the Catholic soldiers of South Germany — thus for the first time in modern history came into personal contact. After the formal reception, his Holiness led his Imperial visitor into his private apartments, and there a memorable interview between the two august personages took place. It is noted by one of our correspondents that as the Emperor made his obeisance to the Pope, his military helmet fell from his hand. Of course, the incident was accidental; but it has its meaning. May it not be taken as a presage of the time when, the reign of force being closed, the nations will live in the peace of God? Peculiar interest attaches to the Imperial visit to the Vatican at the present moment. Only a few years ago a fierce persecution of the Catholics raged throughout the Empire, and the stern statesman who had raised Prussia to the headship of Germany, and Germany to the political *hegemony* of Europe, had set himself the task of conquering the church. He failed, and admitted his failure, and the event of yesterday emphasizes the force of an oft-forgotten truth, that under the rule of a Divine Providence Truth and Right cannot be vanquished forever. The Italian Infidels are furious because the Emperor insisted upon visiting the Pope, not as a guest of King Humbert, but as one sovereign paying his respects to another. The carriage that bore him from the German Embassy was brought from Berlin to Rome, so fully did the Emperor recognize the propriety of dissociating himself from the Quirinal when going to the Vatican. It is to the City of the Soul, not to the city of King Humbert, that the mind turns when Rome is mentioned, and although his enemies have robbed the Pope of the patrimony of St. Peter, they cannot shake the influence, sacred beyond the things of earth, which he exercises upon the destinies, not of a nation, but of the human race.

READERS, make a little effort among your friends to send us a Christmas and New Year's present, in the shape of new subscribers. See the numerous premiums we offer to those who send us new subscribers.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

THE BIRDS' FAREWELL.

OUR Dear Little Maid:

We must bid you good-by,
For November is here, and it's time we should fly
To the South where we have an engagement to sing;
But remember this, dear, we'll return in the spring,
And if, while abroad, we hear anything new,
We'll learn it, and sing it next summer to you
In the same little tree on the lawn, if you'll let us,
So, good-by, little maiden! Please do not forget us,
We're sorry to leave you — too sorry for words,
And we'll always remain,

Yours sincerely,

"THE BIRDS."

P. S.— Please don't mind if this letter sounds flat,
And present our respectful regards to your cat.

OLIVER HERFORD, in St. Nicholas for November.

How Santa Claus Came to Hal.

"WHO is Santa Claus, mamma; and where does he live? Is he a *real true* man, and does he come down the chimney, *honest?* Oh, I am *so* glad to-morrow is Christmas! Arn't you, mamma?" and little Hal drummed with baby fingers upon the window-pane, full of genuine happiness in his childish anticipation of the coming day. "How it *do* snow! Will papa be back to-night, *sure?*" he continued, before his mother had time to answer his first bundle of questions. "I hope he will. Then may be Santa Claus would bring him somefin', too, if he's a good little boy! P'raps, you know?" and he laughed merrily at the idea. "Please tell me about the old feller, mamma, and how he comes down the chimney." And the boy climbed his mother's knee, and nestled close to the loving breast.

Hal Duncan was a Western boy, born in the shadow of the Rocky Mountains; and every morning during the five years of his short life he had seen the sunlight glisten upon their silvery crowns of snow; every evening he had watched the deepening purple, wrap them about as with a kingly robe. He dearly loved his home, his parents, and his dog Rover. Since he could remember, these had been his only friends; for Mr. Duncan was a stock-man, and his ranch lay among the foothills of the Rocky chain forty miles away from any settlement, and twelve miles distant from the nearest neighbor. Here he herded immense droves of cattle, driving them to town to sell in the fall.

Only the day before, the little boy's father had started for town upon special business, promising his wife, however, to return at once in order to spend Christmas at home.

All night long while the husband and father was away had the snow been falling; all day had the storm continued; and now, as the evening shadows came down without, and the flames leaped and danced around the logs in the fire-place within, the soft, white drifts lay even with the window-panes, the door was blockaded, and the distant mountains hid themselves in a spotless cloud. Never before had such a storm reached the "Canyon," as the little valley was called, and Mrs. Duncan saw the snow growing deeper and deeper with anxious eyes, and listened and longed for her absent husband's return.

But Hal knew of no danger, and was as blithe and gay as a little bird upon a summer morning. When mamma had told the oft-repeated story of Santa Claus again at his request, he sprang from her lap, and, running, to the window, gazed out upon the falling snow with all a child's freedom from care as he shouted: "Oh, mamma, mamma! Santa Claus will have plenty nuff' to slide on, won't he? And the little deers can jes' jump in these drifts, can't they? Do you 'spose I might see 'em come if I keep a good watch?"

"Hardly, my darling; for I fear the storm is so wild that he may not be here until very late. Besides, you want to hang your stocking up, don't you? and go to bed to dream of what you'll find in it in the morning."

"Yes, I'll hang my s'ockin' up. Right here'd be a good place, wouldn't it?" and he held the little red affair, that he wished Santa Claus to fill, close by the great open fire-place. "Where's there a nail to hang it to, mamma?"

"This will be better than a nail, even," said the mother, as she tied the stocking to the end of the long crane, and swung it out of danger from the flames. "The old fellow can't help seeing it there."

For an hour Hal sat in his low chair before the fire, gazing into the bright coals. Faces, pictures, and stories were there for him. He saw Rover sleeping upon the bed of an old log: there was the rabbit that lived up the hill peeping from behind a big gleaming coal, and that was grandpa, with his pipe, right in the centre of it all. Outside, the wind moaned dismally, and once in a while a puff of smoke would whisk up the chimney, twisting and curling; it had gone to be a fairy. The white ashes wanted to follow, but the big giant in the corner, the black and wrinkled stick, wouldn't let them, and held them fast under his great foot. Yet the little sparks dodged by him when he looked the other way, and danced after their smoke sisters. Now and then a few flakes of snow were blown right down into the fire where they disappeared with a hiss; they were the naughty fairies who couldn't go out any more.

All this the little dreamer saw and imagined, as he sat silently gazing into the flames. Since babyhood he had always enjoyed building "castles in the air," and to-night it seemed as though new

fancies presented themselves to him continually. Twice mamma said that it was bed-time, and twice had he begged to be allowed to sit up "jes' a few seconds" longer. But when the sober old clock struck nine with solemn voice, Mrs. Duncan called Hal again, saying: "Come, my boy; it's very late and you must go to bed. If you sit up any longer Santa Claus will tumble down upon you, I fear;" and she smiled as she spoke. A sad smile, for her heart was sorely troubled about her husband, and the storm seemed but to grow wilder every moment.

"Oh, mamma! that's a good big place for him to come down, isn't it? Don't you guess he'll bring me a great many things? I've been quite a good boy, you know."

The mother pressed her darling in her arms, and kissing him, replied: "You are 'quite a good boy.' Mamma's good boy, and I am sure that Santa Claus will fill your little stocking!" and so she carried him away to bed.

How slowly the weary hours dragged by! The candle, died away, the logs upon the hearth burned low, and the flickering light gleamed out uncertainly, flashing over the sleeping hound upon the floor. Her needle dropped at length from her fingers: the waiting wife was all alone.

Ten, eleven, twelve; the strokes sounded strangely through the silence, startling Mrs. Duncan, and with a shivering sigh she arose and prepared to retire. The room was growing chill; there was no fuel indoors to replenish the fire, and the snow prevented her from attempting to reach the wood-pile. She must go to bed to keep warm.

When little Hal awoke it was still dark. No ray of sunlight peeped through the window, no gleam of firelight flashed in at the door. But this did not trouble the boy; he only remembered that it was Christmas morning, and with a bound he was out of bed and stumbling blindly toward where his stocking hung. "Guess mamma ain't up yet, it's drefful cold 'thout no fire! An' it's dark, too! Here it is! an'—oh, mamma, mamma! Santa Claus *didn't* come! The s'ockin's empty!" and the child burst into a perfect flood of tears at his sad disappointment.

Mrs. Duncan was awakened by Hal's crying, and quickly dressing herself she gathered her darling in her arms and strove to comfort his sorrowing little heart.

"He may come even yet," she said. "It was so stormy last night that perhaps the wee reindeer couldn't travel so fast. Don't cry, my precious one! Santa Claus will not forget my boy, I am sure; he will be here yet, if you will only wait patiently. Let mamma get a light and build a fire now, Hal."

The candle was soon lit and a fire started, although the mother was obliged to break up an old stool to burn; for the wood was lacking. Then she began to prepare the morning meal, wondering meantime if it was the last that they should need. For the terrible truth was plain to her; the cabin was completely hidden beneath the snow, and

their Heavenly Father alone could send aid in time to keep them from freezing to death.

"Why! papa didn't come, did he?" cried Hal, as he noticed that but two plates were on the little table. "Do you s'pose that he got los' in the snow?"

How the question pierced the mother's heart! "I cannot tell, my darling. Last night was a fearful one for any one to be out of doors. We can only trust to the Lord and believe papa is safe."

"The same dear Lord that I pray to every night? Does papa know him too? And will he take care of big men jes' the same as little boys like me?"

"Certainly, Hal; the very same dear Saviour. And he cares for us all, big and little alike."

"Then I'm jes' goin' to tell him 'bout papa; for may be he's almos' froze outdoors' somewhere now! And if 'Our Father' knew it, if he knew that it 'twas *my* papa, he'd find him and bring him home, don't you believe? I'm going to tell him right now!" And with the strong, pure faith of childhood the little fellow dropped upon his knees; and while Mrs. Duncan's tears fell thick and fast upon the curly head in her lap, he prayed in simple, earnest words, that his Heavenly Father would find papa and bring him safely home.

When the petition was finished Hal arose, and wiping his mother's eyes with his dimpled hands, he said: "Don't cry, mamma! papa'll come now pretty soon," continuing, "we'd better eat our breakfas', I guess; I'se very hungry."

Seated at the table Hal's lively chatter helped to drive away the gloom that hung so heavily upon Mrs. Duncan's mind, and he kept her constantly engaged in answering his many questions. Within fifteen minutes he seemed entirely to have forgotten all trouble, perhaps because he had given the matter into the hands of his Heavenly Father, and his busy little brain was again filled with thoughts of Christmas and Santa Claus. Suddenly the child stopped in the midst of a sentence and turned sharply round in his chair toward the fire-place. The mother's eyes followed his, wonderingly. Already the scanty fire which she had built was dying away, and the lingering coals threw but fitful gleams upon the hearthstone.

"What is it? What do you hear?"

The boy raised his hand in warning while he half whispered, "Santa Claus is coming!" still gazing intently forward, with head a little on one side, as though listening for some expected sound. An instant later, a damp blotch of snow fell from overhead, hissing as it struck among the hot ashes; another and larger piece followed? then came a stumbling, shuffling sound, and as mother and son sprang forward a well-known form, blackened in spots with soot, whitened in spots with snow, descended feet foremost from the wide-mouthed chimney. A glad voice shouted a hearty welcome, and with a cry of joy Mrs. Duncan threw herself into her husband's outstretched arms, while little

Hal danced gaily about the room shouting, "He's come! He's come! Santa Claus has come!"

"I am Santa Claus, my boy!" said the happy father who caught the child in his arms, "and both of your stockings shall be filled! Thank God that this has proved so merry a Christmas to us all."

Santa Claus had come to Hal indeed, for Mr. Duncan's pockets were filled with presents from the distant town; and the happy child grew almost wild with delight as the pretty toys were placed before him.

"Oh, papa! I was sure you'd find the way! But I never knowed 'twas you at first; I thought it was surely Santa Claus when I heard somefin' in the chimney."

A TRIBUTE TO MOTHER.

It has been beautifully said of a mother that "she is the morning and evening star of life. The light in her eye is always the first to rise, and generally the last to set upon the checkered life of man." She has been called "the divinity of infancy." She can shower around her the most genial of all influences, and from the time when she first lays her little one in Elysium by clasping it to her bosom, "its first paradise," to the moment when that child is independent of her aid, her smile, her work, her wish, is an inspiring force. A sentence of encouragement or praise from her is joy for a day.

True, living, consistent piety is the mother's brightest ornament, her truest glory, her noblest support, and her richest treasure. Her life should be a calm, holy, beautiful walk from the hearthstone to the altar of fire; from the bosom of her family to the throne of God.

It has been the testimony of good men in all ages that they owe chiefly to their mothers the best inspirations of their lives.

"I had rather possess my mother's picture," once wrote the poet Cowper, "than the richest jewels in the British crown." The venerable John Quincy Adams once said: "It is due to gratitude and nature that I should acknowledge and avow that, such as I have been, whatever it was, and such as I am, whatever it is, and such as I hope to be in all futurity, must be ascribed, under Providence, to the precepts and example of my mother."

Sweetly and truly has the poet sung:

"The sounds that fall on mortal ear,
As dew-drops pure at even,
That soothe the breast or start the tear,
Are mother, home, and heaven!"

A TALK WITH THE BOYS.

"Distance lends enchantment," and the city looks well from the farm. Perhaps you do not see the thorns and the thistles; but they grow in the city. Home discipline may be hard to bear; but in it are

the germs of all successes. Parents are midway in the temple of life, and they certainly must know more than those standing on the threshold. It is always safe to listen to the voices of wisdom and affection. You may not be permitted to control all things at home; but please remember before seeking the larger liberty of the city, that you can control nothing there. You may wear store clothes; but you must be the servants of all. Liberty and ease are the fruits of toil.

The boy who knows more than his parents or teachers goes to the wall in the city. Success depends upon industry, obedience, economy, and purity. Brown hands, clean tongues, and pure hearts are in great demand in the city. A country loafer becomes a city loafer, and neither the country nor city crowns loafers.

The earthquake never breaks the ground so as to leave the gold at their feet. Boys whose noble and manly lives are the guiding impulse of their pastors when writing letters of commendation, receive the most cordial welcome from the merchants.

There is a famine of boys who feel that God is watching them, and who are true to their employers because of their heavenly master. The demand for them is always greater than the supply.

In the city you have to begin away down; but smilingly submit to the inevitable, and make each day tell how much and not how little work you can do, and then you will be in the line of promotion. Never desire to coin a dollar except around the golden rule. You may not accumulate as rapidly and love your neighbor as yourself, but the smile of God is upon every dollar.

LONGFELLOW AND THE CHILDREN.

THE great poet was always fond of children. He loved not only those of his own family, but all the little folks: and there were many children who visited him often and were always entertained by Mr. Longfellow with great kindness. Mrs. Annie Fields gives us an extract from her husband's diary, which tells how one of the poet's small friends tried to show his affection in a practical way:

"I remember there was one little boy, of whom he was very fond, and who came often to see him. One day the child looked earnestly at the long rows of books in the library, and at length asked: 'Have you Jack, the Giant-Killer?' Longfellow was obliged to confess that his library did not contain that venerated volume. The little fellow looked very sorry, and presently slipped down from the poet's knee, and went away; but the next morning Longfellow saw him coming up the walk with something tightly clasped in his little fists. The child had brought two cents, with which Longfellow was to buy a 'Jack, the Giant-Killer' of his own."

THE more unhappy I am, the more will I trust in the mercy of my Lord, my God! — *St. Francis.*

BRING UP A CHILD IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO.

What would become of the world without religion? The greatest service that I ever rendered to France was in re-establishing the Catholic religion.—*Napoleon Bonaparte.*

From the Catholic Youth, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BUT although they express the truth so well in theory, the practice of it is imperilled or rendered ineffective by placing the inculcation of moral education solely in the teacher's own character for the natural virtues of truthfulness, kindness, honesty, and in general terms, habits of right action. The text-book of morality is the teacher himself; and when he sees a vice in a child, he must eradicate that vice by the example of his own virtue. The moral education of the child, then, depends altogether on the morality of the teacher; and if the morality of the teacher be defective, the morality of the child will be the same. It does not require much thought or reasoning to discover the weakness or the uncertainty of such a method of education; but it is the only method which will suit a system of schools in which religion is ignored, and the teaching of it is a violation of the law.

How much better and more reasonable, if morality is to be taught in the schools at all, is the method of the Catholic school system, to teach it by word and example, and through the only source of morality, religion! This method admits of no failure, for it is not the work of human hands; it is the arrangement of God, made known by His unerring representative, the church. "Morality and religion are essential to the full bloom of the human mind," says a non-Catholic writer and educator; but he does not say how the flowers that bloom are planted. The Catholic Church does, and in the future, when her system of education is better known by those not of her faith, she will receive the credit of educating the whole man, or of securing, as another non-Catholic writer says: "The harmonious development of the human mind, body, and soul." That is true education.

It is part of the work of Catholic parochial schools to teach children love and devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary, and to appeal to her in all their necessities. Her feast days should be explained to them, and her life on earth related to them, so that they may understand the power she possesses in heaven, and learn how to ask her to use it in their behalf. She can help them in their studies, but, above all things, she can help them to save their immortal souls.

As the Blessed Virgin Mary was never defiled by sin, her body was preserved from the corruption which dead bodies undergo, and which is the consequence of sin. St. John Damascene relates that, at the death of the Blessed Virgin, the Apostles were carried, by the power of God, to Jerusalem to witness it. As she passed sweetly away, angel choirs sang heavenly songs, and continued them for the three days her chaste body was lying in the tomb. When they opened the sepulchre, three days after death, to show the body to St. Thomas, who had not seen her die, the body was gone, and its place filled with the sweetest odors.

MAN becomes rich by divine things, and poor by earthly ones.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

CHRISTMAS morning! Christmas morning!
Wake up, little one;
Icicles the trees adorning
Sparkle in the sun:
All the happy fields are shining
Where the snow-drifts lie;
Every cloud its silver lining
Shows against the sky;
And the morning stars seem hymning
The melodious word
Which the bells repeat in ringing,
Which the shepherds heard
In a country far and holy,
When the night was clear
And the heavenly planets slowly
Trembled o'er Judea.

THE OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.

SHE was a little girl until she was fifteen years old, and then she helped her mother in her household duties. She had her hours to play, and enjoyed herself to the fullest extent. She never said to her mother, "I don't want to," for obedience was to her a cherished virtue. She arose in the morning when called, and we do not suppose she had her hair done up in curling papers and crimping pins, or banged over her forehead. She did not grow into a young lady and talk about her beau before she was in her teens, and she did not read dime novels, nor was she fancying a hero in every boy she met. The old-fashioned girl was modest in her demeanor, and she never talked slang nor used bywords. She did not laugh at old people nor make fun of cripples. She had respect for her elders, and was not above listening to words of counsel from those older than herself. She did not know as much as her mother, nor did she think that her judgment was as good as that of her grandmother. She did not go to parties by the time she was ten years old and stay till after midnight, dancing with chance young men who happened to be present. She went to bed in season, and, doubtless, she said her prayers and slept the sleep of innocence, rose up in the morning happy and capable of giving happiness. And now, if there is an old-fashioned girl in the world to-day, may heaven bless and keep her and raise up others like her.

BISHOP COSGROVE.

IF we were burning within with heavenly flames, we should not suffer from the cold without. — *St. Francis.*

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1888.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

A Brilliant Writer.

MRS. MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE, of this city, has made an enviable reputation as a staff correspondent of the Boston Journal. She is a favorite contributor to a number of our best magazines and papers, notably the Wide Awake, the Catholic World, etc. She is the author of a volume of charming poems; and a prose work of hers, On the Wing, descriptive of a trip to California, has passed through four large editions. Catholics are justly proud of this talented woman, who has made a great name in the world of letters.

MANY articles intended for this issue are crowded out to make room for the great article of Cardinal Manning, The Church its Own Witness. It is more important than a bushel-basket full of stories. Young and old should read it.

An Urgent Request.

THERE are quite a number indebted to us. We want the money to enable us to commence the new year with renewed energy to please our patrons. Let those who owe send us their subscriptions at once, by post-office order, made payable to Patrick Donahoe. If bills are sent, the letter should be registered.

A Heartrending Eviction Scene in Ireland.

MR. HANDEL COSSHAM, M. P., for East Bristol, happened to be an eye-witness of the heartrending eviction of Dunne, the poor old man who died a few hours after he was turned out of his home on the Singleton property in Louth, recently. Mr. Cossham gives the following description of what he saw: — "In the chimney corner sat the tenant who was to be evicted, — an old man over eighty years of age, — bent and tottering. A bit of peat was burning on the hearth, most of the smoke from which came into the room where I could dimly see several young men, whom I understood to be sons of the old man, and one or two women, who I presume were daughters, or daughters-in-law. I had never looked upon such a sight and such a home before. A hundred and thirty pounds was the amount demanded, and I could well believe the declarations of the old man and his sons that they were really "destitute;" but they said there was about sixty-five pounds' worth of crops on the land, and they could and would sell all they had and pay not less than sixty-five pounds by Dec. 1, and more if the crops yielded more. But the agent explained that his orders were definite, and he could take no less than a hundred and thirty pounds. So the evictions began. The emergency men brought out the few bits of furniture, which certainly were not worth more than two or three pounds. 'I have lived here,' cried the old man, 'all my life; I have lived here under four generations of Singletons, and this is how I am served at last. I have always paid the rent in the past, when I could,' he passionately added, 'and they know it; but they are going to turn me out to die.' The loud cry of the women, mingled with the wail of the old man, was more than I could stand, and I had to leave before the occupants were actually turned out."

THE number of Irishmen, by birth and descent, scattered over the world, is estimated at thirty millions.

Father Cummins' Appointment.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE joins with a host of other friends, clerical and lay, both in this archdiocese and other sections of the country where he is known, in sending congratulations to Rev. John F. Cummins, on his appointment to the pastorate of St. Peter's Church, Plymouth, Mass., succeeding Rev. James J. Chittick, who becomes rector of the Church of the Precious Blood, Hyde Park.

Father Cummins has been for some time past senior assistant at the Church of St. Thomas, Jamaica Plain. He is a native of Charlestown, Mass., and was a student at Boston and Holy Cross Colleges. He was ordained to the priesthood at St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, N. Y., just before Christmas, 1875. He was first stationed at the Church of St. Mary of the Annunciation, Cambridgeport, as assistant, and was also Latin master in the parochial school just then established by Father Scully. He was also assistant at St. Mary's, Malden, SS. Peter and Paul's, South Boston, and St. Mary's, Holliston.

FINN & KELLY, wholesale and retail dealers in hats, caps, and umbrellas, directly opposite the Revere House, on Court street, Boston, is one of the finest stores in the city, and the firm are young men of business qualifications, accommodating, and agreeable. Those who patronize them will be well pleased.

Orangemen are Mad.

BOSTON DAILY GLOBE: — We are sorry to note that the Orangemen, who have become citizens of this country, are mad because Secretary Bayard has sent Lord Sackville home. He could have done nothing else without compromising the dignity of the United States. The British minister gave a wanton insult to our people when he attempted to advise a citizen how he should vote. We have no doubt that the Orangemen still have a feeling of love for "Merrie England" and its royal sovereign. Still, those of them who have become citizens of this country should remember that they now owe their first allegiance to the United States, and that anything which tends to lower the dignity of this government is an affront to every citizen.

ACCORDING to the report of the surgeon-general, the death rate of the army of the United States is higher than that of any of the armies of foreign nations, excepting only the British and the Italian. This record seems to show that disease cuts a wider swathe in the ranks of the soldiers than an enemy's guns, pneumonia standing at the head of the list as the most deadly foe of all.

Conferring the Pallium.

ON Sunday, 9th of September, in the noble Cathedral that overlooks the Archiepiscopal city of Armagh, the Most Rev. Dr. Logue, Archbishop of that ancient See and Primate of All Ireland, was invested with the Pallium by his Eminence Cardinal Moran. An immense concourse of priests and laity, from all parts of the diocese, and from far beyond its limits, witnessed the solemn and interesting ceremony. The sacred emblem of authority has seldom rested upon shoulders more fitted to bear it worthily. This is not the place, nor is it the occasion, for a panegyric of the gifted, erudite, and holy prelate, who now administers the Primatial See, and who, in his high office, completes a long succession of saints and sages, reaching from the time of the National Apostle to our own day. It was singularly appropriate that the delegate of the Holy Father was his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Sydney, for — to use his own eloquent words, true, in a special manner, of himself — "The children of Ireland are the heralds of the Gospel to other nations."

Hastings' Portraits.

THE photographer receiving the highest award for portraits, a gold medal, at the last exhibition of the Massachusetts Charitable Association, was George H. Hastings, 147 Tremont street, corner of West street, Boston. School and church work, at reduced rates, a specialty. MR. Hastings is the leading photographer of New England.

A REMARKABLE article, from a Baptist paper, on the School question, will be found in our MAGAZINE of this month.

EVERY head of a family wants something to interest and rightly instruct the young. Nothing so surely does this as The Pansy. $1.00 a year. The best and cheapest young people's magazine. See advertisement of D. Lothrop & Co. elsewhere.

A FINE life-size figure in wax of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, the Boston Globe correspondent of the celebrated Parnell-Times case, which is now on trial in London, can be seen in one of the large show windows of the clothing house of A. Shuman & Co. This figure was made in London on order of the senior of this house, Mr. A. Shuman, last summer, on occasion of his visit to Ireland.

The New Bishop of Galway.

THE devoted and patriotic prelate, whose gentle ecclesiastical rule has made him beloved by the clergy and laity of Galway Diocese, was born at Castlerea, county Roscommon, a few years after the era of Catholic Emancipation. Francis MacCormack entered St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, in 1853, and soon won high honors from his fellow students. He was selected as Lecturer in Logic and Philosophy, and was ordained priest in 1862. His first mission was the curacy of Islandeady, from which he was transferred to Westport. Dr. MacCormack's co-laborers in Westport parish were Archbishops McEvilly of Tuam and Carr of Melbourne, Australia. He was consecrated Coadjutor to Bishop Durcan, of Achonry in 1874, and after the death of that prelate in 1875 he succeeded to the bishopric. When Bishop MacCormack left Achonry that Diocese was supplied with educational advantages superior to any rural diocese in Ireland — every parish having at least six schools. It was in April, 1887, that he was translated to Galway, where his labors in the movement to revive the woollen industry of "City of the Tribes" entitle him to rank as a practical benefactor of his people.

An Eminent Irish Doctor and Benefactor.

IT was through the exertions of an eminent Irish physician, Dr. Richard Barter, who was born, in 1802, at Cooldaniel, county Cork, that Turkish baths were first introduced into Ireland, England, and Scotland. He was an eminent hydrophobist, and commenced his profession as a dispensary physician at Inniscarra, where he was elected honorable secretary of the Cork Agricultural Society. It was he who introduced the famous water-cure establishment at Blarney. Although we hear but little about him, he was a benefactor to England as well as of Ireland; but it seems to be — in fact, it is — the studied interests of English annalists and encyclopædists to ignore the works of Irishmen of genius. He was an eminent Irish scholar, and worked hard in those days to keep it from decaying. Had Barter been an Englishman we would have heard more about him. He died at Blarney, county Cork, Ireland, 1870.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, American edition, sells at ten cents a copy. The price in Europe is twenty-five cents.

MRS. FREMONT has written a very remarkable "ghost story" for the Christmas Wide Awake. It is from her own experience, of a joyous nature and influence, and entitled, How the Good News Came Out of the West.

WE direct particular attention to the remarkable article — The Church its Own Witness — by his Eminence Cardinal Manning. We give it entire.

ST. MARY'S PARK will be the name of one of the six new parks being planned for New York city.

The Jesuit Army.

THE total number of Jesuits scattered over the globe engaged in purely missionary work is about 2377. These are of various nationalities, but the vast majority are French.

THE total export of Irish eggs to England, from Ireland, in 1887, was 33,000 tons!

Church and Society Banners.

MR. T. C. SAVORY, No. 13 Tremont row, Boston, whose card will be found in another column, painted to order the beautiful society banner presented to the Fr .O'Brien Cadets, on Fr. Mathew's Birthday, by the ladies of the Sacred Heart parish, East Cambridge.

Working Boys' Home.

DON'T forget to go to the entertainments, at Mechanics' Building, on Thanksgiving Day. The festival will be held from 10 A. M. till 10 P. M.; most of the day will be devoted to entertaining the children, while the evening will be given up to the adults.

Boston College.

THE course of entertainments to be given under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. of Boston College during the coming winter is as follows: Wednesday, Nov. 14, the Rev. R. J. Fulton, S. J., will deliver a lecture on "My Latest Trip to Ireland;" Tuesday, Nov. 27, a grand concert under the direction of Sig. A. Rotoli, of the New England Conservatory of Music; Wednesday, Dec. 19, Eli Perkins will lecture on "The Philosophy of Wit and Humor;" Wednesday, Jan. 2, a concert by Sig. Rotoli, assisted by a chorus of forty voices; Wednesday, Jan. 16, a lecture by Charles J. Noyes, Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives; Friday, Jan. 25, a grand orchestral concert, under the direction of J. C. Mullaly.

The First Sunday in Advent, — 2d of December.

THE period of three or four weeks from Advent Sunday to Christmas eve, is named by the church the season of Advent. During it she desires that her children should practise fasting, works of penance, meditation, and prayer, in order to prepare themselves for celebrating worthily the coming (*adventum*) of the Son of God in the flesh, to promote his spiritual advent within their own souls, and to school themselves to look forward with hope and joy to His second advent, when He shall come again to judge mankind. Consider advent as a holy time; pray oftener than usual; mortify your senses, eyes, ears, tongue, etc. Prepare well, during this time, for a worthy reception of the Sacraments on or about Christmas.

New England Pianos.

THE New England pianos have attained a remarkable degree of popularity, and have secured a position of pre-eminence. The success of this company has been remarkable; but is not to be wondered at, when the enterprise of the proprietor and merit of the pianos are taken into consideration. The New England pianos are now used by many public and private institutions, among which may be mentioned the following:

Sisters of Notre Dame, Boston Highlands, seven pianos.
Sisters of Notre Dame, Berkeley street, Boston, three pianos.
Altar Association, Cathedral, Boston.
Sisters' School, Perrin street, "
" " Woburn, Mass.
" " Brockton, "
" " Hyde Park, "
" " Watertown, "
Sisters of Charity, Salem, "
Y. M. C. T. Society, " "
Convent of Mercy, Putnam, Conn.
St. Aloysius School, Nashua, N. H.
Sisters of the Holy Cross, " "
St. Aloysius Academy, New Lexington, Ohio.
Sisters of Divine Providence, Columbus, Texas, and many others.

WE desire our friends of this MAGAZINE to call on Messrs. Leopold Morse & Co., the great clothing dealers, on the corner of New Washington street and Brattle street, Boston. If they want good bargains and good goods, there is nothing in the clothing line but can be purchased in this extensive establishment, at the very lowest cash prices.

The Parnell Trial.

T. P. O'CONNOR, M. P., cables that "Whatever happens, the feeling remains that things are going excellently, and that the case of the Times is vanishing into thin air."

The Church in Holland.

It is thirty-five years since Pius IX. restored the hierarchy in Holland. The Dutch Catholics have since that time made truly consolatory progress in every direction — works of charity, organizations, and popular associations, schools, as well as the inner developing and strengthening of the faith. Witness the enormous number of vocations, and the over-supply of native priests, which leads to so many going forth on missionary work in England, on the foreign missions, and elsewhere. During the space above alluded to, 416 new Catholic churches have been built, and 136 enlarged or restored. In 1853, there were 98 Catholic charitable institutions; to these 134 new ones, with a population of 14,000 poor, and patients have been added. At present 165,000 children are being educated in the schools. According to statistics, Holland has a population of nearly 4,400,000 — almost that of London; but of these close upon 1,500,000 are Catholics.

North's Rheumatic Cure.

A Sure cure for rheumatism, a perfect blood purifier, and health restorer; we recommend it to all those afflicted with rheumatism, and also North's Pure Pepsine, for the cure of dyspepsia, and all stomach troubles. It is the strongest and best Pepsine in the market. It can be obtained of all Druggists, and of the Proprietors, Charles H. North & Co., Packers and Jobbers of Provisions, 33 & 34 North Market street, Boston, Mass. Try these remedies once. You will find they will never fail.

A little anecdote is told of General Sheridan which does much to explain why he was so universally esteemed. He was sitting with a number of others one day, when an officer, high in rank, rushed in, shouting: "Oh, boys, I've such a good story to tell you! There are no ladies present, I believe?" — "No, but there are gentlemen present," was the curt reply of Sheridan. The story was not told.

It is very essential that bread itself should rise, but the price of it never.

Seventeen Thousand Confirmations.

Right Rev. Bishop Kopp, of Fulda, Germany, in the course of his pastoral visitations recently arrived at the town Konigshutte (King's Hut), at which he met with a reception unknown in the annals of the place. Not only did the Catholics welcome their beloved prelate, but even the Jews of the place had displayed, upon the arches erected along the line of march, inscriptions of welcome in the Hebrew language. At the church (by the way, the only one in the town) on the next day (Sunday), the Bishop administered the Sacrament of Confirmation and did not finish until Tuesday, the number of candidates being over seventeen thousand. It will be seen from this, that the crisis of the past sixteen years, which robbed the Catholics of Germany of their prelates and pastors, deprived them also of their sacraments; and the tardy reparation on the part of the government at this day brings forth the dormant strength and religious faith of a people whom persecution could not deprive of their loyalty to the church.

Wanted, Well-trained Mistresses.

From the Woman's Journal.

They tell me that the great want of the age is well-trained servants. I think that well-trained mistresses are wanted. My experience has been that if a servant be well-treated the mistress will be well served. Never let her feel degraded because she waits upon you and does your work. Let her understand that you sympathize with her in all her joys and sorrows.

The state of Rhode Island, after years of agitation, has abolished the so-called property qualification as a prerequisite for voting on the part of naturalized citizens of foreign birth. Hon. C. E. Gorman has been the steadfast champion of the rights of foreign-born citizens from the beginning of the agitation until its triumph.

The Very Rev. Dr. M. Comerford, P. P., V. F., M. R. I. A., Monasterevan, has been appointed Coadjutor Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin.

THE Papal bulls appointing Rev. J. J. Hennessy, rector of St. John's, St. Louis, to be Bishop of Wichita, have arrived, and his consecration will occur on Wednesday, Nov 21, the Feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin. Most Rev. Peter Richard Kenrick, Archbishhop of St. Louis, will act as consecrator.

ARCHBISHOP JANSSENS, of New Orleans, says, in a letter to his clergy and people: "The reverend clergy will advance the cause of the church by strongly advocating Catholic newspapers and Catholic literature." We hope the reverend clergy will not forget DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE in their recommendations to their people to support Catholic literature.

The Revival of Know-Nothingism.

THIS choice bit of philosophy from Josh Billings we dedicate to the British-Americans of Boston, who, with their allies, a handful of North of Ireland Orangemen, and a few Yankee bigots, are endeavoring to resurrect the corpse of Know-Nothingism.

"A fanatic is the wust man we hav to contend with; reason haz no effect on him, and it iz agin the law to klub him."

A Beautiful Prayer,

which should be committed to memory by every son and daughter of Ireland. In a little book, lately issued in Dublin, there is a prayer for Ireland which one may wish that every Irishman breathed. It is to the Sacred Heart, and, among other things, it asks that the Irish nation may be preserved in faith, in purity, and in charity. "May the former glory of its apostolic faith again reappear. May it become again the seat of learning and religion. May the rising generation see its rights restored. May the zeal of its holy priesthood increase. May the purity of its daughters preserve its stainless character. May the honor of its sons remain unsullied. May the evils of intemperance cease. May the spirit of infidelity and rationalism never reach its shores." Aspirations to which Christian Irishmen, of every creed, will say "Amen."

"Is Confession a matter of much time or expense?" asks St. John Chrysostom. "Is it a painful remedy? Without cost or hurt, the medicine is ever ready to restore you to perfect health."

Mary Machree.

Air, "Aileen Aroon."

HAPPY is now our lot,
Mary Machree,
Comfort dwells in our cot,
Mary Machree,
Loving looks — *mait ga leor* —
Sunny smiles as of yore
Gladden our hearts *asthore*,
Mary Machree.

Ne'er more the angry word,
Mary Machree,
In our home shall be heard,
Mary Machree.
Never shall come again
Sorrow to thee or pain;
Tempters shall tempt in vain,
Mary Machree.

E'er more the cup I'll shun,
Mary Machree,
And when the day is done,
Mary Machree,
Homeward I'll happy hie —
'Waits me the laughing eye —
No more the silent sigh!
Mary Machree.

When as the eve departs
Mary Machree,
Turn we to God our hearts,
Mary Machree,
Shall we forgetful soon
Of our *Soggarth Aroon*
Who taught me sin to shun,
Mary Machree —

Shall we not pray the Lord,
Mary Machree,
Him to bless and reward?
Mary Machree.
Yes, and we'll also pray
For the long-looked-for day
When ends the Saxon's sway,
Mary Machree.

EDWARD LAHIFF.

MARTIN LUTHER keeps a beer saloon in Rivington street, New York city. More likely he is dealing out "Jersey lightning" somewhere else.

English Catholics and Ireland.

"AN English Catholic" writes to the London Weekly Register, in a late number, as follows: There is a strong desire to do justice to Ireland, and to put a period to the sort of civil war now waging between the two peoples. The most illustrious English Catholic layman, judged by the offices he has held under the Queen, is the Marquis of Ripon, and he is one of the bravest advocates of Home Rule. The first Englishman sent to prison under Mr. Balfour's Coercion Act was Mr. Wilfred Blunt. The most successful English Catholic journalist is Mr. F. C. Burnand — and he, too, is in favor of Home Rule. At the head of the untitled country gentlemen of England is Mr. Scrope, of Danby, and he, too, has, like the head of the Weld-Blundells in the neighboring county, declared for Mr. Gladstone. Among Her Majesty's Inspectors of schools there is one head and shoulders higher than his fellows, and he, too, is an English Catholic Home Ruler. Of the five Catholic Members of the House of Commons returned by English constituencies three are Home Rulers, one of them that sturdy Yorkshireman, Mr. John Austin, M. P. When Lord Salisbury has to choose a barrister for his son to read with, his choice falls on Mr. Walton — a warm Catholic and a warm Home Ruler, too. When the British Home Rule Association requires a President, it cannot find, outside Catholic circles, one so fit as the Earl of Ashburnham. And so the list might be multiplied through column after column. Nor need I remark that I have left unmentioned one whose name is above all others, and whose sympathies on this Irish question are shared by many English-born bishops and by a multitude of English priests.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

HAS resulted in the triumph of the Republican Party. Benjamin Harrison of Indiana, and Levi P. Morton of New York, were elected President and Vice-President of the United States, on the 6th of November, 1888. Long live the Republic.

The Parnell Trial.

THE dimensions of the trial before the Parnell commission in London may be estimated from the fact that no less than fourteen hundred witnesses have been subpœnaed by the Times alone to sustain its side of the case. Not less than six months' time will probably be consumed by the examination of these witnesses, so that it is a good guess that the trial of the case will consume the greater part of a year, the cost to Mr. Parnell being estimated at not less than $200,000.

Asthma Cured.

WE know of no better remedy for the relief and cure of asthma, throat, and bronchial troubles, than the celebrated L. A. B. Indian Asthma Cure. The following is one of the many testimonials, received daily:

BOSTON, MASS., June 13, 1888.— Stafford Manufacturing Co.: I have tried the "L. A. B. Asthma Cure," and recommend it highly for cases of long standing. J. P. STACKPOLE.

Gladstone in Wales.

A LONDON correspondent tells the following good story with regard to Mr. Gladstone's visit to Wrexham: Mr. Gladstone was, as the reports testify, much struck with the excellent playing of the band of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, which accompanied his progress through Wrexham. Yesterday he invited the band to lunch with him at Hawarden on their way back to their head-quarters at Galway. There is, however, one unreported incident in connection with Mr. Gladstone and the band which is worth telling. In the progress from the railway station to the pavilion the band played a tune which was unfamiliar to Mr. Gladstone, and through which there seemed to run a chord of melancholy. "What are they playing?" Mr. Gladstone asked Mr. Evan Morris, chairman of the Eisteddfod Committee. "Where are the Boys of the Old Brigade?" replied Mr. Morris, reciting the title. "Well," said Mr. Gladstone, smiling upon Sir Edward Watkin, who accompanied him in the carriage, "they are gradually coming back."

THE concert given at the Boston Theatre, evening of Oct. 14, realized $2,500 for St. Mary's Infant Asylum.

The Magee Range.

IT need hardly be necessary to tell our readers what they already know that the Magee ranges are the best made in this or any other city. Miss Parloa, the well-known teacher of the Boston Cooking School, says of the Ranges: "I use the Magee Range constantly in my schools and private kitchen; it fulfils every requirement for the most exacting work. I would not exchange it for any range made.

NO President has ever recognized the Catholic element of our population in the matter of appointments to the extent that Mr. Cleveland has during his term of office. His latest recognition in this line was the recent appointment of Professor A. J. Stace, of Notre Dame University, Ind., as scientific expert to attend the Paris exposition of next year. Professor Stace is eminently qualified for that position.

Needless Alarm.

THE South Boston News: The school question is getting to be the leading theme of the pulpit in Boston. The prime movers in the agitation are not the representative people of this city, by any means; in fact, they do not belong to Boston. Fulton and Leydon would not be listened to in New York, so they came to Boston, where the puritanical spirit still prevails among a small portion of the community. We see nothing to fear in allowing parents to send their children to any school they please. The cry that Catholics are trying to gain control of the public schools for their own purposes is as silly as it is false. Our Catholic citizens are thoroughly patriotic, and have always shown that they can be depended upon.

Miss Eliza Allen Starr

Gave three lectures in Lowell, a week or two since, to appreciative audiences, on "The Revival of the Poetry of Art;" second, on "Giotto's Tower," and the third on Raphael's famous picture, "La Disputa." In Boston, by invitation of the Sodality of the Children of Mary, connected with the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Chester square, Miss Starr gave her illustrated lecture on Fra Angelico, in the study hall of that convent, afternoon of the 16th of October. Miss Starr has worked during a long life in the church, solely for the honor and glory of God. She upholds the highest standard of art and literature. Through discouragement, coldness, ignorance, through an epoch of brick and mortar, she has held herself true to the best forms of Catholic art. She has never once moved from the pedestal for mere gain. She has taught, as she has believed, that art is true only when God animates it, and when the artist, like Murillo, works in consciousness of the eye of God.

Miss Starr was born in Deerfield, Mass., Aug. 29, 1824. She was received into the church in Boston by Bishop Fitzpatrick, Dec. 23, and made her first Communion on Christmas, 1854. Her Poems were published in 1867, and edited by Professor George Allen, LL.D., and her Patron Saints, first series, was published in 1871. She visited Europe in 1876.

The second series of Patron Saints was published in 1881, and Pilgrims and Shrines was published in 1883. In 1885, the Lætare medal was conferred on her by the Faculty of the University of Notre Dame.

In the bustle of Chicago, among great mansions, her little house, "St. Joseph's Cottage," stands. It is a charming place, — a veritable home of art, but as tiny as a jewel-box, which, indeed, it resembles.

Miss Starr's lectures are famous in the most cultivated circles in Chicago. One on Fra Angelico has been repeated often, with increasing effect each time. It is a mosaic of faith, fervor, and simplicity. It is probably the most sympathetic analysis of the genius of that great painter ever made in the New World.

Los Doctores Cigars.

EVEN physicians have recommended the Los Doctores cigar. And for what reason? Because it is made of pure tobacco, without artificial flavoring of any kind. It can be ordered at wholesale from the manufacturers, Messrs. Irwin & Co., 105 Milk street, Boston.

The Late Phil. Sheridan's Birthplace.

It will be remembered that, some months ago, when there was a question of nominating him for the presidency, the real locality of the late Gen. Sheridan's birthplace was a subject of no little dispute, some individuals claiming that he was born in Ireland, others that he first saw the light of day at Albany, in New York state, while a third class contended that to Somerset, O., belonged the honor of having welcomed into this world the lamented hero of Winchester. In his Memoirs, which have just been published, the deceased hero settles this dispute, by declaring that he was born on March 6, 1831, at Albany, N. Y., being the third child of a family which afterwards increased to six. The general also informs his readers that his parents, both natives of the county Cavan, Ireland, were cousins in the second degree, his mother's maiden name being Minor, and that they came to this country in 1830, being induced by the representations of his father's uncle to try their fortunes in this country, where two of their children, at least, achieved renown and prosperity.

We beg to call the attention of all our readers who buy or sell real estate, or want insurance, to call on Messrs. McLaughlin & Maguire, 22 School street, Boston. They are both respectable, active, and reliable young men, who will give perfect satisfaction to all those who patronize them. Their office is opposite City Hall, 22 School street, Room 8.

These Dreadful Jesu-ites.

The Rev. John Hagen, the eminent German Jesuit astronomer and mathematician, member of the Royal Mathematical Society of Berlin, has been appointed to the chair of astronomy and directorship of the observatory in Georgetown Uuiversity.

The Bishop of Limerick,

who has been called "the forlorn hope of Mr. Balfour, in Ireland," made a recent speech, in which he made it clear that he is, in principle, a thorough Home Ruler. He said: "I will take the liberty of saying, that the time is coming, and coming fast, when larger responsibilities and a larger administration will be put in the hands of the Irish people, when they will manage not only local, but national affairs. The true foundation of our national independence will rest, first, on local independence, but national integrity and national honor will be strongly consolidated in every locality, when the Irish people manage their own affairs independently and thoroughly well for the common benefit."

Will our readers please look at the advertisement of Waitt & Bond, on the outside cover of our Magazine, to find the best place in Boston to buy a good cigar? and, no mistake, 53 Blackstone street is the place. They are large manufacturers, and you can buy from one box to a million, as cheap as you can anywhere in Boston, and to your entire satisfaction.

Good for Our Side.

The New York Sun states, on the authority of Mr. Wines, "who has made a life study of crime and its punishment, and was employed as special agent in gathering statistics relating to the subject for the last census," that, contrary to popular belief, the Irish are guilty of less crime than any of the other peoples who make up this great nation.

The Great American Archbishop.

The Catholics of the United States will be interested and pleased to learn that the great Boston publishing house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish this fall in a series of biographies, American Religious Leaders, a life of Archbishop John Hughes, the great American prelate. It will be written by the eminent Catholic litterateur, John Gilmary Shea, LL. D.

Number the Pews.

The pews in all our churches ought to be numbered as a matter of convenience for the parishioners. John Robbins, 58 Kneeland street, Boston, manufactures door, pew, and chair numbers of all kinds, also plates for silver, doors, carriages and machinery. He makes a specialty of society and club badges. Write for estimates.

FRANCOIS ACHILLE BAZAINE, who surrendered an army of 179,000 French officers and men to Prince Frederick Charles at Metz on Oct. 27, 1870, and who was afterwards tried by court martial and convicted of failing to do his duty, sentenced to death but escaped with a year's imprisonment, recently died at Madrid. His death brought no tears from France. The few Frenchmen in Madrid, who saw the funeral, looked on in silence. The only expressions his death brought from his countrymen at home were those of execration. Thus is treachery rewarded.

THE ceremony of conferring the pallium on Archbishop Ireland took place in the Cathedral of St. Paul, Minn., on the 27th of September. It was a great day for Ireland.

HOYT'S German Cologne possesses a delightfully fragrant and lasting odor, pleasing to all; an exquisite bouquet peculiarly its own, as unapproachable as it is unique.

RT. REV. JOHN S. FOLEY, the new bishop of Detroit, is a descendant of a patriotic Irish family that gave priests and soldiers to Ireland in the darkest of the penal days. His parents came to this country in 1817. He was born in Baltimore in 1833, and entered St. Mary's College in 1842, and in 1853 he received the tonsure and minor orders from the hands of the late Archbishop Kenrick. In 1854 he entered the Roman diocesan seminary, and in 1856 he was ordained priest by Cardinal Patrizzi, Vicar-General of Pius IX. Another year of special studies earned him the title of Doctor of Divinity. In 1857 he was transferred to Ellicott City, Md., where, after six years of pastoral work, he was transferred to Baltimore, where many flourishing societies are evidences of his zeal. He is also chairman of the committee of examiners of Catholic schools.

HAVE you a few hours or a few days' spare time occasionally that you would like to turn into money? If so, then write quickly to B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, Va., and they will give you information that will prove to be money in your pocket.

Do you read the Boston Daily and Sunday Globe? If you do not, you ought to do so.

What a Lobster Did.

A CURIOUS story is told by Fausto Roderiguez, a Portuguese. "We were," he says, "at sea — Father Francis Rapose and myself — when there arose a tempest which alarmed the mariners. Then the Father drew from his bosom the little crucifix he always carried and applied it to the waves, thinking that its holy influence might still their tempestuous wrath. But, alas! a wave swept it from his grasp and it was lost. The disaster greatly affected him, and he could not conceal his grief. On the morrow, in the morning, we came to land on the island of Baronura, after passing twenty-four hours in peril of our lives. Father Francis and myself were walking along the shore towards Tamalo, when we both beheld, arising out of the sea, a lobster fish, which carried in his claws the lost crucifix, borne on high above the water! I saw that lobster come out of the water, and crawl to the feet of the Father, for I stood close by him, and when the Father had taken the crucifix from the lobster it returned to the sea. Then the Father sank upon his knees, and tearfully gave grateful thanks to God, hugging and kissing his crucifix in a passion of delight."

MISS CALDWELL, of Washington, younger sister of Mary Gwendolen Caldwell, who gave three hundred thousand dollars to the Catholic University, is reported to be engaged to Baron von Zedtwitz, until recently Secretary of the German Legation in this country. The Baron is now German Minister to Mexico. He is a wealthy man, and was extremely popular in Washington.

IN Maine the Catholic idea of the school question is probably more generally and generously recognized as just than in any other state. In many instances the Catholic schools have been taken under the supervision of the local boards in the matter of secular education, while the religious portion is left to the jurisdiction of the Catholic clergy as heretofore under the parochial system.

"Don't Make Me a Woman."

A GOOD story is told of Gen. Sheridan's first interview with Mrs. Darrar, the artiste who painted the excellent portrait of the general, which, by George W. Childs' generosity, is to ornament the Military Academy at West Point. Mrs. Darrar was asked by Mr. Childs to paint the portrait. She accordingly went on to Washington, where Maj. John M. Carson, a warm personal friend of Gen. Sheridan and Mr. Childs' representative, arranged an interview. Mrs. Darrar had heard so much of Gen. Sheridan's brusqueness, that she stood in mortal dread of him. However, Maj. Carson introduced the general to her, and he happened to be in an exceedingly good humor. After some little preliminary conversation, in which he gallantly assured her of his deep pleasure at being painted by her, the general turned to her suddenly: "I have been painted by a number of artists of different countries," said he, "and I have found that in each portrait there is a distinct trace of the artist's nationality. I was painted in Mexico, and the artist made me look like Santa Anna. A French painter made me look Napoleonesque. A German professor made the portrait a pretty good picture of Kaiser Wilhelm, without his side whiskers. You are a woman. Now, all I ask of you, Mrs. Darrar," he concluded, earnestly, "is this: Don't make me a woman."

"AN American by birth, I love liberty; an Irishman by descent, I hate oppression. If I were in Ireland I would be a Fenian." — GEN. SHERIDAN.

A MOTHER whose heart remains young, is an incalculable blessing to her children; she can enter into their games and be a child with them; she is the playfellow of her girls; and, as they grow older, is almost like their elder sister; and if she has sons, there is a *comradarie* between them and her which makes home the most delightful place in the world, and "Mother" the most charming of companions. A mother's authority ought to be marked by a sweet reasonableness. The children, when old enough to comprehend more than the bare duty of implicit obedience, should be convinced that all the rules and regulations are based on sound principle, and have their welfare for their aim and end.

Marriage Among Savages.

A MARRIAGE among the Zulus is as binding as any nuptial ceremony, in civilized countries, and a man cannot put away his wife without valid cause, approved by the councillors of the tribe. Infidelity is punishable by death both to wife and partner in guilt; constant and systematic disobedience or incorrigible idleness is punished by divorce. If the woman thinks she is at all ill-treated she can return to her father, who can keep her by repaying the number of cows paid for her, the children being regarded as solely hers, going with her. If a wife prove childless, she is divorced, or the father gives another daughter with her, without further payment. In that case, if the sister has children, the first two of her offspring are transferred to the first wife, and considered as her children. When twins occur, one is always sacrificed to avert ill-luck. If a man wishes to take more wives, he must always obtain the consent from the first or queen wife. In fact, the Zulu laws of marriage resemble the old Mosaic laws, and their social condition is very similar to that of the Israelites when the divine law was first given them.

FATHER BURKE was riding one day in Dublin on the top of an omnibus, and reading his breviary. A theological opponent got on and thought to read Father Tom a lecture. "The Lord tells us, sir," he said, "that when we pray we should not be as hypocrites, who love to pray in public, and at the corners of streets, that they might be seen by men. Now, when I pray, I enter into my closet, and when I have shut the door I pray in secret."—"Yes," replied Father Tom without taking his eyes off the book, "and you come out on top of an omnibus and tell every one all about it."

THE power of forgiveness is the noblest attribute in the human character.

THANKSGIVING, November 29th.

THE Dublin Review says of the Poems of the poet-priest of the South, the late Rev. A. J. Ryan (published by the Baltimore Publishing Company): "This handsome volume of Poems contains the thoughts of a poetical nature thrown off at random, and without much labor. But, perhaps, it is for this reason that there is more soul and fire in many of them, and that they drop sparks that kindle and glow into the hearts of those who read. We may say, without fear of exaggeration, of Father Ryan, what a brilliant poet of our day says of Collins, — that he has in him 'a pulse of inborn music, irresistible and indubitable.' We may venture to say, that these poems will be very acceptable on both sides of the Atlantic."

PHOTOGRAPHY.— The work of Ritz, whose card appears on another page of our MAGAZINE, needs no praise; it speaks for itself; it far surpasses any other artist's in Boston. His studio is simply a marvel of taste and elegance, and reminds one of one of those beautiful foreign art galleries we so often read of. He would respectfully call the attention of the reverend clergy, and all others in need of photographs, crayons, etc., that he will guarantee them a first-class picture, if they will favor him with a call at 58 Temple place.

"Those that Eat Pope die of it."

THE experience of the past has been that all attempts to cripple or destroy the power of the Roman Pontiffs have been attended with more danger to the states making the attempt than to the Holy See. "If you can show me a single example in all history," Louis Philippe is reported to have said to a French statesman, who advised him to break with the Holy See, "of a prince who made war against the Pope and had no reason to regret it, I will take your advice." M. Thiers, the late president of the French Republic, is credited with having said a few years ago, upon being asked his opinion of the Roman Question, that while he was not a good Catholic, he had at least read history, and had learned there "that all who have eaten of the Pope *have died of it.*" The warnings of such men should have a meaning for the present Da Crispi government in Italy.

Magneso-Calcite Fire-Proofing

For walls, ceilings, partitions, floors, elevator wells, etc. Especially adapted for the lining of altar tabernacles and sanctuaries. The following are among some of the buildings in Boston that have been wholly or partially protected from fire by Magneso-Calcite material: St. Mary's School, North End; Father Roche's Working Boys' Home; House of the Good Shepherd; etc. No public building should be erected without using this material. The expense is quite moderate. Office, 96 Arch street, Boston, Mass.

An Italian Tarkuffe.

THE *Unita Cattolica* (Roman paper) speaking of the nomination of Crispi as Knight of the Annunciada, says that the statutes of this order impose on the knights the following obligations:

"Every knight must swear to fulfil daily the following duties: he must recite fifteen Paternosters and fifteen Ave Marias; in case of forgetfulness he must give, for each prayer omitted, fifteen sodi as alms to the poor; he is bound, besides, to accompany the Holy Viaticum whenever carried to the dwelling of one of his brethren; and, furthermore, he must solemnly promise to defend the Catholic faith and the Holy See, even at the risk of his life."

It would be interesting to know, adds the *Unita Cattolica*, whether Crispi will comply faithfully with these obligations, which he has taken an oath to fulfil.

We Want More of the Same Sort.

162 RYERSON STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 12, 1888.

Dear Sir,— I am glad to become a subscriber of your very interesting and able MAGAZINE, and I do wish it was a weekly instead of a monthly. I wish both you and it a long life, and a prosperous career; and also thousands of subscribers who will pay more punctually.

Your very humble and obedient servant, GEO. S. CAHILL.

P. S. Consider me a life-member, and direct as above. G. S. C.

Prang's Holiday Cards.

THE Christmas and New Year cards, from the world-famous Prang establishment, are handsomer this year than ever. They are for sale by all stationers.

Notes on Recent Publications.

"Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting, and profitable books." — *Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

BOOKS.

Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, O.

PAINTING IN OIL. A Manual for Students. By Miss M. Louise McLaughlin. Sq. 12mo. Fancy Cloth. pp. 111. Price, $1.00.

This work is the fourth in the series of art manuals by the same author. Nineteen thousand copies of her books have been sold to art workers in this country and in Europe.

Phillips & Hunt, New York.

OUR BROTHER IN BLACK: HIS FREEDOM AND HIS FUTURE. By Atticus G. Haygood, D. D., President of Emory College, Oxford, Ga,

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin., and Chi.

THE BLESSED ONES OF 1888. Bl. Clement Marie Hofbauer, C. SS. R.; Bl. Louis Maria Grignon de Montfort; Bl. Brother Egidius Mary of St. Joseph; Bl. Sister Josephine Mary of St. Agnes, O. S. A. Translated from the German of Rev. Hermann Roneberg, O. S. B. By Eliza A. Donnelly. Price, 50 cts.

SURSUM CORDA: A Manual of English Hymns and Prayers for the use of Catholic Schools and Choirs. 210 pages, 24mo. Cloth, inked side, 25 cts. Per 100 copies, $15.00.—In German. Katholisches Gesang und Gebetbuch. Zusammengestellt für den Gebrauch in Kirche und Schule, mit besonderer Rücksicht auf die Zeiten und Feste des Kirchenjahres, 252 pages, 24mo. Cloth, inked side. 25 cents. Per 100 copies, $17.00 — English and German. The above two books bound in one volume 262 pages, 24mo. Cloth, inked side, 45 cents. Per 100 copies, $30.00

REQUIESCANT IN PACE. Short meditations for the month of November. By Rev. Richard F. Clarke, S. J. Maroquette, silver side, 15 cts. Per 100, $10.00.

CATHOLIC HOME ALMANAC. Price 25 cts.

The Messrs. Benziger are early in the field with their excellent Almanac. This is the sixth year of its publication. It is profusely illustrated, and the reading matter is entertaining and instructive. We will give a copy of this work to any one who will send us a new subscriber for the coming year, as well as a copy to the new subscriber. The almanac should have a place in every family.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE American Catholic Historical Researches, Martin I. J. Griffin, publisher and editor, 711 Sansom street, Philadelphia, Pa. The October issue is full of interesting articles relating to the early history of the church. This number concludes the second year of Mr. Griffin's able management. It is issued quarterly at $1 a year.

ST. JOSEPH'S ADVOCATE, a record of missions among the colored people of the United States, etc. It is issued quarterly, at the low price of fifty cents a year. Address, 401 Courtland street, Baltimore, Md.

L. Prang & Co., Boston, Mass.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT, "THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND." By Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney.

THE recent death of Louisa May Alcott has been a great loss to juvenile literature, as her works were, perhaps, the best known of recent fiction for children's use, her "Little Women" having attained a circulation second only to "Uncle Tom's Cabin" among American books, and having been translated into almost all the languages of Europe. "Little Women" and "Little Men" are classed to-day with "Robinson Crusoe" and "Andersen's Stories" as the foremost classics of juvenile fiction, and it is expected that a short biographical sketch of Miss Alcott's life, with extracts from her works illustrating her life, will be a welcome gift to the many men and women whose memories dwell with love in Miss Alcott's beautiful stories. It is in this spirit that the publishers induced Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, a lifelong and intimate friend of the Alcott family, to prepare such a sketch under the above title, and embellished it with pen illustrations by Miss L. B. Comins, and by views of two of Miss Alcott's homes, and the family burial-spot in Concord, Mass. Several poems of special reference to her life close the little volume. A very handsome frontispiece by Miss L. B. Comins, printed in colors, representing Miss Alcott reading from a volume of "Little Women" to a large crowd of children of various nationalities, and an elegant cover in blue and silver, help to make the book a beautiful tri-

bute to the memory of this "Children's Friend." As all this can be purchased for the extremely low price of one dollar, this work is expected to be in every home where children are revered.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Vocal: "Toreador Song," by Chas. Lecocq. "Only the Sound of a Voice," words by Adelaide Proctor, music by Michael Watson.

Instrumental: "Spring Flowers Gavotte," by Paul Keller. "Youth and Beauty Gavotte," by same. "Old Melodies," viz.: "Ah, So Pure," by Flotow; "Home to Our Mountains," by Verdi; "The Dearest Spot on Earth," by Wrighton; "Ah! I Have Sighed to Rest," by Verdi. All arranged by Paul Keller. "Thine is My Heart Waltzes," by same. "Pebbles on the Beach," by A. L. Bemis.

BOOKS.

"Czerny's Practical Finger Exercises. Book I., Op. 802." A fine edition of a standard work.

"Mass for Solo Voices, Chorus, and Accompaniment for Grand Organ. With an Introductory Prelude, with Fanfare on the entrance to the Cathedral of Rheims, by Charles Gounod. In Memory of Joan of Arc, Liberator and Martyr." A masterpiece of church music, by this famous composer, which should be possessed by every Catholic choir. Handsomely issued in Messrs. White, Smith & Co.'s best style.

Over a Century.

WINIFRED EGAN, in all probability the oldest person in the state of New York, died at the residence of her son-in-law, Michael Madden, in Rondout, N. Y., on Sept. 19. She was verging on to one hundred and six years. Her parents were John and Honorah Flannery, of the parish of Seven Churches, King's county, Ireland, where she was born. She was married to Patrick Egan, a stone-mason, when twenty-five years old, and, strange to say, left the Emerald Isle when about seventy years old and located here. Her husband died twenty-one years ago. She was the mother of eleven children, of whom only two are living. These are Mrs. Bridget Madden, with whom she has made her home for some years, and Patrick Egan, also of Rondout. Her health was good until less than a year ago. She never used spectacles.

What an Egg will Do.

FOR burns and scalds nothing is more soothing than the white of an egg, which may be poured over the wound. It is softer as a varnish for a burn than collodion, and being always at hand can be applied. It is also more cooling than sweet oil and cotton, which was formerly supposed to be the surest application to allay smarting pain. It is the contact with the air which gives the extreme discomfit experienced from the ordinary accident of this kind, and anything that excludes the air and prevents inflammation is the thing to be at once applied. The egg is considered one of the best remedies for dysentery. Beaten up slightly, with or without sugar, and swallowed at a gulp, it tends, by its emollient qualities, to lessen the inflammation of the stomach and intestines, and by forming a transient coating on these organs, to enable nature to resume her heathful sway over a diseased body. Two, or at most three eggs per day would be all that is required in ordinary cases; an egg is not merely medicine, but food as well. The lighter the diet otherwise, and the quieter the patient is kept, the more certain and rapid the recovery.

Consecration of Bishop Foley.

RT. REV. JOHN S. FOLEY, bishop of Detroit, Mich., was consecrated at the Cathedral, Baltimore, on Sunday, Nov. 4. The ceremonies attending the event were characterized by all the pomp and splendor used on such occasions, and were participated in by the cardinal, three archbishops, nineteen bishops, and about one hundred priests. The archbishops present were Ryan of Philadelphia, who preached, Elder of Cincinnati, and O'Brien of Halifax.

Mrs. Ewing's Apothegms.

NEW YORK SUN: "The broom is a splendid gymnasium in itself."

"There is a terrible affinity between bad bread and sour mash whiskey."

"The ignorant cook paves the pathway to the saloon."

"Bad food is the mother of drink."

"The average American cook is a woman just over from the other side of the ocean."

"Sloppy coffee is a tremendous temptation to lager beer."

OBITUARY.

—"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

THE Dublin papers record the death of the Very Rev. Father Harbison, C. SS. R. The sad event took place at St. Joseph's, Dundalk. Father Harbison, was born at Moneymore, county Derry, in 1820, and in 1838 entered Maynooth College. Having finished the usual course with great success, he was ordained in 1847, and then spent two years in the Dunboyne establishment. His name is well known in almost every parish in Ireland. For thirty-three years he devoted himself to the great work of giving missions and retreats. During that period he gave two hundred and fifty missions and three hundred retreats. It was while still engaged in his Apostolic labors that his health first seriously broke down. He then began to suffer from disease of the heart, which eventually caused his death.

REV. THOMAS LEDWITH, of the Diocese of Buffalo, died at Randolph, N. Y., on Oct. 12. Father Ledwith was on the mission in the United States for thirty-seven years, twenty of which were spent in Buffalo. He was born in county Meath, Ireland, in 1821, and his first mission was in Missouri. Everywhere loved by his people, his death will be heard with deep regret.

LAY PEOPLE.

MR. WILLIAM MANNING, who died on Oct. 14, from the effects of a stroke of paralysis, received at Nantasket during the summer, was a gentleman highly beloved and respected in Boston. Mr. Manning was engaged in the undertaking business at Boston Highlands for years, and was one of the prominent residents of the district. The funeral took place from St. Patrick's Church on the morning of Oct. 17. The church was crowded to the doors by the friends of the deceased. Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by the rector, Father Gallagher, assisted by Fathers Buckley and Murphy as deacon and subdeacon, respectively. The interment was made at Mount Calvary.

JOHN SAVAGE, poet, prose-writer, and soldier, died on the night of Oct. 9, at his summer home, Laurel-side, Pa. He was born in Dublin, Ire., Dec. 13, 1828. After winning several prizes in the Art School of the Royal Society of Dublin he became active in revolutionary measures, and two successive journals started by him were suppressed by the Government. This inflamed his ardor for the cause to such an extent that he organized and led a band of armed peasantry during the rising of 1848 in Ireland. With the failure of the movement he fled to New York, where he was connected with the press until the outbreak of the War of the Rebellion, when he took an active part in organizing the Irish Brigade, serving himself in the Sixty-Ninth volunteers. Mr. Savage wrote many works, plays, and poems, which he published in New York city, Philadelphia, and Boston. His most popular war songs were "The Starry Flag" and "The Munster of the North." In 1875, St. John's College, Fordham, conferred on him the degree of LL.D.

DANIEL MACNAMARA, an old and much-respected resident of Boston, died at the home of his son, Major D. G. Macnamara, at an advanced age. Born in Ireland, eighty-three years ago, he came to this country at an early age, and became a citizen of Boston where he has followed the occupation of master mason for over fifty years, having worked on many of the notable buildings of his time. He was the father of a large family, and three of his sons were commissioned officers in the Ninth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers: Captain J. W., who was killed in the Wilderness; Captain M. H., who still lives in the West; and Quartermaster D. G., who is at present in the United States Customs service in Boston, and president of the old Ninth Regiment Association. The remains were buried in Holyhood cemetery from the Church

of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Roxbury.

MRS. MARY E. KELLY, widow of Jeremiah Kelly, in past times well known in Boston, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. McLaughlin, 47 St. James street, Roxbury, on Friday, Oct. 12, aged eighty-six years. Mrs. Kelly was a convert, and very fervent in the practice of her religion. She was the mother of two sons and seven daughters. Five daughters survive her, three of whom are married, and all of whom do honor to the pious training of their lamented mother. She was buried from St. Joseph's Church, Roxbury, on Monday, Oct. 15. The Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Arthur J. Connolly. The Rev. Robert Fulton, S. J., president of Boston College, and the Rev. A. Charlier, S. J., were in the sanctuary. The burial was strictly private. May she rest in peace.

NORTH American Fire Insurance Co., on State street, directly opposite Kilby street, Boston, is one of the oldest and most reliable in the city. Any transactions you may have with them will be satisfactory, pleasant, and agreeable.

The Italians.

From the London Tablet.

WE have before this referred to the efforts of the apostolic and patriotic Bishop of Piacenza, Mgr. Scalabrini, in favor of the poor Italian immigrants to America, whose spiritual destitution in the great cities of the states and of the Argentine Republic is something deplorable. A few months ago the Bishop opened in his cathedral city an institute for the training of missionaries, under the name of the "Institute Cristoforo Colombo," a happily chosen title. Already the fruits of this excellent undertaking are being seen. Last July a few priests were already able to be sent to New York and to Brazil, and owing to the kindness of Archbishop Corrigan, the former have already obtained a church and established a special mission for the poor Italians, who are in the lowest state of physical as well as of spiritual and moral misery. This mission already numbers over 15,000 souls, exclusively Italians! No comment is needed to prove the utility, nay, the necessity of Bishop Scalabrini's noble work.

Are Your Pullets Laying?

THIS question is often asked at this season by persons keeping hens; and the answer is too often, "No! and suppose they won't lay until eggs get cheap next spring; just my luck." It ought not to be your luck. Pullets hatched in April last should have commenced laying a month ago; while May and June hatches should be laying this month. It is not too late even now to force the early pullets to laying in a few weeks. The late ones, even as late as July and August can be brought forward, so as to pay well, while eggs bring good prices. Strictly fresh pullets eggs will probably retail as high as fifty to sixty cents per dozen, in Boston and New York markets, before March 1, 1889. Mrs. L. J. Wilson of Northboro, Mass., says: "In past years, I have noticed when my pullets laid at all, they would lay a litter and then either want to set, or mope around for ten days, often for weeks, doing no laying. Last fall and winter, there was no interruption of their laying. The results were the best I ever saw in an experience of eighteen years. My thirty pullets were all just six months old, when they commenced laying. I never saw such return of eggs. In just eight weeks after they commenced to lay, the thirty pullets laid 1,437 eggs; which I ascribed to the use of Sheridan's Condition Powder to make hens lay." The new and enlarged edition of the Farmers' Poultry Guide contains much information upon the above subject. I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House street, Boston, Mass. (the only manufacturer of Sheridan's Powder to make hens lay), will send a Guide postpaid, to any address for twenty-five cents in stamps; or two twenty-five cent packs of Sheridan's Powder and the book for sixty cents, five packs one dollar. A large two and a quarter pound can of the powder for one dollar and twenty cents post-paid and the Guide free; six cans five dollars, express pre-paid. They will send a testimonial circular free to any one.

Consumption Cured.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this MAGAZINE, W. A. Noyes, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

B. P. L. Bindery.
APR 24 1911